

Duquesne University:







Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2011 with funding from Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation



P-21 Det + Potien

PITTSBURG COLLEGE BULLETIN

Volume 10

1903 - 1904

D 946 V.10 1903/04

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X.

Pittsburg, Pa., October, 1903.

No. 1.

LEO XIII.

The Church has triumphed, Leo! Rest thy soul Untrammeled with the weighty cares of state.

The widowed Church laments thy common fate.

The orphaned earth bewails without console.

Unnumbered tongues thy virtues shall extol,

For Justice pressed her seal on thy mandate.

Emblazoned is thy life with glory's freight.

Thy praise is sounded forth from pole to pole.

Thy life's great work is o'er, O Prince of Peace:

Thy duty done, receive thy just reward.

Immortalized with universal love,

Thou art sepulchered in hearts that ne'er shall cease

A worthy meed of homage to accord

To thee, great Leo, high enthroned above.

J. A. NELSON, '04.

JAN 20 1942

42493

Our New Pope.

PIUS X. sits on the throne of Peter, and Leo XIII. has gone to his reward. As loval Catholics we mourn the departure of our beloved Leo, but we greet his successor with all the devotedness of faithful children. From all accounts, Pius X. will fill his exalted post with becoming dignity. It has been said that the best man for the episcopate is he who shrinks from it, and with greater force is this true of the papacy. What then shall we say of our present pope, who could only with the greatest difficulty be persuaded to assume the honor and the burden of the supreme pontificate? A peasant by birth, sheer merit has raised him from simple village priest to bishop, archbishop, patriarch, and cardinal, and now the august college of cardinals have agreed upon him as the man most fit to act as supreme pastor of the fold of Christ.

Unlike Pope Leo and the cardinals who were spoken of as probable candidates, Pius X. has had but little to do with politics. He has confined himself to the exercise of the spiritual side of his office, and, as he himself reminded his colleagues, has never strayed beyond the boundaries of his parish or his diocese. A man of simple habits and democratic tastes, he will be especially dear to his American children, in whom he has always displayed the liveliest interest.

There are several points of notable resemblance between his character and that of his great predecessor. The concern he has shown for the uplifting of the working classes is remarkable. As patriarch of Venice, he mingled freely with the poor and lowly. He has lent his aid to the institution of rural banks, benevolent societies, and similar undertakings for their benefit. He has been a successful arbiter of many of their disputes. We may then be certain that he will carry out the plan for their

amelioration which Leo formulated so well and wisely in his great Encyclicals.

Another trait that indicates a strong likeness between the two men is their profound learning. Pius X. has never made literature a business, but when the occasion required it, he never failed to issue learned and scholarly treatises. Among these are several works on the relics of the martyrs, a manual of prayers, and numerous pastoral letters. Like Leo also, he occasionally courted the muse, and a number of beautiful poems addressed to the Madonna are among the choicest products of his pen. Music is another of the accomplishments of the gifted pontiff.

The new pope is a man of deep piety. His greatest efforts as patriarch were directed towards the making of Venice a thoroughly religious city. His people looked up to him with veneration. His life has always been simple and austere, even amidst the splendors of the patriarchal court. His love of retirement received a rude shock in his elevation to the papal throne, and he has several times since expressed his deep sense of the terrible burden that has been laid upon him. However, he is by no means a man to shirk his duty; on the contrary, he is possessed of untiring energy and a wonderful capacity for work.

In person the new Pope is said to be tall and decidedly pleasant. He tears his sixty-eight years with a firm and elastic step. All who approach him are at once set at ease by his affability, geniality, and humor.

Such, then, is our new Pope. May his reign be long and glorious, as was that of our beloved Leo XIII.! Under his guidance may the Church of God prosper and spread unto the ends of the earth, that Leo XIII.'s great work of Christian Unity may be accomplished! As a writer in one of the Catholic monthlies said, "all the world will love him as soon as they begin to know him."

The Negro Problem.

ONSEQUENT on the marvelous social and political revolutions of the last half century, the public mind is vexed with momentous problems relative to the negro that are galling to old wounds, and threaten to effect at no distant period a breach in the social fabric. The emancipation of the negro, his mighty stride from the durance of bondage to the prerogatives of citizenship, his introduction into society-all acquired without an earnest to render him eligible-has started dissenting spirits in the social world who cease not to foment trouble and uneasiness. So complicated and perplexing is the racial question now at issue that to procrastinate would be to enhance the danger. In the quickening decline towards lawlessness, in the augmentation of political and moral degeneracy, in the social and industrial ostracisms confronting the negro, efforts are being made to ameliorate the pitiful condition of the ex-slave. But shackled and enervated as it is by these ranting dissenters whose aim is to exterminate rather than uplift the colored race, society can at best apply the slow remedy of prevention as it can scarcely hope to neutralize all at once the evil influences now at work.

Since the abolition of slavery, many rash reformatory innovations have been consigned to oblivion by reason of their inefficiency, but never has a less honorable and less politic plan of action been pursued for the amelioration of the negro than at the present critical epoch. The much abhorred caste and racial hydra has fixed its tentacles in the social body, and is gradually weakening ties so closely cemented by a prodigality of blood. The adopted sons of Africa's soil again constitute a problem of vital importance. They are the chief claimants in the plea for equality of rights, a plea society must heed to preserve its integrity. In these latter days

there are subterranean mutterings of a future upheaval, portentous of an eruption not to be quieted by mere verbal persuasion.

Caste distinction is abroad, and racial toleration is a The prerogatives of citizenship are guarded more effectually in practical life by color than by law: and the American negro bids fair to become a social nonentity if this puerile prejudice be allowed to act to an undue extent. Such are the times that the law is unavailing to reach with retributive justice the crimes of the negro. Vested with the rights of a citizen, even the criminal claims immunity from violence, and is amenable to punishment dealt only by the law. Rights are sacred and the obligations of state and citizen are mutual. Yet the charred funeral pyres of the lynched victims mar and disfigure our land like ulcers on a diseased body. And the damning, salient trait of their offenses is their For crimes which merit incarceration for the white man, too often visit the negro with violent death at the hands of the mob. The negro, human in his fears, has risen to the emergency, and white mob and black mob clash with fanatic hatred. Society must cope with this formidable foe, and accordingly it invokes the law. But the sedate majesty of the law is irritating to the populace. and excites the unthinking to illegal, drastic measures. This moral pestilence has stricken the fairest portions of the land, has insinuated itself into the most law-abiding communities, which now set at nought the mandates of justice. If the government hesitates to adopt stringent measures against this form of anarchy, it manifestly gives a tacit approval. Wickedness punished is disgraceful only to the offender; unpunished, it is a source of reproach to the whole nation.

We regard with apprehension the increasing hostility evidenced towards the negro, and with reason.

Is he not as a unit of society equally privileged with us? Have we not affiliated him and endowed him with

the same civil rights that, as citizens, we possess? To the imaginative, the crimes of the negro seem to be incased in an ambient atmosphere of fiendish cunning and cruelty which heighten the disgust felt for the "indolent, ignorant, immoral ex-slave." His actions seem not to spring from motives excusable from a circumstantial point of view, but from an innate depravity, the legacy of centuries of barbarism. In fact, because he has not advanced to our grade in the scale of civilization, he is rated unfit for society and treated accordingly. ameliorating influences of centuries of enlightened civilization are playing about our footsteps and facilitating the way for future advances. While the negro, hardly forty years a member of society, is expected to wrestle with the problems of the day, and to equal, in finesse of civilization, a people foremost in the march of progress.

If the advances made by the negro do not gratify us, an unbiased study of history will explain his apparent tardiness, and even elicit our admiration. To civilize a free, barbarous people by assimilation, is an engrafting operation extending over many generations of intermarriage and social contact. But to elevate by the sheer force of high, social principles, a savage people benumbed and intellectually dwarfed by centuries of revolting slavery, is a herculean task necessarily long in duration and demanding unwearied vigilance. In the former case, nature assumes an important role causing the stronger element to predominate. While in the latter, repeated relapses in the acquirement of good, social habits, and the strong, moral force requisite to neutralize the degrading influences of bondage, render the chances of success exceedingly dubious. A barbarous people nurtured in the freedom both of body and mind, who have the secret of life inherent in their veins, may naturally be engrafted on the living stock. But to exalt to the dignity of citizenship, a savage nation, yoke-ridden and spiritless,

with the sap of energy stagnant and putrified, supposes great imitative faculties and plasticity of nature on the one hand, and remarkable social probity on the other. So brutally has slavery dealt with its victims that they must needs undergo a complete transformation to fit them for the elementary duties of civilized life. For, indeed, their immorality and irreligion are logical consequences of their personal and political degradation.

Education refines and elevates the slave, and enables him to appreciate his intrinsic dignity as man, and thus enlightened justly to reprobate that system which ranks him with the brute creation. The astute slaveholders, cognizant of this fact, allowed their charges to grovel in the mire of ignorance. There is nothing which falls in with the natural greatness and dignity of man more than religion. Hence its very absence augured success, while ignorance was considered the handmaid and salvation of slavery. After his manumission, the negro became the dupe of theorizing philanthropists. Their pet systems offered mere intellectual training. which rendered the negro more helpless by increasing his incapacity for manual labor and by blinding him with their superficiality. To make their methods more pernicious, they were quite in keeping with the prejudices of the negro, who regarded intellectual attainments as passports to a life of ease and luxury. Labor grew to be a drudgery, and was considered the portion of a slave. Nor is the danger now averted, for statistics of the day show very biased legislation in school appropriations even where the blacks predominate, thus leaving the field to charitable men imbued with false educational principles.

If the negro was the child of ignorance, his masters did not scruple to discourage in him all pretence of morality and religion. In the domestic sphere, conjugal relations were neither sanctified by religious ceremonies nor ratified by legal enactments; rather were they at the

mercy of avaricious auctioneers. Like the brute beast, his brawn and physical condition were his highest recommendations; and the perpetuation of his kind, his bounden duty. In his daily toil, hope, the greatest incentive to labor, was absent. The lash supplied all deficiency in energy and good will. His highest ambition was to escape the whip; his greatest joy, to have succeeded. Fear colored all his actions. wonder when there was option between labor and indolence, that nature asserted itself and the negro catered to his caprices? To counteract this abuse of liberty, the law was forestalled and a second slavery, peonism, was introduced. As factors in legislation, the negro fell an easy prey to designing politicians who strove to hold him in subordination while reaping a rich harvest from his enfranchisement. They lured him on with hope of high office, and after a short term, they abandoned him to abject poverty. The political antagonism which has resulted from these deceitful artifices, has proved a bane to the country, a source of abusive power to the negro, and of serious detriment to the white man. Thus the negro of to-day, rebuffed at every step, ostracized by labor organizations and social coteries, the butt of ridicule with the brand of slavery traceable on every lineament, is conniving to keep cloth on his back and a hearth at his feet.

Since the Emancipation Act, demagogues have harped on the threadbare objection that "the aversion which exists between the races, being instinctive and unconquerable, must forever frustrate all hope of social amalgamation," and they still strenuously advocate the deportation of the negro and the establishment of a black Utopia. This is very specious logic. That there is an aversion ex natura between the white man and the negro, is absolutely denied. It is a libel against the Creator. Has history given one instance of such repugnance? When facts can be explained by circumstantial causes,

no one is justified in designating those causes as instinctive and radical. Man is a social animal and is wont to regard with hatred the very badge which particularizes the objects of his hatred. Accordingly, men are accustomed to associate with the hue of the negro the debasing servitude to which he has been subjected. The inhuman measure, the outgrowth of this sophistical argument, is a practical impossibility. Liberia was thought to approximate a conclusion, but experience has since proved its futility. Other less bitter nigrophobists have submitted, as a solution, the separation of the races into two socially distinct bodies. But this is just as futile. If the repugnance be so strong as to prevent social union, will that aversion, which is the cause of the division, cease when the formal division is made? Rather will it increase. Hence there will be two factions. one theorectically or practically the social superior of the other. As there is a tendency to lord it over the negro. which no decrees of law can counteract, his social condition will in no wise be materially benefited by the policy. Such divisions produce estrangement. A state will be formed within a state, which, indeed, is the prologue to Since there are no radical defects in the negro, isolation is not the remedy. Lepers are isolated because they are infectious and incurable. The negro is not tainted so. To eradicate the debasing propensities of barbarism and slavery, force must overcome force. Let ambitious industry be pitted against indolence; liberal education against ignorance; religion against immorality, and the negro will rise unfettered to true Christian citizenship.

Prominent educators have analyzed the raw character of the negro, and have descried therein strong elements that crave skillful treatment. A writer recently described the negro as "a fanatic in religion and a fiend in crime." Though this estimate savours strongly of exaggeration, yet a knowledge of passing events shows in

how much it is true. His deep, emotional nature furrowed by the weird fetichism of barbarism argues favorably for his zeal when Christianity has attracted it by consoling truths; while it also evidences how incomparably corrupt he will be if he but imbibe the dross of civilization. Men of ideas have experimented on the negro with varying success, but all have striven to develop one side of his character, leaving the rest of his faculties a prey to unchecked passions, which soon destroy all the good effected. To some, industrial education is the rope of salvation for the negro. Make him an indespensable factor in a community, and he forthwith becomes a respectable citizen beyond the reach of racial prejudice. Others regard the refinement of mental culture the redeeming measure which will buoy him up under depressing circumstances, and thereby temper his moral strength. But the inefficiency of these experiments is too plainly shadowed forth in these days of tumults. educate him solely on industrial lines is to foster the spirit of materialism, the bane of intellectual life. To rear him in an academical atmosphere only is to augment the pedantry and false culture so prevalent in the South. His character is wholly undeveloped. Half measures are worse than none. To clean the outside of the platter while the interior is full of rapine and filth, is characteristic of a merely pharisaical civilization. If the negro is to be a true man, educate him "heart, and hand," purge his heart, sharpen his wits, train his hand, and if he is in nature what he is in form, a man, the elements that constitute his being must yield to the touch and be refined.

JOSEPH A. NELSON, '04.



The Influence of Climate on Character.

Numerous are the volumes which, in recent years, have emanated from the facile pens of writers who have studied the sociological conditions of our race; absorbing to a great degree are the countless pen-pictures which graphically portray the pleasures of life in the various climates, and the wonderful influence climatic conditions exert on vegetable life; but comparatively few are the authors who have succeeded in compiling a detailed, complete, and satisfactory elucidation of this most interesting question—the influence which the particular modifications of climate exert on the character of man.

Climate, in the modern acceptation of the term, signifies that peculiar state of the atmosphere in regard to heat and moisture which prevails in any given place, together with its meteorological conditions generally, in so far as they exert an influence on animal and vegetable life.

Man, it seems, has gradually withdrawn himself from the direct influence of climate; for, it may be argued, he can now, in this advanced age of civilization, regulate the climate in which he lives. If, for instance, he dwells in a tropical clime, he can by artificial means remain cool and comfortable; if he dwells in a colder climate, he can as surely attain the temperature of a sunny southern region, while, at the same time, he has easy access to the products of many different climes.

Nevertheless, climate has a more potent influence on man both socially and intellectually than is generally supposed.

Perhaps the most striking, if not indeed the most radical, instance of this influence takes form in architecture and other branches of engineering. Climate thus determines the character of dwellings, which, beginning in the tropics with rude, quaint, flimsy, single-

storied structures, gradually expand with increase of latitude until the enormous, massive, splendid "skyscrapers" are reached; with still greater increase of latitude, the dwellings dwindle until, far above the Arctic Circle, the final form is found in a low, tight, hemispherical shell of ice.

The architecture of the East bears no stamp of individual thought, being the forced work of slaves, whereas the architecture of Greece is perfect in its sensuous loveliness. The delicious climate, the soft air, and lovely scenery of Greece explain Greek love of refinement and beauty.

The prevailing winds and great ocean currents, which in great measure regulate climate, have given direction to conquest, commerce, and discovery.

No student of our race can for a moment doubt that individual characters are largely the product of surrounding conditions. The effect of climate on the disposition is familiar in the contrast between the more serious, rugged, laborious, and determined Northerner and the more genial, leisure-loving, and diplomatic Southerner. Moreover, this contrast in disposition carries with it differences in character and moral force. The harder labor in temperate climates, so necessary to the support of life and to the acquisition of moderate luxuries, brings with it a stronger will, a more powerful frame, and a greater capacity to endure severe privations; it causes money and power to accumulate in the hands of the Northerners.

The study of history is of absorbing interest. Empires have risen and fallen as if by magic, and history tells us in unmistakable terms that the conquering races have invariably hailed from temperate regions.

Migrations to hotter climates induce languor and lack of energy, and exposure to the heat gives a bronze to the skin which may become hereditary, so that it is not improbable that climate has had, in the lapse of ages, a formative influence on man's physical frame.

Extreme cold and extreme heat are always stunting in their effects. Natives of hilly temperate countries are more vigorous, hardy, and less sensitive, than dwellers on plains. Residents of arid regions are subject to severe strains upon the nervous system; they are more irritable and alert. Residents of moist, wet climates are characterized by a smoother skin, a softened voice, and more tranquil nerves.

The influence of climate on character was lately acknowledged by Lord Roseberry in a speech at Liverpool. Referring to the vexed question of Irish politics. he declared his belief that one of the main reasons of England's constant failure to rule Ireland successfully is the marked difference which exists between the Saxon and the Celtic temperaments—a difference that is largely the result of climatic environment. "The Irish climate," once wrote Julian Hawthrone, "so bewilders, upsets, disconcerts, amazes, and enchants a man that he presently becomes irretrievably reckless and impulsive. Seven vears of it would make an Irishman out of a Krim-Tartar. It explains the history of Ireland and the disposition of her inhabitants. It is the climate of the most picturesque, most winning, and most fatal country of the world; he who is born in it will either languish vainly on its bosom, or, abandoning it, mourn it forever after, yet know that to return to it would be to die." While we do not agree with Hawthorne in his estimate of Irish character, we acknowledge that the Irishman's easy transition "from grave to gay, from lively to severe" is largely due to the climate of his country; his wit is sparkling as the skies above him; his melancholy is fleeting as the clouds that drift across the horizon, and his life is pure as the air he breathes.

Elocution at the Corry Summer School.

THE high pressure of the modern worker, whether of hand or brain, has made a vacation a moral and physical necessity. The habit of taking a vacation is growing on all classes of the American people, and it is well that it is so. There are many ways of spending a vacation, and when one is planning where to go, and what to do, it is well to consider whether the change will be a profit or a loss. Now that the season is over, I am congratulating myself on having found a means of spending the time in a most delightful manner, improving not only the body, but also the mind. During the months of July and August, I attended the summer session of Byron W. King's School of Oratory and Elocution.

Like many others, I had very little knowledge of the work being done at this school, but after spending a few weeks in the classes, and listening to the lectures. I came home with many new ideas, and with the satisfaction that I had spent my vacation to good advantage. The summer session, while beneficial to all classes of students, is particularly so to those engaged in teaching or public speaking of any kind. The aim of the Faculty during these few weeks is to present as fully as possible, their method of teaching the development, culture, and control of mind and body for the correct expression of thought, will, and feeling. The divisions of work are: voice production and development, memory-training, studies in Shakespeare, and physical culture. In the voice development class many things of general interest are inculcated. Special care is taken to show how the voice should be used, and how, with a little careful training, a person may talk for any length of time, without injury or fatigue, by simply knowing how to use the breath properly. This is easily understood, when we

consider that the human voice is an instrument given to us to be used, and, like any other faculty of the body, requires training in order to produce good results.

The memory training consists in teaching how to memorize with little effort. It is really surprising how quickly the students can commit to memory whole pages of literature. The system is a very simple one and consists in picking out what are called the *thought words*, and memorizing them first. Thus, having the skeleton of thought to work upon, the other words come to the mind almost without an effort.

A particularly good feature of the school was the talks on Shakespeare by Dr. King. These talks were given in class every day, and after the professor's lectures on the interpretation of a play, the dramatic class produced it for the benefit of the students. This system of explaining the lines and characters before putting on the production, made it very interesting and instructive, and not only gave abundant evidence of the marvelous wealth of words and grandeur of language of this great poet, but also presented a most vivid picture of what Shakespeare must have had in mind when he wrote the plays.

The physical culture system is very good, and never fails to prove successful in developing the muscles, and giving ease and grace to all the movements of the body.

Another beneficial feature of the school is the opportunity it affords of meeting people from all parts of the country, and hearing their different views. The classes are composed principally of teachers and people of various professions in which public speaking is required. Some of them have been attending the school for several summers.

There are other points I might mention, but let it suffice to say in conclusion, that a training along these lines is of great value to a prospective speaker, in as much as it teaches the study and use of words in all their beauty and power, trains the student to seek only what is best in literature, and awakens the mind to a more thorough understanding of the matter read.

H. H. MALONE, '08.



THE OPENING DAY.

On Wednesday, September 2, classes for the current scholastic year were resumed. More than seventy new students had been enrolled on the previous day, and these, together with the returning students of last year, nearly filled the College Chapel, where they assembled at 9 o'clock for Mass. Rev. Father Giblin officiated as celebrant; Father Schroeffel, as deacon; and Father Sonnefeld, as sub-deacon. A very appropriate sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Griffin. After Mass, the students assembled in the College Hall, where they were assigned to their respective classes; the new students to begin their first year, others to continue what they had already begun, and not a few to enter upon their last year, the "home-stretch" as it were, of their college course.

In his sermon, Rev. Father Griffin spoke substantially as follows:

The solemn act of religion with which the year is being begun is calculated to impress upon you the truth that you are expected to fulfil here in the College a most important and holy work; for your Christian education is, in truth, a work on which depend not only your own happiness, contentment, and success, but also the glory and honor of God. Being sent here by devoted, Christian

parents to receive a Christian education, you must feel that serious duties devolve upon you all, if you are to realize the hopes entertained in your regard. It is in order to realize these hopes that the first act at the opening of the college is to gather you all before the altar of God-to unite in the holiest and most heavenly exercise of our religion, the adorable sacrifice of the The sacrifice is offered up in honor of God the Holy Ghost, the patron of the College, Who is the Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of Strength, and the Spirit of Holiness; in honor of the Spirit of Truth, to draw down upon your work, during the coming year, the blessed light of His guidance and direction, that His divine word and His holy law may, in the words of the Psalmist, "be a torch to your feet, and a light to your ways"-to the Spirit of Strength, that He may enable you in moments of struggle and temptation to be victorious over all your enemies, and to fulfil all your duties, however arduousto the Spirit of Holiness, that during the coming year He may bless and sanctify you, and keep your hearts and souls innocent and pure, and free from the guilt and deformity of sin.

The vigor of the intellect is usually proportioned to the purity and cleanness of the heart; and nothing is so essential to the success of a college course as obtaining from the Holy Ghost, purity of heart, innocence of life, and horror of sin. Under the guidance, the assistance, and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, you must endeavor to accomplish the grand work that lies before you. As God, the Spirit of Truth, is willing and ready to pour forth into your minds the light of knowledge, you must, on your part, stir up within yourselves a craving for the possession of it, and you must, with energy and eagerness, and unremitting ardor, apply yourselves to your daily lessons and exercises, and strive to occupy the foremost rank in your classes. The Spirit of Strength being willing to aid you against your enemies, you must be

ready to co-operate with Him, and keep up your courage in trials and temptations, and not flag or grow disheartened. The Spirit of Holiness offers His grace and assistance to enable you to sanctify your college days by holiness, purity, and innocence, in life and conduct, in thoughts, words, and actions; what is required of you is fidelity to that grace.

How true it is, therefore, that the work undertaken by you is great, and grand, and holy, since for its fulfilment, the light and guidance of God the Holy Ghost is required. You should not only remember that you are the children of God, but should also strive to live as such, if you wish to be successful in your classes. Bring away with you from the chapel one salutary thought, one good resolution; the salutary thought, that you are the children of God; and the good resolution constantly to follow the guidance and inspiration of God the Holy Spirit. Then you may feel confident that your college course will be crowned with success; that your labors will be followed by a rich and fruitful harvest; and that your Alma Mater will one day be able to speak of you as St. Paul spoke of his worthy disciples, the early Christians, and bestow upon you the honored name of her "joy and her crown."

In the afternoon, the Honorable Valentine Dillon, formerly lord mayor of Dublin, paid us a visit, and brought us greetings from his intimate friend, the Very Rev. J. T. Murphy, now president of Blackrock College, Ireland.

M. J. RELIHAN, '04.



A DREAM.

JUDGMENT DAY.

I had a dream the other night
Of scenes that were not gay:
Methought the world came to an end,
And it was Judgment Day.

The clouds were hanging very low And one could scarcely hear; For men, who huddled everywhere, Were screaming loud with fear.

The beasts all fled, the birds flew round,
The sun gave forth no light,
The moon came down from out her course,
The stars fell from their height.

When all was dark and still as death And life was quite extinct, The blackest clouds began to part: A form became distinct.

An angel came from Heaven down,
His trumpet blowing loud:
He called all men forth from their graves,
The humble and the proud.

Then all were led into a place, A valley deep and wide: It was a hundred miles in length, And ten from side to side.

Behold there came the God of men Upon a throne of gold: He passed His judgment upon all And thus His sentence told:

"Ye blessed, come with Me this day: My Kingdom you will share; Ye wicked now depart from Me, And live with Satan there."

At this, my dream came to an end,
And to my great delight
The morn was cool, and clear, and calm,
The sun was shining bright.

P. Misklow, '07.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
ASSISTANT EDITOR,
EXCHANGES,
J. A. MALLOY, '04.
LOCALS,
ATHLETICS,
ALUMNI,
SOCIETIES,
CONCERTS,
BUSINESS MANAGERS,
F. J. NEILAN, '05.
E. G. CURRAN, '07.
SCIETIES,
F. J. NEILAN, '06.
E. B. YELLIG, '04.
BUSINESS MANAGERS,
F. X. ROEHRIG, '07.
P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

To Our Readers.

It is not without a deep sense of responsibility that we undertake to discharge the duties to which we have been elected by our classmates. We realize the difficulties we shall have to encounter in our inexperience, but we feel confident that the assistance so generously accorded to our predecessors will be as cheerfully at our command. We shall endeavor to uphold the honor of our journal by maintaining a high literary and moral standard, and it will be our constant ambition to transmit it to our successors enhanced, if possible, by some added glory that we and our collaborateurs may cast around it.

Contributors have encouragingly responded to our appeal, and have assured us of their continued support. Relying more upon their aid than upon our own ability, we launch out upon the untried sea of college journalism.



How Things Have Changed.

A few years ago the Episcopalian who would have dared to hint to his co-religionists the necessity and advantages of a supreme head would have been anathematized, branded a heretic, dubbed a Romanizer. tempora mutantur, as the poet says. A few weeks ago the chief organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church came out boldly for a Protestant Episcopal Pope! executive," says the New York Churchman "is as necessary for the church as for the nation." To prove this statement the Churchman appeals to history. "As a national (Sic) church we have no representative, though the history of Christianity justifies it, and the experience of every organization demonstrates its necessity. time is passed to point complacently at the papacy as a warning against such a development. history of the papacy furnishes the most masterly testimony to the power of organization."

The barriers of bigotry are slowly burning away.



Religious Education.

At present Catholics are realizing more than ever the wisdom of their Holy Mother in demanding that all her children enjoy the blessing of a religious education. They see denominations that a few years ago were the most clamorous for exclusively secular training, now seriously thinking of starting schools modeled after the Catholic parochial school, academy, and college. They

see an association rising and spreading in our midst whose sole object is to "secure to religion and morality, their true place and their proper influence." A great daily paper of New York is devoting unlimited space to the discussion of the subject of religious education. At the Convention of the National Association of Education, recently held in Boston, Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, endeavored to show that religious and secular education are naturally enclusive. His views met with considerable opposition, and his conclusions were pronounced "twenty-five years behind the times" by some of the delegates. About the same time Senator Beveridge published an article in a leading review in which Americans are told that they are a "most profoundly religious people." "We cannot help it," he "It springs, like all fundamental characteristics, out of the elements of our being." If this be so there are bright days ahead for religious education.



Catholic Federation.

The present is our first opportunity to comment upon the Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies in Atlantic City. The third annual gathering of the delegates was one of harmony, progress, solidification, and deliberation. Its status is best estimated by the Constitution, the approval given to Federation, and the resolutions drawn up by the delegates. The Constitution is well-known as exclusive of no society in the Church, hampering none, but warmly welcoming all, supporting all, and welding all together on the broad basis of Christian principle. It means to benefit the Church by more co-operation in its work and institutions; it means to defend it, if bigotry unhappily provoke too much attention; and it means more effectively to assist the Government and all law-abiding citizens in promoting

and securing respect for lawful authority, and those elements of public administration upon which social peace, prosperity, and order depend. The idea has the approval of the Papacy, of the Apostolic Delegation, of our Cardinal, of 58 Archbishops and Bishops, of hundreds of priests, and the zealous adhesion of a million men. It is growing very rapidly. The opposition is a negligible and neglected quantity. If it ever become other than negligible, it shall be fairly attended to, but the day is fast dawning, when such as "hold aloor" from the movement may begin to feel stranded high and dry.

A few remark that there is no persecution here as there was in Germany when the Centrum arose. That is exactly why we have not started a political machine, such as is that splendid and efficient body of German Catholics. Americans do not favor persecution, but they do admire union and organization, progressiveness and noble enterprise. They respect all who command respect by taking a position in society, which their ability and uprightness may adorn. We have done better than to wait till driven; we have profited by the experience of others. Having forestalled antagonism, we can employ our resources not in encountering it, but in acquiring positive benefits to the Church and to the Nation. We can utilize a powerful engine to further the highest Christian spirit among the members entailed, their relatives, and friends: We can deploy our forces on the side of the Government against anarchy, avarice, race feuds, divorce, and any of the dangerous forms of socialism or atheistic disorder.

The above possibilities of usefulness, with the wisdom and character to carry them to successful issue, are manifested precisely in the Resolutions. Perusing these, we find a solemn assemblage lamenting the demise of the illustrious Leo XIII., and declaring the temporal rights of the Papal See; emphasizing the need of Christian education and principle in social and political life; con-

demning socialism, atheism and materialism, lynching, divorce, and the religious persecutions of France; demanding justice for Catholic Indians and Philippinos: commending, on one hand, Catholic Truth Societies and the exponents of honorable Press work, on the other, reproving the placing of offensive and erroneous books in public libraries. The wording of the resolutions reveals such well-informed intelligence, manful spirit and cautious reserve, as bid fair to throw a ponderous weight into the balance on the side of public peace and dignity. Of course, many able scholars assist the work of Federation. The bishops of Trenton, Green Bay and Savannah, and the Rt. Revs. McFaul, Messmer and Keilev. were in constant attendance. But, so broad is the embrace of the organization that even a full-blooded Sioux Indian represented several thousand of his race by a speech through an interpreter, and two delegates from Porto Rico spoke for 900,000 of the islanders. Among many letters of commendation were those of President Roosevelt, and Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, who had been invited to attend. Part of the President's letter ran thus: "I am well aware of what your society has accomplished for the social betterment, not only for Catholics, but for all our people, in promoting the unification and naturalization of our countrymen, and in working for morality and decency, and especially in the intimate home relations upon which the ultimate wellbeing of the entire State rests."



THE FACULTY.

Many of our past students are interested in the make-up of our Faculty. They wish to know, not only which of their old professors may still be seen at the College, but also what changes are made in the staff.

The Very Rev. President, notwithstanding his many duties, finds time to coach the second French class in literature, composition, and grammar.

Rev. John Griffin has charge of the Seniors' and Juniors' Latin, and gives lessons on the organ and piano.

- Rev. A. Rumbach teaches the Third German, the Fourth French, and the Spanish classes. During the summer vacation he was called on to proceed to Trinidad, an island of the British West Indies, where the Holy Ghost fathers have a most prosperous college, but, at the last moment, when his berth had been secured on the train and boat, and his luggage was ready for the express van, the order was countermanded, and, to our great satisfaction, he resumed his *role* of professor.
- Rev. J. M. Desnier is instructor of the First Academic Latin class and the First French class. Father Desnier has been but lately assigned to the staff. He taught for eleven years in Para, Brazil, and for six years in St. Pierre, Martinique. After his fortunate escape from the general destruction caused by the eruption of Mount Pelee, he occupied a chair of theology in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Cornwells, Pa.
- Rev. H. J. McDermott teaches literature in the Senior and Junior classes.
- Rev. T. A. Giblin finds vent for his enthusiam in the Sophomore, Freshman, and Commercial, English branches.
- Rev. H. J. Goebel is professor of Mathematics in the Third Academic class, and of Book-keeping in the Commercial Department.

- Rev. J. J. Laux has transferred his affections from Greek to Latin and English. He lectures on Holy Scripture and General History in the Senior and Junior classes, and teaches the First Academic Latin and English classes, and the First German class.
- Rev. J. M. Danner teaches Arithmetic, Book-keeping in the Commercial and Academic Departments, and Natural Philosophy in the Senior and Junior classes.
- Rev. J. J. Schroeffel is professor of Philosophy, of Mathematics and Chemistry in the Sophomore and Freshman classes, and of Literature and Language in the Second German class.
- Rev. M. Sonnefeld teaches Polish, Mechanical Drawing, Penmanship, and Mathematics in the Fourth Academical class.
- Rev. James Boyle is instructor of Latin in the Fourth Academic class, and of Religion in the Grammar Department.
- Mr. T. A. Wrenn makes a specialty of Mathematics in the First and Second Academic classes and in the Commercial Department.
- Mr. James Riley occupies the chair of Classics and English in the Third Academic class.
- Mr. George Schalz has charge of the Fourth Academic English, and the Fourth German classes.
- Mr. Martin O'Sullivan and Mr. Joseph Baumgartner are entrusted with the First and Second Grammar classes, respectively.
- Mr. J. B. Topham has brought the Commercial Department to a high state of efficiency. Besides being director of that department, he teaches Higher Accounts, Business Usages and Customs, Stenography, Commercial Law and Correspondence, and Penmanship.
- Mr. J. W. Quinn is professor of Ancient Greek in the classes from the Senior to the First Academic

included. He also teaches the Second Academic English class.

Mr. Stephen Bryan, an honor graduate of the Royal University, Ireland, is instructor of Mathematics in the Senior and Junior classes; of Classics in the Second Academic class; and of Arithmetic in the Commercial Department. He is also professor of Elementary French.

Mr. C. B. Weiss is director of the orchestra, and gives lessons on the wind and stringed instruments.

Mr. Joseph O'Neil, physical director, will report for duty on October 1. The boys will give him a hearty welcome on his return from Europe.

Of last year's staff, the painstaking Father Stadelman is superior of Rock Castle, Va., and chaplain to Mother Catharine's institutions; the scholarly Father Danner is recuperating at Millvale, Pa.; the genial Father Gavin is assistant rector at St. Peter Claver's Church, Philadelphia; the versatile Father Retka is stationed at St. Stanislas' Church, this city; the polished Professor Campbell is holding a prominent position in Carnegie's mills, Homestead; and the ever-reliable Professor Dehey has retired to his home in Massachusetts.



OUR ALUMNI.

Decided interest is always manifested in the choice of a profession made by our graduates in each succeeding year. In the columns of the Bulletin, past and present students can keep in touch with each other, and every opportunity will be seized to keep the memory of our old friends green, and to encourage the new element we yearly receive by keeping before their eyes a record of the success in life that attends the efforts of their predecessors.

Thomas F. Coakley, the valedictorian of '03, has gone to the American College in Rome. We do not hesitate to predict for him a brilliant future. From beneath the sunny skies of Italy, and from amid the classic monuments of the Eternal City, his facile pen will furnish us with graphic pictures of university life and the scenes around the Vatican that interest every Catholic.

Peter A. Costelloe and Walter J. Fandraj have begun their year's novitiate in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Cornwells, Pa. They are joined by Patrick O'Connor and John Murphy, of the class of '02.

Doctor William J. Hickson has gone East to practise his art upon the not over-worked New Yorkers.

Charles F. McHugh is now domiciled in the spacious halls of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. His Bostonian accent and Pittsburg periods will win him admirers in the debating society.

To Matthew F. Fitzgerald is entrusted the main ledger in the Barnes' Safe and Lock Co., 3rd Ave. His brother, Richard, is cashier and sole book-keeper in the Bower Fruit Co., 7th Street and Liberty Ave.

Charles A. Gast, the midget graduate, is assistant book-keeper in the U. S. National Bank, Market Street, near 5th Ave.

William M. McFadden, having pointed out at the Commencement Exercises the way to True Success, is endeavoring to follow out his own directions in the offices of the Philadelphia Company.

John A. Neylon is firmly established on the chair of the assistant book-keeper in the Pittsburg and Ohio Milk Company.

Edward A. Sackville is manager of his father's grocery business, Youngstown, Ohio.

Louis S. Zahronsky is stenographer and type-writer to the Walsh Manufacturing Co., 9th Street, S. S.

We are glad to know from reliable sources that all our young graduates of last June are reflecting credit upon their training in Pittsburg College.

Of the Alumni ordained last June, Rev. Patrick E. Maher has been appointed assistant in St. Agnes's Church, this city; Rev. Michael Krupinski has been named pastor in New Haven, Pa.; and Rev. Peter Wolnik is engaged in missionary work in far-off Minnesota.



BOOK NOTES.

THE QUESTION Box, by Rev. P. Conway.

Few books have been received with greater enthusiasm in religious and secular circles than the neatly compiled volume of Father Conway, *The Question Box.*

The religious polemical works of the day receive little grace from the public, because they either soar too high or delve too deep in technical lore, and lead the average reader far beyond his element. Cognizant of this misuse of learning, Father Conway couches his answers in clear, terse language well-suited to all classes. His proofs and refutations are redolent of philosophy and theology, and yet are not marred with technical terms and complicated sentential structures, the marked traits of controversial works. However, not only is its import deeply interesting, and its exposition of Catholic dogma prëeminently lucid, but in it are discussed the knotty problems so vexing to our non-Catholic brethren, as well as the hazy views of Catholics concerning matters of paramount importance. The Question Box, like the sevenleague boots, is fitted for the dwarf or the giant. The

unlettered find it simple and interesting, the average reader is instructed in his faith, and the erudite scholar and acute thinker recognize in it a brilliant exponent of Religion and Truth against the Indifferentism and Error of the twentieth century.

The method of compilation used by Father Conway is indeed, a novel one, and therein lies its excellence. The Paulist Fathers have been laboring for many years among the non-Catholics of our country, and have conducted many missions. Before each service, all present are invited to deposit letters containing queries at the "question box" placed near the door. At the next meeting, the impracticable theories and the flimsy arguments of modern reformers are pulverized, while the anxious inquiries of the humble searcher after truth are met and answered by the gentle and persuasive Paulist. This book contains the most important questions actually received by the author during the past five years of missionary activity in all parts of the United States, from Boston to Denver.

True excellence needs no commendation. The perusal of this book will unlearn many lies that have veiled the brightness of the Catholic Church from those without the fold, and will enlighten Catholics themselves on many mooted subjects.

MEMORIAL SOUVENIR OF St. JOSEPH'S HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

A welcome volume was recently received at our sanctum in the form of an elaborately executed "Memorial Souvenir" of St. Joseph's House, Philadelphia, Pa. The exquisite taste manifested in its compilation, the rare poetic talent and happiness of thought which grace its pages, and the purity and simplicity of the language, render it a valuable acquisition to our Exchange Library. The book is profuse with illustrations marking the giant strides made by the institution during the fifteen years of

its existence. The "Souvenir" graphically depicts the earnest struggle against poverty, opposition and prejudice which Rev. D. J. Fitz Gibbon, encountered in his noble purpose, and also bears witness to the magnificent success which has crowned his efforts.

Father Fitz Gibbon, who is a graduate of the class of '84, assumed charge of the institution in 1890, and with indomitable energy, leveled all obstacles to the ultimate completion of his undertaking. House after house was purchased; debts were liquidated; discipline was perfected; an enviable reputation secured for the institution; and at the time of the publication of the "Souvenir," St. Joseph's House was firmly established on a financial basis. Among the photographs of the "pillars" of the institution, we were agreeably surprised to find the pictures of Rev. Father McDermott, Vice-President, and Rev. Father Goebel, Treasurer. Fathers McDermott and Goebel were both energetic workers in that field of apostolic zeal.

The publication of the "Souvenir" was occasioned by the resignation of Father Fitz Gibbon, who has been appointed superior of all the colored missions, in the United States, under the charge of the Holy Ghost Fathers. His remarkable prudence, great eloquence and recognized administrative ability have singled him out for this responsible position. While we tender him our hearty congratulations on his past success, we trust that the future may see him ad multos annos the leading spirit in this noble enterprise.

Rev. L. E. Farrell, C. S. Sp., another graduate of the College, has been chosen his successor. Father Farrell has for years been the sub-director of the institution, and is consequently familiar with its management. We feel quite confident that Father Farrell will prove equal to the onerous duties imposed upon him, and we beg to assure him of our good wishes for his success.



THE 'VARSITY BASE-BALL TEAM.

During the season of '03, the Pittsburg College Base-Ball Team showed that it deserved, as in the past, to be classed in the first rank of amateur clubs, and that it could hold its own with the strongest professional aggregations in Western Pennsylvania. Much of its success was due to the effective battery work of Gapen and Frankenberry. After several men had been tried on first, Duffy proved satisfactory and held the position throughout the season. Davin covered second in his old-time Haves, at short, resembled a well-regulated machine for the safe reception and accurate delivery of balls. Herrly, our third baseman, strengthened the team by his excellent fielding and heavy hitting. Joost and Pietrzycki took turns in right field. Smith, in centre, could be relied on to hold anything that came within his reach. Keating, in left, was our most brilliant fielder and most consistent hitter. Kilgallen's record as a pitcher early in the season was second to none in the city: later, he suffered from a sore arm, and was obliged to take a rest. Had Creel been given more opportunities on the rubber, it is quite probable that he would have ranked with Gapen. Earl Smith badly scalded his pitching arm in the middle of April, and for a time lost control of his delivery; the wound did not prevent him from being classed amongst our best hitters.

In the fourteen games played, the College scored 96 runs to their opponents' 54.

Judging from the material at present in the College, the season of '04 will open with the brightest of prospects.

THE RESERVES.

The Reserves passed through their season with an enviable record. Out of 12 games scheduled, seven were played and won; the other five were cancelled by the challenged teams for various causes. At a meeting of the Reserves on April 15, Relihan, last year's Reserves' second baseman was chosen captain of the team. He played second base again this season. In Slater, the Reserves struck a fine catcher, and Harry's work behind the bat was at all times of a first class order. His stick work, too, was a great help to his team. Sweeney and Fitzgerald did slab-duty, and both were successful. "Fitz" made a record on Decoration Day against the Clipper A. C. He pitched both games against them, winning both, striking out 29 men, allowing but six hits, and giving only one free pass. At first base, Pascual played an exceedingly fine game, and he batted at a .300 clip. Bishop, at short-stop, although erratic at times, was one of the stand-bys, and his work aided materially the success of his team. Gaynor got into the game again last season and showed all his old-time form, both at bat and in the field; he led the batting list, and was second on fielding averages. O'Brien at third played a steady game, and was a sure hitter in a pinch. In the outfield "Jim" Smyth, Whalen, Gleeson, and Connor, played fast games, and did their share of work at the bat. Several of the Reserves will be strong candidates for positions on the first team next spring.

THE SCHENLEY SPORTS.

Owing to the fact that so many of our students leave the city as soon as the scholastic year closes, the college is not represented as it should be at the Fourth of July Sports in Schenley Park. A few years ago, Parker Conway, amongst other achievements, established a local record that has not since been equalled, covering the hundred yard dash in ten seconds flat. This year Frank

Neilan spent a few minutes every evening for a week, training on a rough country road. On the morning of the race he felt in fine fettle and proceeded to the park. where, in common with the other candidates, he dressed in a sweltering shed, and then had to wait in the scorching sun for the half mile to be called. Sixteen toed the mark, and Frank was assigned the most unfavorable position farthest from the oval. This handicapped him in the start, and left him in the rear when the pistol set them all in motion. A fast pace was set, which told on some at the 440 mark: they gave signs of distress and Frank began to close in with the leaders, so that at 300 vards from the tape he held fourth place. Lambie was so far in front that it was well-nigh impossible to round him for first place. Armstrong and Young were still to the fore, but our representative mustered all his strength for a final spurt. He passed both like a flash, closed up on Lambie and was but a few inches behind when the leader breasted the tape in a most exhausted condition. Armstrong and Young strained every nerve to secure third place; the former succeeded, but collapsed at the finish.

The twenty-five dollar diamond that Frank Neilan won, he now wears triumphantly in a stick pin. His success ought to encourage others to continue their training after our Field Day, and enter for their choice of events at Schenley Park next year.



SQUIBS.

When you return from your vacation, pass the following printed answers to your enquiring friends, and thus save a world of trouble.

Yes, I'm back.

Yes, I had a good time.

Yes, I caught a lot of fish.

Yes, the mosquitoes are bad down there.

Yes, I enjoyed the bathing.

Yes, the beds were hard as ever.

Yes, we had to fight for our meals.

Yes, I gained ten pounds.

Yes, I feel much improved.

Yes, I got badly sunburned.

Yes, I'm proud of it.

Yes, I'm glad to be back at work again.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

With apologies to the Newark News.

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can 'scape oblivion's pall
If, departing, we inscribe our
Names in full upon the wall.—Sophomore.

Lives of Sophomores remind us
Painfully the whole year round
That 'tis empty vessels make the
Greatest and the harshest sound.—Senior.

A swell affair.—Frank Roehrig's swollen eye.

A little boy was going to school;
A portly gent espied him
Trying to reach a hall-door bell,
But the hall-door bell defied him.

"My little man, allow me, please, I'll come to your assistance," Obligingly the stranger said: The lad made no resistance.

He gave one pull with vim and snap,
Then heard the bell resounding:
"Now run like blazes," cried the boy,
"Or take an awful pounding!"

Doubtlessly you have heard small boys in the grand stand cry out during a base-ball game, "Pop!" "Pop!" Why do not the charitably disposed place these little fellows in an orphan asylum if they cannot find their fathers?

When crossing the tracks you will see
The warning, "Look out for the cars!"
I tell you, look out for yourself
If you'd not wing your flight to the stars.

Our new janitor

"With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears."

Pope, Essay on Criticism.

Professor.—What are you looking at? Student.—A yacht, sir. Professor.—Yacht not to be looking at it.

Some carping old critics absurdly decry

Our mud-covered streets and our smoke-clouded sky: Our pride they wound sorely, our patience they try.

Have they never remarked that the streets are washed clean

As oft as it rains, and the sky all serene, When fires are extinguished, can plainly be seen?

The conversational bore in a train can with difficulty be silenced. It was my good fortune sometime ago to see one collapse. The following is the conversation I could not help overhearing:

"Have you any children, sir?"

"Yes, I have a son."

"Ah! does he smoke?"

"Never, not even a cigarette."

"So much the better; tobacco is indeed a bad habit. I hope he does not frequent the saloons?"

"He has never put his foot inside of one."

"I congratulate you. Does he ever come home late?"

"Never. He always goes to bed after dinner."

"Oh! the conduct of the lad is admirable.

What age is he?"

"Two months."

In college all his life-long
He never went to school:
Though simple people call him,
He's not by miles a fool.

He easily distinguishes
'Tween an eagle and a red,
A roll of green backs and
A roll of his own bread.

The best bred folk believe him The best bread-man about, Not crusty, stiff, and tasteless, But excellent throughout.

His merits he dissembles,
Yet, east, west, north, and south,
You'll find Mike Gavin's good works
In every student's mouth.

Whene'er you need his service You'll find him kneading dough: The dough he needs is not The dough he needeth so.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X.

Pittsburg, Pa., November, 1903.

No. 2.

The Death of Pancratius.

Alone, serene amid the assembled throng, Unconscious of the myriad eyes that gazed Upon his youthful form, Pancratius knelt: From rising tiers wide circling round, there peered A sea of faces whence all pity fled. Withheld by strength unknown and hands unseen. The unslaked beasts coursed o'er the crimson sands And raged in vain, their native strength had ebbed. The Christian boy, confessor of the faith, Awaited death and softly breathed a prayer. "Discard the charm that coweth thus the beasts," The emperor thundered, and the mob waxed wild. "My sire's blood," outspake the noble boy, "Bedewed this soil, and, ere he winged his flight Above, bequeathed to me this legacy. A panther freed him from his bonds, perhaps He'll give a crown to me. Stay not the beast." "The panther! Ho, the panther!" rose the cry. The gates swung back: the panther forward sprang, Now paused, now crouched; a stifled sob went up. Pancratius swayed, sank to the earth, and died.

J. A. NELSON, '04.

Lake-Idyll from Schiller's Wilhelm Tell.

TILHEM TELL," says Carlyle, whose authority in matters relating to German literature can hardly be called into question, "is one of Schiller's very finest dramas; it exhibits some of the highest triumphs which his genius, combined with his art, ever realized." The opening of the first act sets us down among the Alps. We are in a scene where all is grand and lovely; but it is the loveliness and grandeur of unpretending, unadulterated nature. It is a high, rocky shore of the lake of Lucerne, opposite to Schwytz. lake makes a little bight in the land, a hut stands at a short distance from the bank, the fisher-boy is rowing himself about in his boat. Beyond the lake, on the other side, we see the green meadows, the hamlets and farms of Schwytz, lying in the clear sunshine. On our left are observed the peaks of the Hacken surrounded with clouds: to the right, and, far in the distance, appear the glaciers. We hear the Ranz-des-Vaches, or Alpine pastoral melody, and the tinkling of cattle-bells.

The Fisher-boy sings in his boat:
Soft smileth the lake, and the bather invites.
A boy on the mossy bank sweet sleep delights;
Then hears he a tinkling
Like sweet flute-notes rise,
Or like voices of angels

And as he awakens all smiling and gay, O'er his breast play the waters with ripple and spray.

In Paradise.

Comes a voice from the deep:
"With me thou must go!
The sleeper I lure
And draw him below."

SHEPHERD Boy on the hillside:

Ye meadows, farewell, And sun-flooded valley! Forth must our flock sally, We've heard summer's knell.

To the mountains we go, but we'll come back again When the song birds pour forth their melodious strain, When the flowers are nodding along the way And the springlets burst torth in loveliest May.

> Loved pastures, good-bye, And broad-stretching mead! Away must we speed, For winter is nigh.

Huntsman high up among the rocks:

The loud thunder aloft shakes the foot-bridge frail, Yet the hunter on dizzy paths never doth quail;

But boldly he strides O'er widening ice-fields, Where spring-time ne'er bides Nor aught green the land yields.

'Neath his feet lies a nebulous sea without shore; The cities of men he remembers no more.

Thro' a break in the clouds
The world is revealed,
Far under the waters
The bright, verdant field.

In the above translation the writer has endeavored to preserve the original metre and rhyme-arrangement. Imperfect as it is, it reveals in some measure the beauty of the original. In the fisher-boy's song, reference is made to a mysterious power the waters are conceived to possess of luring into their bosom one who sleeps on the shore. The origin of this myth is shrouded in the mists of antiquity. Theocritus, a Greek poet, tells of the fate of Hylas, who, charmed by the voice of the spirit of the waters, was half-willingly swallowed up in the waves. The

idea is found in the poetry of all languages. Schiller reverts to it in several others of his poems. It is the theme of Goethe's Ballad of the Fisherman. Shakespeare, Moore, Longfellow, and Bayard Taylor, among others, ascribe to the water this subtle influence.

The thunder referred to in the Huntman's lines is the sound of the crashing of an avalanche in the mountain fastness, which, terrible to the visitor, daunts not the intrepid mountaineer. The sea that conceals the world from his view is that of the clouds that hover about the mountain-sides beneath his feet.

The foregoing remarks may be of interest in connection with the translation of the beautiful Lake-Idyll with which Schiller opens his masterful play of Wilhelm Tell.

JOHN MALLOY, '04, First German Class.



Ah, Christian soul! remember,
Each day throughout November,
The purgatorial fires!
Hear one soul's ardent plea,
But one from bondage free.
Oh, list to their desires!



GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT WEST.

"Land of the West!—green forest-land!
Clime of the fair, and the immense!
Favorite of Nature's liberal hand,
And child of her munificence!"—W. D. Gallagher.

which these high-sounding praises of our Uncle Samuel and his broad domains are based.

There is no better way for one to realize the greatness of America, the intelligence, industry, and prosperity of her millions of citizens, than to travel across this broad country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

One may have heard and read much of the energy and progressiveness of the people of the West; of the size and importance of its cities; of its varied climate; of the fertility of its soil and the magnitude of its crops; of the fabulous wealth of its mines; and last, but not least, of the beauty and grandeur of its scenery: but to see all these things for oneself makes them seem more of a reality than when they are learned at second hand.

Going West to the Pacific coast from Pittsburg, the beautiful and busy cities of Columbus and Indianapolis arrested our attention; but as they are so near home we shall not attempt to describe them, nor the city of St. Louis with its enormous manufacturing and wholesale interests, its Union Station with facilities for eighty waiting trains, and, at present, its rapidly growing "World's Fair."

On leaving St. Louis for Kansas City, we saw

evidence of the destructive floods that had devasted a great expanse of country in May, about two months previous to our trip—buildings wrecked, railroad tracks torn up, cars overturned and lying where the force of the water had carried them. We passed over miles of new road-bed constructed for the temporary tracks at an enormous expense of money and labor. All along the route the efforts of the hardy farmer to repair his damaged crops were plainly visible.

Kansas City, with its cliff dwellings, reminded us very much of Pittsburg. The disastrous nature of the flood was more apparent here, perhaps, than anywhere else in the State. A water-gauge in the Union Depot informed us that the water had been ten feet high in the waiting-room.

From Kansas City we went by the Rock Island route to El Paso, Texas. We rapidly left the prosperous-looking towns and cities of the Kansas prairies behind, and with them, the well-kept farms that spread out to the horizon, and were soon speeding over the dry, brown plains of Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Western Texas, always with the mountains in view, apparently very near, but really many miles away. The air is so clear here that one is greatly deceived in estimating distances. There is very little life in this section compared with the country we had left behind us. The few widely scattered solitary habitations were usually built of logs or adobe-a kind of brick made of mud, and baked in the sun, peculiar to the Southwest and especially Mexico. The climate is so dry that adobe buildings seem to be more durable, and are said to be much cooler, than any others.

The business section of El Paso resembles any hustling American town, with modern brick buildings, department stores, etc.; but in the residence section we saw only rows of small, square, windowless adobe houses. Just across the Rio Grande from El Paso is Juarez, one

of the gateways to the Republic of Mexico. It is connected with El Paso by an electric line, and is the northern terminal of the Mexican Central Railroad, which runs south from this point through the broad central tableland to the City of Mexico.

As soon as the disappointingly small and nearly dry Rio Grande is crossed, one does not need to be told that he is in a foreign country—the style of habitation and the appearance of the people are a sufficient intimation of the fact. One will find here in Juarez a sleepy atmosphere of calm that speaks of the past as it hovers over the ancient church, some three hundred and fifty years old, and the more ancient-looking dwellings of the people; one will see a number of aged Mexicans squatting in their doorways on the pavement—they do not use chairs whom one might almost believe to have been present with their dark-skinned children, when the corner-stone of the old church was laid; for they show the markings of time much more than their venerable place of worship, which, indeed, is the newest-looking building in the old town. The Mexican Federal Building, and the prison, now unoccupied, are of modern construction, but they seem even more sleepy than the older buildings.

Returning to El Paso, we are soon off towards the desert of Arizona and California, and for the next few days we are made to feel that we are in the arid region of the United States. The vegetation had been growing poorer since we left Western Kansas, and the land now turns to a brown-gray, and then to the white of the sandy deserts, showing only an occasional cactus to remind us by its color of the green fields we have left behind. There is nothing but sand, reaching now, far away to the distant mountains, which, on account of the clearness of the atmosphere, seem quite near; now, again, all is white sand as far as the eye can see until, off on the edge of the horizon, it seems to end in the waters of a great lake. The cactus that has delighted the eye with

its green, prickly branches, and occasionally with its beautiful blossoms, becomes more rare. Some parts of this desert are below sea level, and, it is believed, at one time formed the bed of the ocean, Though at present most of this desert is a sandy waste, yet it needs only water to make it the garden spot of the country. Rain seldom, if ever, falls here, but at many points irrigation is being introduced, either by carrying water through canals from the mountains, or by means of water obtained from artesian wells. Wherever irrigation has been employed, the barren, sandy waste has become a veritable bower of luxuriant vegetable growth-flowers, fruits, and garden truck of all kinds seemed to reach perfection, and we were told that they brought better prices in the Eastern markets than California fruits. We learned later, while stopping in Southern California, that melons and other small fruits came from the desert of Arizona to the California cities before the California crop was ripe.

At Yuma, Arizona, a great number of Indians were at the station to sell bead-work and other trinkets to the travelers. Here is located the territorial penetentiary, and as Yuma is said to be the hottest place in the United States, the convicts of Arizona are sent to a very hot place indeed—the thermometer registered 120° in the shade the morning we were there. It was explained to us by some residents of Arizona that the penitentiary could not be in too hot a place for the characters that were sent to it.

Arizona is separated from California by the Colorado River, which receives, near this place, the waters of the Gila River, famous as the home of the terrible Gila monster. At Palm Springs, California, the water comes out of the ground at 70° Fahrenheit, and over 99 per cent. pure: it is used for irrigation, turning the desert into a beautiful garden. At Indio, the water from artesian wells was also 70°, and over 99 per cent. pure, and large irrigation work was being done.

We arrived at last at Los Angeles, the center of all that Southern California has to offer, and in easy reach of all points of interest. A description that would do justice to this part of California would fill volumes. The climate is very delightful; it is not so warm in summer as Pittsburg, and is never cold in winter. For about two months rain falls for a short time nearly every day: the other ten months are dry. This accounts for the need of irrigation, without which the fruit and other crops of Southern California would not be worth mentioning. At Redlands we saw great orchards growing on land now worth a thousand dollars and more per acre, which, a dozen years ago. without irrigation, was not worth twenty dollars. Where the soil is not fitted for fruit, great quantities of sugar beets, alfalfa hay and grain are grown, On account of the dry climate, the grain seems never to be stored in barns. The farmer cuts his grain when it is ripe, and, as he need not fear its being spoiled by rain. gathers it up and has it threshed when convenient. It is then put into bags and piled up in the field without shelter till he is ready to ship it to market. We passed thousands of sacks of wheat piled up in the open field, and thousand of acres of wheat which had been cut for weeks, but left for threshing to a less busy season. Near the fruit orchards one may see many acres of travs for drying fruit: all the prunes, apricots, etc., seemed to be dried in the open air. An interesting sight in an orange orchard is to see blossoms, green fruit, and also ripe fruit on the same tree at the same time. Everything relating to the cultivation of the soil is on a large scale, and, though one may see small orchards and fields, he will see single orchards of hundreds of acres and even thousands of acres. It is the fruit business that makes this section prosperous, though the large number of visitors—the tourist business it is termed—contributes very largely to the opulence of the inhabitants.

The Old Missions founded a century ago rank among the most interesting sights in this part of the world. The old mission style of architecture, with its thick solid walls of brick or stone covered over with plaster, is well-known and always the same. Every one visits these missions They are scattered from San Diego when possible. northward towards San Francisco. San Gabriel, located ten miles from Los Angeles, is well preserved and still has a resident pastor, though the one-time congregation of seventeen hundred converted Indians has passed away. One may still see some evidence of the Indian population in the dark-eved, swarthy residents of the town. five thousand baptisms of Indians are recorded at this mission. The tower of San Gabriel was destroyed by an earthquake in 1820, but the remainder of the building remains intact, and four of the former six-bell chimes still ring out the Angelus as they did in the days when Washington was fighting for American Independence.

Long Beach, San Pedro, Terminal Island, and Santa Monica, are seashore resorts about twenty miles from Los Angeles, and divide the honors with Santa Catalina Island, thirty miles off the coast, and Coronado Beach, near San Diego. Except Santa Catalina Island, all these have fine surf bathing and many of the attractions of eastern seashore resorts. A number have fine bathing houses where one may have the pleasure of a plunge in a large tank of sea water, though the climate is so mild and delightful that the open ocean is far preferable. The people here do not seem to bathe in the ocean as much as the people at the eastern seashore, but they have a longer season, the whole year, and may be seen in the waves on Christmas Day.

Santa Catalina Island is called the fisherman's paradise. One hears more wonderful fish stories here than anywhere else in the country, and many of the stories are backed up by the fish. We refrain from relating any of them as we cannot produce the fish. One can only say

of this whole country of Southern California that, from San Diego to San Francisco, it is a vast picnic ground to the visitor from the East, and the heart of the Easternman glows with pleasure, and he gloats over this earthly paradise, and thinks how long he may remain, and when he may have the good fortune to pay another visit. Flowers grow in the greatest abundance and to great size. Geraniums climb up the houses to the second story: fuchsias are nearly as tall, and roses-you never saw such roses anywhere else-and palms of all kinds and sizes grow to a height of eighty feet. Everything grows, and, as frost is unknown, grows all the time; only the apple tree seems unable to endure the climate, and does not produce so well as in the East. The Scientists say it needs the winter's rest, to which it has always been accustomed.

We spent a month in Southern California, resting at the seashore, and visiting the fruit ranches, the "Old Missions," and other points of interest, and making the ascent of Mt. Lowe. This was our most thrilling experience. We rode about ten miles out from Los Angeles, through Pasadena and Altidena, to Rubio Canyon at the foot of the mountains, where an incline lifted us to a height of thirteen hundred feet to the lower terminal of the electric line, which circles back and forth, ever climbing higher and higher, now crawling slowly around the perpendicular wall above the canyon, now creeping across a circular bridge, one end of which is six feet higher than the other, over a cleft in the mountain, and at last coming to a stop at "Ye Alpine Tavern." Here burros are secured, and, after a two hours' climb, we halt at the summit for a grand view of the surrounding mountain scenery and the fertile fields with their varying shades of green and gold, stretching off to the ocean sixty miles away.

We now started north, paying short visits to the many resorts along the coast, Santa Barbara, Monterey,

Del Monte, San Jose, and a number of others: all are beautifully situated and smiling out at the world from the luxuriant verdure which decks them in perpetual festive array.

We arrived at last at San Francisco and found people going about in the afternoon and evening in furs and winter wraps, made necessary by the Trade Winds that blow steadily from the ocean at that season. San Francisco is said to be the birth-place of the cable car, and one cannot but wonder what would result if any other kind of railroad vehicle were tried on some of the steep streets leading up from the lower part of the city. A visitor cannot but notice the large number of Catholic churches. There are thirty-two within the city limits, and so distributed that the spires of some of them are always visible. One Sunday in San Francisco is enough to convince the visitor that there is a large and practical Catholic population in the metropolis of the West.

After we had seen our fill of San Francisco, we went aboard a steamer, and, after a rather rough passage of four days along the coast of California and Oregon, and a smooth pleasant ride up the beautiful Columbia and Williamette Rivers, past salmon canneries, saw-mills and dairy farms, landed in Portland, Oregon. This part of the Pacific Coast wears a beautiful green from ocean and river, well up to the snow line of the mountain peaks. As we steamed along we caught glimpses of Hood, Adams, Ronier, St. Helen, and other mountains at distances of 80 to 250 miles. The first sight of Mt. Hood revealed it mantled in clouds, while its snow-capped top shone resplendent in the morning sun.

Portland is a small city having a very fair trade, but without anything out of the ordinary to offer the visitor. Many fine scenic trips may be taken from Portland to the neighboring country, the rivers, and the State of Washington. Three days gave us all the outing we cared for,

and we again rode along the Columbia River to the Dalles, going southwest from there through Eastern Oregon and Idaho to Pocotello. It was here that President Roosevelt was met by ten thousand cowboys and Indians on his recent tour of the West.

The trip to Yellowstone Park is made from Pocotello by way of the Oregon Short Line to Monaida, Montana, connecting with the stage line for the Park. This trip takes nearly a week's time, through a region replete with natural wonders and marvelous scenery. Everyone has read more lengthy descriptions of these than we have room for here; we can only say that words can never do justice to this marvelous country.

Returning to Monaida and Pocotello, we arrived after a day's journey at Salt Lake City. Here we tarried to see the buildings of the Mormon Church, and to visit the Great Salt Lake, located about a dozen miles away.

We soon bade farewell to Salt Lake City, crossed the Colorado Desert during the night, and approached the Rocky Mountains in the morning. Grand Junction did not detain us long, and our next stop was Glenwood Springs, where Nature supplies water heated to 140°, in consequence whereof, it has become a great health and pleasure resort. From here we sped through the Grand and Eagle River Canyons, with walls two thousand feet high. The scenery is gorgeous.

At Tennessee Pass the waters divide and commence their long journeys towards the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Here the railroad reaches an elevation of 10,000 feet, and the mineral wealth of Colorado surrounds us on all sides. It is but a short distance to Leadville, Cripple Creek and other famous mining districts; while to Pueblo, the Pittsburg of the West, it is but a half day's journey.

The route takes us through the Royal Gorge of the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, where the sublime works of Nature make one almost feel the immediate presence of the Creator, while the ingenuity of man in constructing the steel pathway through and over the mountain calls for admiration at the victory of Science obstacles. The such tremendous passage of the railroad through the Royal Gorge is most interesting, presenting as it does a railroad crossing a bridge which extends in the same direction as the stream. The Gorge is so narrow at this point that the river washes both rocky walls, and the bridge is embroidered into the chasm above the stream, thus carrying the road through, while the swift running waters rush on beneath.

In Colorado Springs we saw the prettiest and most popular resort in Colorado, with broad, well-kept and beautifully-shaded streets and parks, handsome residences and hotels, and all within reach of the most famous points of interest.

A peculiar thing about Colorado Springs is that the "Springs" are at Manitou, six miles away, at the foot of Pike's Peak. We found Manitou a very pleasant place of abode for a week, as it was more convenient for mountain climbing and nearer the Garden of the Gods than Colorado Springs. The Soda, Iron, and Sulphur Springs of Manitou are highly esteemed for their curative properties, and are the means of attracting many visitors.

To reach the top of Pike's Peak is the ambition of every visitor to Colorado, and those who succeed generally feel repaid for their trouble. The "Cog Road" is one of the engineering wonders of the world, making the ascent for nearly seven miles on a 16 per cent. grade, and the last two of the nine miles on a 25 per cent. grade, and reaching the summit in about two hours. Many try, but only a few are able, to complete the trip on foot. The trip on a burro is especially interesting. It takes from twenty-four to twenty-six hours, and every day, several parties make the ascent in this way, but few care to repeat the experience, though they would not have

missed it for all the world. These parties leave Manitou at 3 P. M., reach Timber Line late at night, and, after a halt for rest and lunch, hot coffee being provided at the camp, they push on to reach the summit before sunrise. If the day is cloudy, the clouds roll like the waves of the sea far below; and if clear, a bird's-eye view of hundreds of miles of mountainous country stretches out below. either case, the sight is well worth the expense and fatigue of the journey. Ute Pass and William's Canyon. the famous Caverns, and the "Cave of the Winds" are but a short walk or ride west of Manitou. It is also but a short ride, less than two miles, to the renowned "Garden of the Gods," which owes its name and its interest to the peculiar shapes of its rocks. The Baggage Room. the Balanced Rock, the Camels, the Mushrooms, the Toad, and many others, need but little imagination on the part of the visitor to be identified.

These strangely-shaped rocks are numerous and picturesque, surrounded as they often are, by vegetation, and flanked by mountains. The tourist delights to wander along the drives and trails, always coming upon new wonders and new beauties till, tired out, and with camera exhausted, the journey back to the hotel is commenced, with the determination to return next day.

From Manitou we returned to Colorado Springs, and finally set out for Denver, a distance of only seventy-five miles, but presenting a continuous panorama of mountain scenery and flourishing farms.

Denver is a large, fine, and progressive city, the capital of the State, and worth seeing, though it does not differ greatly from a large Eastern city. The State Capitol building resembles other state capitols in style, with high arched ceilings and dome, and gray granite material.

From Denver to Pittsburg our road lay over familiar ground. We arrived home after a two months' absence, having traveled ten thousand miles and seen much of which we had read and heard, and much more of whose existence we had not even dreamed.

America is now more beautiful and wonderful in our minds than ever before. We can now talk intelligently—for we have seen them with our own eyes—of her present greatness, and of her still greater destiny.

RICHARD T. A. ENNIS, '08.



Think not a store of knowledge to acquire,

Except by daily toil o'er studious ways:

Full many a stone on stone was laid to raise
The great cathedral with its lofty spire.

THE DYING YEAR.

Why is all this sadness, Autumn,
That you bring with ev'ry breeze,
That you blend with ev'ry color
Of the leaves upon the trees,

That o'er hills and valleys lingers
In a strangely mystic way,
And that casts its spell more subtly
O'er us each succeeding day?

Is it not the fitful moaning
Of the slowly dying year,
Moaning through the ling'ring foliage,
Dropping from the clouds a tear,

As with almost mortal anguish
It laments that it must die
And, with all its predecessors,
In the vault of history lie?

Sage the lesson it would teach us: We, as Autumn leaves decay, When the fruit of life is gathered, Shall decline and pass away.

EDWARD L. DAVIN, '04.



THE PRESS.

MERICANS are accustomed to speak with a justifiable pride of their great institutions and what they have honorably accomplished through them. They are trained in such a school as deems an injury to one the concern of all. When anything unjust or unwise occurs in the affairs of government that directly affects the social, moral or material being of any part of the masses, the whole people are up in indignation. The enthusiastic youth loves everything wrought of Yankee genius, and courts controversy with an innate militant spirit when assailed by the critics. Apart religion, there is and from politics that excites a more general interest, and nothing whose suppression would affect the liberties of the people more than the press. Thomas Jefferson voiced the universal sentiment when he said he would rather have a press without a government than a government without a press. In his first Inaugural address, March 4, 1801, while enumerating the essential elements of government, be mentioned the freedom of the press as a cardinal principle.

Half of the fifty thousand newspapers published on the globe are printed in English-speaking countries, and, of this half, the United States can boast of twenty-one thousand. During the one hundred and twenty-seven years of our national existence, while the States were advancing commercially by leaps and bounds, the development of newspaperdom, if it has not surpassed, has kept pace with, all other great enterprises. No agency or influence has contributed more towards placing the country on its present lofty pedestal in the galaxy of nations.

The first regular newspaper published in the United States was the Boston News Letter, a weekly, which came

into existence in 1704. The American Daily Advertiser is said to have been the first daily.

When these and other publications were undertaken, it was not done with the expectation of bringing large financial returns, but as an experimental side-issue and for the pleasure and excitement it afforded to the owners. If those good old patriots could return long enough to inspect the rooms of a twentieth century daily, they would surely say with Samuel Morse: "What has God wrought!" After entering the fifteen or twenty-story home of the modern city journal, the founders of American Journalism would be conducted to the office of the editor-in-chief. Here, they would look upon a sanctum as richly furnished as the private room of the head of one of the big corporations. This human encyclopedia and doctor of everything would tell them upon inquiry that his work was confined to the editorial page, which defined the policy of the paper, instead of being required to dilate upon every conceivable topic from the death of the Sultan of Malabar down to the page on fashions and fads and the advertisements on soap. The editor of the old-time newspaper, as the country editor of to-day, was required to glean and amplify material for the entire sheet. Our celestial board of inspection would next be taken to the press-room and shown what has effected such a radical change in the newspaper business. New processes of making paper, of extensive advertising and invention, would readily be discovered as the cause of bringing journalism to its present high state of perfection. price at which the papers are distributed, considering that a modern Sunday journal may have fifty or sixty pages, would not remunerate the proprietor for the paper and the printing, much less for the intellectual and literary ability necessary to satiate the public taste. What, then, makes the newspaper a paying investment? It is the advertisements. They are the pay columns. Though the newspaper is not primarily an educational

institution, it must give the public what it demands of news, politics, science and art, to maintain a circulation. Without these, it would look like a specific advertising medium, a something that would fail from the lack of competency as a first class solicitor of subscriptions.

Almost every live, up-to-date town has its daily, and many a man, unfortunately deprived of educational opportunities early in life, owes much of his knowledge to the prevalence and cheapness of good publications. There are few homes, however remote, into which reading matter of some kind does not find its way, for the people have learned to look upon the journal as a public servant and a necessity. Some eyes never rest on any other literature.

Learned journalists have declared there is no set ideal for the newspaper. How about the moral one? As a teacher, it would come into the home with the daily lesson of religion and morals, carrying with it conviction from the weight of its influence, and leaving a lasting impress by continual sermonizing. The adherents of a political party or a religious sect naturally look up to the organ of their own political or religious complexion for opinions in matters political, and guidance in affairs religious, accepting their tenets as almost dogmatical.

Every journal should have a well-defined policy, without which it can hardly claim a steady following. It has too tremendous an influence in the councils of war and peace to act without principle, for it could easily embroil a country with its neighbor.

In hastening the assimilation of American manners, customs, and morals with the foreign-born elements of our population, and bringing them to a clear and thorough understanding of the structure of our government, the duties of citizenship, and the precise meaning of liberty, as opposed to anarchy and license, journalism has done for the country and the people an inestimable service. Speaking to millions daily, no oratory is so

powerful, no instrument ever devised has been so forceful in shaping and moulding public thought and conviction. Circulating among a heterogeneous mass, it shortly converts them into a homogeneous race. The same facts, the same issues, are presented day after day, and the thoughts of these mixed elements are continually centered on the same things. Always hammering on the same ideals, hopes, and aspirations, it binds the people closely in the possession of a kindred patriotism.

Since the inception of the Union, every pulpit, every honest citizen, and every liberal-minded public servant who possessed too much indomnitable courage to weaken under the gibes and political fiction of the campaignsheet, has contended for the press the right, absolutely necessary under such a form of government as ours, to express an opinion on all subjects at all times. Liberty and freedom of discussion are its vital breath. Without these eminent prerogatives, the press can no longer be the guardian of the public and its interests. It has been a most efficient barrier against jobs, political malversation and corruption. faithful sentinel, it stands guard at the door of the public exchequer, scorching the pilfering hand of the crafty politician under the blaze of publicity. The unwisdom and unpopularity of shackling the press was demonstrated in the early days of the Republic when popular resentment was aroused to a high pitch by the passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws. Universal criticism and indignation soon gave those measures a well-deserved quietus. But newspapers are managed by human hands, and thus are prone to leap beyond the mark of reason. Like the great rivers, they bring misery in going too far beyond bounds. Read, absorbed, and digested by every member of the household, nothing can so easily pollute the fountain-head of society and vulgarize the youthful mind; nothing can so lower the moral sense and create,

deepen, and perpetuate class hatred and national animosity, as a corrupt press. Knowing this, we should train the eye to look askance at the articles written under the large and bold scareheads. In short, raise the barriers against sensational newspapers, taboo all unsavory literature, and the yellow journal will soon be a thing of the past. On the other hand, all hail to the uplifting influence and self-sacrificing spirit of those numerous bands of journalists who deploy vast resources in public enlightenment with scanty renumeration!

EDWARD G. CURRAN, '07.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. M. J. RELIHAN, '04. ASSISTANT EDITOR. C. M. KEANE, '05. EXCHANGES, . J. A. MALLOY, '04. LOCALS, . J. A. NELSON, '04. ATHLETICS. F. J. NEILAN, '05. ALUMNI, . E. G. CURRAN, '07. SOCIETIES, H. H. MALONE, '08. CONCERTS, E. B. YELLIG, '04. BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06. F. X. ROEHRIG, '07. P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

Religion in Public Schools.

Our friends without the pale are realizing daily more and more that a system of schools which fails to give religious instruction is defective, and even dangerous to the welfare of society and the State. This fact has been recognized by Germany, Holland, and other European countries; during the present year, England, too, has made provision by act of Parliament for religious training. It was formerly thought that such instruction could be sufficiently imparted in the home and in the Sunday School; but experience and observation have taught the

lesson that too many families are infected with utter religious indifference, and that the Sunday School has neither the time nor the means for efficient moral training: "as a consequence," the Biblical World, October, 1902, tells us, "the great majority of children have been growing up without essential religious and ethical education." The evils of purely secular education were foreseen vears ago by the eminent English critic, Ruskin: "I know of nothing," says he, "that has been taught the youth of our time, except that their fathers were apes and their mothers winkles; that the world began in accident, and will end in darkness; that honor is a folly, ambition a virtue, charity a vice, poverty a crime, and rascality the means of all wealth and the sum of all wisdom. But Mr. Carlyle and I have known perfectly well all along what would be the outcome of that education." We feel convinced that the outcome will be the same in every country where religion is banished from the school room, and we shall welcome the day when every denomination will have its own authorized teacher to instruct the student in the dogmas of religion, and guide his feet in the paths of virtue.



Strength of Character.

During the last few months, much has been written about the late pope, Leo XIII. A few anecdotes of his early life have come to our notice, that may advantageously be pondered by the student who would develop manliness of character. From his very cradle, Joachim Pecci was a weak and delicate child. When he was seven years old, the family physician ordered the application of a blister to check the progress of a dangerous illness. The little fellow had already suffered much from the doctor's orders, and tearfully besought his mother to spare

him. "Joachim," she said, "if you do not let me apply the blister, you are not a man." The future pope, looking at her full in the face, said, after a moment's silence: "Well, then, to show you that I am a man, you may apply two, and not a murmur will escape my lips."

In his eighth year, his father sent him to a college in Viterbo. One of the young teachers of the institution treated with unmerited severity a young Italian, whose expenses were defrayed by the Pecci family. Joachim was sensible of the injustice done him, and keenly felt for the little scape-goat. On one occasion, at an evening session, the lamp was extinguished during the momentary absence of the professor; on his return, being unable to discover the culprit, he too hastily concluded that the protegè of the Pecci family was in fault, and imposed upon him a very severe penance. Joachim immediately rose, and said respectfully, but firmly: "Professor, the culprit is not the boy you accuse, and it is unjust to punish him. It is I that put out the lamp." The professor now blundered anew: he imposed a lighter penance on young Joachim. "Sir," said the future pontiff, "I insist on having the full punishment given to my comrade." In these few words he conveyed a lesson that was never forgotten.

From such examples, students can learn much that will prove serviceable in moulding their characters: they will not flinch from necessary pain or irksome duties; they will cultivate a keener sense of justice, and right their neighbor's wrongs at the sacrifice of their own reputation and convenience.



Race Social Equality.

Under this title, Gunton's Magazine for September champions the Southern white opposition to social equality between the races. The writer considers his reason-

ing very sound, and unanswerable; but we believe that there is a "little rift within the lute," and that his conclusions are wider than his premises.

He begins by distinguishing between *industrial* equality and *social* equality, and sees no reason why any one should object to the industrial equality of the races.

"But with social equality," the writer goes on to say, "the case is quite different. Social equality means the mixing of the races in their homes and in their social life. To this the white people object, and on all the grounds of race-preservation, of sociological advancement, and of civilization, they are justified. It is as important to prevent the deterioration of the superior race by the infusion of negro blood, as it is to protect the civilization of the nation from the deteriorating influence of inferior civilization. It is at this point that the objection of the Southern people to the negro is strongest, and it is here that their position remains unshaken."

Now, it seems to us that the distinction drawn between industrial and social equality is too sharp. A race that is on absolute industrial equality with another race and socially barred from it, is unthinkable. intercourse brings in its wake social intercourse. negro capitalist will be in a position to dictate to Caucasian laborers, to combine with Caucasian fellow capitalists; in a word, in all the ordinary relations of life, he will mix with the white man. Mixing of the blood alone is to be denied him, and that "on all grounds of race preservation, of sociological advancement, and of civilization." If the writer had stopped at race preservation, we should not find fault with him, for, most assuredly, if there were to be a free commingling of negro and white blood, the negro and the white man would both disappear in a few generations. We will not stop to discuss whether such an event is to be desired or not. But when our writer declaims against social equality, in the name of sociological advancement, we fail to see the force of his argument, and,

much less so, when he appeals to civilization. Surely, no one will deny that there are thousands and thousands of negroes who are just as polished and refined, and civilized as any white man. Would the "sociological" advancement" or the "civilization" of the white man be "deteriorated" or retarded by an infusion of negro blood of this quality? Our writer supposes as self-evident that negro blood, qua negro blood, as philosophers say, is inferior to white blood; he seems to think that all men are not essentially equal. He forgets that at one time the Anglo-Saxon was a rude barbarian, whose advances to a polished Egyptian maid would have been rejected with scorn. He shows such deep concern lest our race deteriorate, lest it be drawn down from the height of its civilization, that Tennyson's picture in Locksley Hall must have hovered before his mental vision and frightened him:

> "I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive and they shall run.

Catch the wild-goat by the hair, and hurl
their lances in the sun;
Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the
rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eye-sight pouring over
miserable books.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time!"

Our civilization, we are confident, is solid enough to prevent such a calamity. We repeat again, it is not because they fear the crumbling down of their civilization, or the hampering of their "sociological advancement," that the Southern people and the Northern people, too, ostracize the negro from their society; it is rather the skin and the lip of the posterity of Cham that repel them.

LOCALS.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

The Students' annual retreat begun on September 29, ended with the reception of Holy Communion on Friday. The Rev. D. J. Fitz Gibbon, C. S. Sp., October 2. preached a most instructive and interesting series of sermons, to which the students listened with never-flagging attention. The exercises were followed faithfully. all seeming impressed with the importance of their spiritual welfare. Handsomely bound copies of the Imitation of Christ were offered for competition in the several classes, and awarded to the student who presented the best reproduction of the instructions delivered. Following are the fortunate recipients: -M. J. Relihan. R. L. Hayes, E. F. Jackson, J. B. Keating, F. L. Harney, F. Gast, J. Buerkle, C. E. Haley, A. Dzmura, P. A. Dugan, F. G. Drake, and L. Schneider.

REQUIEM FOR WALLACE KING.

We record with heartfelt sorrow the demise of our former classmate, Wallace King. The news of his death came as a shock to his many friends who had expected to see him again in their midst at the opening of class. Wallace, who had been ailing for a long time, was obliged last year to interrupt his studies and to return home. The ravages of the disease gradually undermined his weak constitution, and on October 1 he died an edifying death, fortified with all the rites of holy Church.

On Wednesday, October 7, a solemn requiem was celebrated in the College chapel for the repose of his soul. A touching eulogy was delivered by the Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., who dilated on the strong, manly character of the deceased, his unremitting diligence in his studies, his admirable deportment in and out of class, and his unswerving regularity in his religious duties.

We tender his bereaved mother our deepest sympathy in her heavy loss.

How sad are death's grim tidings when They tell that some dear friend. Who did with us his college years With all their pleasures spend. Has closed his eyes forevermore, And, bidding all farewell, Relinquished every secret hope, Fore'er with Him to dwell! How sad it must have been for him To see all fade away. Those faces beaming o'er with love, Who fain would have him stay! When we reflect on his sure life We feel 'twas for the best That he was called, e'en in his youth, Unto eternal rest. (E. L. DAVIN, '04.)

(E. II. DAVIN, 04.)

RETURN OF THE VERY REV. PRESIDENT.

After an extended tour through Europe for the benefit of his health, the Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, entered our *Alma Mater* on October 11, and was tendered an enthusiastic reception by the students.

Michael J. Relihan, '04, delivered an address expressive of the gladness which his return caused, and congratulated him on the happy changes wrought in his health by his travels in the Old World.

(By way of response,) after thanking the students for their cordial welcome, Father Hehir gave an interesting description of his journey through Ireland, Italy, and France. His views on the condition of those countries were optimistic, and quite at variance with the depreciating tone of the newspapers. His delineation of the character of Pius X., with whom he had the honor of an audience, drew marked applause from his auditors Father Hehir will give the papal benediction at some opportune occasion when all the students may receive this

manifestation of the "Pope's affection for his American boys." The Rev. President has resumed his onerous duties with his accustomed zeal. We earnestly hope that health and success will attend his labors for many years to come.

REQUIEM FOR THE REV. M. CARROLL.

On Wednesday, October 14, a solemn high mass of requiem was offered up for the repose of the soul of the Rev. M. Carroll, late pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Allegheny. For many years past Father Carroll manifested a warm interest in our college, and, a short time before his death, founded a perpetual burse (\$1000.00) for a day student. After the service, the Very Rev. President dilated on the many virtues of the deceased, expressed the debt of gratitude the college owes him, and urged all present to be mindful of him in their prayers.

J. A. NELSON, '04.



OUR ALUMNI.

Mr. Frank X. Peitz, one of the first students of the College, paid us a visit early in the month of October. After an absence of fifteen years from Pittsburg, he noticed with no little satisfaction the strides this institution has made, and the many improvements introduced since he attended school on Wylie Avenue. He is now the proprietor of an extensive plumbing establishment in Arkansas.

He came from his far-off home to take part in the golden jubilee of his aged parents at Sharpsburg, and had the satisfaction of finding them hale and hearty, and delighted with the presence of eleven children, including our own Brother Amon and three Franciscan sisters.

Other visitors late in the month were John A.

McVean, chemist in the Hazelton Mills, Ohio, and Robert Wooley, ticket agent in the Passenger Department of the Allegheny depot, P. F. W. & C. R. R. Both looked up their old professors and spent the afternoon.

His old classmates will be glad to hear that Willie Callahan, after a varied experience in the militia, and as a volunteer in the Philippines, has been gazetted first lieutenant in the regular army. He is stationed at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and is engaged in the Quartermaster's department.

Mr. S. L. Benz has gone into the lumber business, and expects to dispose of 25,000,000 feet of white pine during the year.

Andrew Wesolowski, Theodore Kvatsak, and Frank Bruecken have entered the Pittsburg College of Pharmacy.

Charles J. Geary holds a responsible position in the superintendent's office, P. & L. E. R. R.

E. G. CURRAN, '07.



CONCERTS.

Our Sunday evening entertainments have been held regularly since the beginning of October. They have been carried out most satisfactorily, giving exercise to the participants and amusement and instruction to the audience.

The programmes:

OCTOBER 4.

Overture, The Strollers, Orchestra; Song, a Handful of Earth, Mr. J. Riley; the Tragedy of William Tell, Part I., Rev. D. J. Fitz Gibbon; Waltz, Autumn Bud, Orchestra; Song, Under Southern Skies, Glee Club; Recitation, Education to a Purpose, H. H. Malone; William Tell, Part II., Rev. D. J. Fitz Gibbon; Finale, Hiawatha, Orchestra.

The delivery of William Tell was a marvelous feat of memory and elocution.

OCTOBER 11.

Overture, Silver Bells, Orchestra; Recitation, The Curse of Regulus, E. G. Curran; Song, A Flower from Mother's grave, Rev. J. Schroeffel; It Was the Dutch, Orchestra; Recitation, Quintin Massey, R. T. Ennis, with piano accompaniment by C. V. Halleran; Song, If the Waters Could Speak, Twilight Quartet; Harvard March, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That the victory of Japan over China was for the interests of civilization; Chairman, Mr. J. A. Pobleschek; Affirmative, Messrs. Szumierski and O'Shea; Negative, Messrs. Kilgallen and Knaebel.

March, Bizzy Izzy, Orchestra; Essay, The Importance of Energy, M. J. Relihan; Song, Soldiers Three, Twilight Quartet; Waltz, Lazarre, Orchestra; Essay, Novel Reading, J. A. Malloy; Cubanola, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That the enlargement of the Navy would benefit the country; Chairman, Mr. D. Murphy; Affirmative, Messrs. Curran and Sierakowski; Negative, Messrs. Thornton and Jaworski.

OCTOBER 25.

March, In Sunny Africa, Orchestra; Recitation, The Village Blacksmith, J. L. Tugman; Tessie, Mandolin Club; Chorus, Old Folks at Home, Juniors; Piano Solo, Skylark, C. V. Halleran; Duet for Violin and Piano, Selections from the Bohemian Girl, Professor C. B. Weis and E. B. Yellig; Recitation, a True Friend, L. M. Jacob; Since First I Met You, Mandolin Club; Song, King of the Fairies, Mr. J. A. O'Neil; Chorus, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, Seniors; Characteristic, Dance of the Sparrows, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That the pension policy of the Republican party has been wise; Chairman, Mr. S. Kolipinski; Affirmative, Messrs. Schwab and Relihan; Negative, Messrs. Neilan and Simon.

EXCHANGES.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?

Who to a friend his faults can freely show And gladly praise the merit of a foe: Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined; A knowledge both of books and humankind?

-Pope, Essay on Criticism.

Good critics, we know, are few. Nevertheless we take up the duties of Exchange Editor with pleasure, realizing that they bring us in contact with the minds of the flower of American youth, and that our chief occupation will be to note beauties rather than blemishes.

Several numbers of the S. M. I. Exponent, from Dayton, O., have lately reached us, and we take this, our earliest opportunity, of welcoming to our sanctum this very creditable journal. It abounds with sprightly prose and beautiful poetry, the latter being of exceptional excellence. The short stories and the editorials are particularly well written. A feature of this magazine is a number of halftone illustrations made at the Institute.

Although the staff of The St. Joseph's Collegian have put forth their first issue with some misgivings on account of the editors' "lack of journalistic experience," we assure them that the number before us compares favorably with any previous issue. "To the crities" sets forth at length the reasons why a college paper is published. We recommend it to the perusal of those who are sceptical as to the benefits of college journalism. "The Lament" is a graphic description in ballad style of a hurricane and shipwreck. The Collegian's Ex-man has begun well. We heartly reciprocate his good wishes.

The Institute Echoes evinces the care of competent editors. "Co-Education, and Why it is Losing Ground," is a thoughtful essay. The account of reception and profession of sisters touches incidentally on some of the advantages of the religious life,—the security and peace

of soul to be found within the cloister. Are we far from the truth in surmising that the "Casual Observer" has tasted of those joys herself?

The Notre Dame Scholastic is beyond criticism. In our opinion, it has come nearest to attaining the object of a college journal, to develop a faultless style among its contributors. In a recent number the leading article is an able sketch of Aubrey deVere, the greatest Catholic poet of the nineteenth century, from whom prejudice has thus far withheld his rightful place among English poets. Sketches like this might well appear more frequently in college papers.

We hope that those of our Exchanges that have not yet appeared will soon brighten with their cheerful presence the precincts of our sanctum. To one and all we extend a cordial welcome.

JOHN F. MALLOY, '04.



THE 'VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM.

After much uncertainty and speculation, the 'Varsity team of 1903 was organized, and began practice under the able management of Rev. T. A. Giblin.

The material presented is unusually strong, and the team has given a good account of itself in the work which has been indulged in thus far. With Huckestein again at quarter, with Scanlon, last year's left half-back, at full, and with C. Keally and Fisher playing at half, we present a remarkably strong back-field. At center we have Carr; right guard, E. Keally; left guard, Leibold; right-tackle, Whelan and Rittenhaus; and left-tackle, Flanagan. Our ends are taken care of by Thomas Broderick, L. Broderick, and Barry.

The schedule has not yet been completed, but games have been played regularly, and the prospects are that we shall have a very successful season. On October 9, the 'Varsity sent the strong A. A. A. team of Allegheny down to defeat by excellent playing. Only once during the game did our opponents make first-down, whilst our backs, especially Scanlon, ploughed through their line at will. By dint of timely kicking, the 3 A's kept our boys from scoring till near the end of the second half; a long run by Fisher, and terrific line-plunging by Scanlon resulted in a touch-down by the latter.

On October 16, the team journeyed to Crafton and defeated the aggregation from that place, 5 to 0. The feature of the game was a spectacular run of sixty yards by L. Broderick, which scored the only touchdown.

Having defeated the Western University on October 20, by the score of 10 to 6, the 'Varsity expected to meet the South Side A. C. on Saturday the 24th, but the S. S. A. C. failed to get a full team together, to our great disappointment.

THE RESERVES.

Under the reliable management of Rev. J. J. Laux, captain and full-back of our fast 1900 team, the "Reserves" were organized rather earlier in the season than the "Varsity," with Gaynor as captain and coach. By his intelligent direction and general popularity, the captain has succeeded in inspiring the whole team with enthusiasm. The line-up is as follows: L. E., Duffy; L. T., Campbell; L. G., McLaughlin; Center, Staib; R. G., Baum and Howard; R. T., Rankin; R. E., Arens; L. H., Keating; R. H., Neilan and Dowling; Q. B., Relihan; F. B., Gaynor.

On October 2, the Reserves opened the football season on the college campus by playing a no-score game with the strong Oakland A. C. Every foot of ground was contested by both teams, and when the whistle blew at the end of each half, the ball was in the middle of the field. In the first half, however, Duffy by a nice run brought the ball to within five yards of the goal, but here Oakland made a determined stand, and the Reserves lost the ball on downs.

On October 9, they played another tie game with Duquesne High School. In the first half our boys were unable to withstand the persistent bucking of their heavy opponents, and allowed them to make a touch-down, but in the second half, they turned the tables, tied the score and nearly won the game. Their gains were made mostly by line-bucking, Gaynor and Keating excelling in this respect. Duffy and Relihan also played well. Keating made the touch-down for the "Reserves."

The most exciting game played as yet was with East Liberty Academy, who were beaten 16 to 5 on October 15. Runs by Duffy, Arens and Keating, and line-plunges by Gaynor were the features. Two touch-downs were made by Gaynor, and one by Duffy. Relihan kicked goal. This victory clearly demonstrated that the Reserves are able to compete with any scholastic teams in and around Pittsburg.

On October 24, the Reserves defeated the McDonald High School by the score of 11 to 0, Gaynor making two touch-downs, and Relihan kicking one goal.

THE THIRD TEAM.

The Third Team, under the leadership of John Mc-Geehin, has played three far heavier teams, two of the games resulting without score. The games and scores are as follows: October 6, South Side H. S. II., at College, 0 to 0; October 9, Winebiddle II. at College, 11 to 0, in favor of the Third Team, the touch-downs being made by Collins and Artho, and the goal being kicked by Collins; October 16, Carnegie H. S. II. at Carnegie, 0 to 0.

THE FOURTH TEAM.

The Fourth Team played two games, tying one, 5 to 5, against the Arsenal A. C., and winning the second, 17 to 0, against the Library A. C., of W. E. The players and their positions:—L. E., Cain; L. T., Lally; L. G., O'Hara; C., Gloekler, Malone; R. G., Newell, O'Reilly; R. T., Creighton; R. E., O'Connor, Lawlor; Q., Carraher; L. H., McCabe; R. H. Joyce; F. B., Jones. So far, the College teams have suffered no defeat.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X. Pittsburg, Pa., December, 1903.

No. 3.

LONGINGS.

Ah, would we could see with children's eyes
The world in beauty outspread,
Could joy in the glory of morning skies
And the evening's lightsome tread!
Ah, would that the false, unnatural light
That custom has cast o'er our views
Would vanish away like the mists of night
At the joy that each little one wooes!

In our study profound of the myst'ries that lie

Deep hid in the world all around,

Oft do beauties escape our short-sighted eye,

That e'en on the surface are found.

Oh, let us remember the words that were penned

In the Book of the Master mild,

You cannot to Heaven's bright portals ascend

Unless you become as a child.

JOHN F. MALLOY, '04.

The Venerable Libermann, C. S. Sp., and His African Missionaries.

Extract from the sermon of Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, D. D., Bishop of Wheeling, at the consecration of Right Rev. J. A. O'Gorman, C. S. Sp., for the mission of Sierra Leone, West Africa.

The figure of the priest kneeling at these altar steps to-day, is a striking illustration of the power of divine grace and of the continuation of the great apostolate for the redemption of man. Bear with me, brethren, while I endeavor briefly to relate one of the most glorious instances of man's innate weakness and of the power and grace of the Almighty God.

Ninety-nine years ago, at Saverne, in Alsace, a child was born, the son of a Jewish rabbi. From his birth he breathed an atmosphere charged with hatred of the Cross He drew in that hatred with his mother's milk. It was intensified by his father's precept and example. The bitterest teachings of the Talmud were his daily intellectual food. They became a part of himself. He was a Jew of the Jews, and his fond father cherished no other ambition than that his fifth son should follow in his footsteps and take the place in the Jewish ministry to be left vacant by his own death. But now the whisperings of the Holy Spirit began to make themselves heard in the youthful heart. The first rude shock was the conversion of his eldest brother, Samson, to Christianity. Two other brothers quickly imitated his example. Jacob, the subject of our narrative, was at Metz pursuing the higher rabbinical studies. But the grace of God was active. He went through a period of intellectual and spiritual unrest. He prayed for light

and guidance. After a brief visit to the paternal home at Saverne he proceeded to Paris, and was received into the College Stanislaus. A profound sadness overwhelmed him. "Then it was," he afterwards wrote, "that, remembering the God of my fathers, I threw myself on my knees, and conjured Him to enlighten me in my search after the true religion. I besought Him, if the faith of the Christians was the true one, to make it known to me; but if it was false, to remove me at once beyond the reach of its influence." The answer came. The light was vouchsafed. All doubt, all misgiving vanished in its fierce splendor, as the phantoms and shadows and murky darkness of the night disappear at the uprising of the sun. Like Saul of Tarsus, his great prototype, the young Jew fell prostrate at the feet of the victorious Christ, and was baptized on Christmas Eve, 1826.

How shall I relate to you all the wonders of that life; of his abode at the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris; of his wonderful apostolate at Issy; of his still more wonderful career at Rennes, where he, in minor orders, was novice master, the majority of those under his spiritual guidance being priests; how in due time the eve of his sub-diaconate arrived, when, as from an invisible hand, he was stricken by the dread epilepsy which afflicted him for ten years and seemed to blast all his hopes for that priesthood, which he so eagerly desired? But through darkness, bitterest sufferings, through the awful temptations to suicide which are a concomitant of the dread visitation; through direst poverty; through contradictions and derision, one thought, one aim, one burning, unquenchable yearning possessed him and would not down. It was the formation of a society for the conversion to the faith of the millions of the Dark Continent. The sacred goal of the priesthood seemed beyond his reach forever; but he would struggle on to save those who walked in darkness and in the shadow of death. Knowing darkness, doubt and error himself, his heart bled for

the dusky millions of Africa, upon whom the ancient curse rested for four thousand years.

Nor did he lack generous hearts to rally round him—priests of God burning with the desire to draw souls to Christ. Le Vavasseur and Tisserand, his first disciples, were soon re-enforced by Bonalge, Liquet de Brandt, de la Bruniere, Oudin, Papillon and many more—men whose learning equaled their devotedness, the flower of the Church of France.

Sixty-four years ago this very day, the feast of the Apostles SS. Simon and Jude, the future founder of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Mary, he who was to be proclaimed the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann by a solemn decree of Holy Church, received the first clear light, after Holy Communion offered for the Negroes, that he, in the designs of God, was to be the "vessel of election" for the evangelization of the great continent. How, led by the hand of God, amid sorrows and trials innumerable he proceeded to Rome, and after many discouragements and delays obtained the approval for his constitution and rules, I shall not tarry to relate. Permit me rather to digress a moment to point out to you how eminently fitting it is that the sublime ceremony of the consecration of this Bishop should take place in this Cathedral to-day.

While the noble sons of France, led on by Libermann, the converted Jew, were preparing to raise aloft the standard of Christ in Africa, the leaven of the zeal for abandoned souls was working on this side of the Atlantic. In 1833, Bishop England, of Charleston, S. C., called the attention of the Propaganda to the urgent need of missionaries on the west coast of Africa. This appeal gained added force by the representations to the same effect of the Council of Baltimore. Archbishop Kenrick—illustrious and venerable name—sent Very Rev. Father Barron, vicar general of this diocese, to a colony at Cape Palmas, on the west coast. Subsequently Father Barron

was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the two Guineas, and, having received episcopal consecration, he returned from Rome to his mission January, 1842, accompanied by Rev. John Kelly and a catechist. On his way through Paris he fell in with the devoted band of missionaries above named, and from that day until, in despair, Mgr. Barron resigned his arduous office into the hands of the Holy See, the French missionaries and the Vicar Apostolic were of one heart and of one mind. Mgr. Barron returned to this country to fall a victim to his zeal and devotedness in a visitation of yellow fever at Savannah, but the missionaries struggled on.

Brethren, our blood is fired, after the lapse of centuries, by the recital of the heroic struggles of Greeks and Romans of the olden time. The valor displayed at Marathon, the stand at Thermopylae, the grit of Horatius defying a whole army at the bridge, the indomitable pluck shown at Crecy and at Agincourt, the world-resounding onset at Waterloo, the heroism at Lexington, the ride to death of the immortal Light Brigade at Balaklava, Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, Sheridan's ride, Grant's stolid coolness, Lee's fortitude in disaster-these move your heart to their depths and cause the tears to well to the eyes; but the soldiers of Christ, a little band, without the aid of martial music and the intoxication of physical conflict, going to their death in the sacred cause of Christ, are more worthy of our enthusiastic reverence and love. If it is sweet to die for country, it is more glorious still to die for Chist. So let me bestow the meed of passing mention at least on that heroic company, Fathers Bessieux, Bouchet, Roussel, Maurice, de Regnier, Audelert and Laval, and Brothers John Tabe, Andrew and Gregory, disciples of Libermann, who, on the 30th of November, 1843, landed at Cape Palmas on their sublime mission.

In a few weeks the dread coast fever attacked the party. Father de Regnier was the first to pass away.

"Tell my friends," he wrote in his last hours, "that I am happy to have left all for our Divine Master. If I had still to do what I have done, I would do it a thousand times for the love of Jesus and Mary. I would not exchange my lot for all the goods of the world!"

One after another they fell till all went to their reward, that noble company compared with whom the Knights of the Round Table were a set of commonplace adventurers. Brethren, since that fateful first attempt, three score years ago, six hundred of the Fathers and Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Heart of Mary have perished in the same land by disease, privation or assassination. Others press on eagerly to fill up the gaps in the ranks, until to-day the spiritual sons of the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann, to the number of five hundred, together with 114 native priests and lay Brothers working under their direction, toil on for the redemption of the negro race in Africa.

To-day we witness the episcopal consecration of the latest recruit to the ranks. From his happy childhood in the land so many of us love, he has been led by the hand of Divine Providence to heights of sacrifice which may well make many of us ashamed. In the flush of his youth, and endowed with great talents, he has given himself unreservedly to God. A profound theologian, he has for a dozen years been engaged in equipping the young recruits of his congregation with philosophical and theological lore. And now the voice of his superiors, which he recognizes as the voice of God, orders him to the front and into the thick of the battle. The hardfought field is strewed with the bones of those who sat at the same desks, pursued the same studies, frequented the same cloistered walks as he. But reverently, humbly, knowing his own unworthiness, as he falls prostrate at the foot of vonder altar he feels in his degree as creature the same divine impulsion, the same overshadowing and indwelling of the Holy Ghost as thrilled and filled the human soul of the God Man in the synagogue of Nazareth. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me; wherefore He hath annointed me, to preach the Gospel to the poor He hath sent me, to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of reward."



The Meed of Charity.

As thrice each day the throng of starving poor Seeks entrance at the cloister gate, e'en thrice The gate which guards the pious solitude In pity yields to hunger's plaintive call. And thrice doth Charity's providing hand Refection and new life bestow on those Whom Mis'ry calls her own, her very own.-One eventide, when, all their wants supplied. The humble beggar guests passed out the gate, There chanced among their number one, a man Whose withered frame and haggard look betrayed A life's sad history his lips forbore to tell. His tread reluctant seemed; at times he paused As if to listen to a voice that would Be heard: from out the depths of conscience came A thin small chiding voice upraiding him With misspent life, ingratitude to God. For in the saintly almoner he saw The image of a gracious Providence He once in happier days had known and loved.

The night came on: throughout its restless hours In vain he sought to close his sleepless eves Against the haunting visage of a God So long forgot, so frequently denied. In vain he tried throughout the live-long night To check the growing anguish of remorse-'Twas Grace in contest with Iniquity. The morning came and to the Monast'ry brought, An alms to beg, the homeless and the poor. And when, with wonted grace, a friendly heart Their sorrow cheered, a brother's hand Their needs relieved, they went their way content; But one remained—the alms which he had come To beg, was not the bread that hunger craves. In tears, within the chapel's sacred walls, He all his guilt confessed and then received His Sacramental Lord, to whom he vowed The service of his fast declining years. As this poor sinner, moved by charity, For mercy sought and mercy copious found, So thou thy mite bestow in hopes that God May bless both you and him that you relieve.

E. B. KNAEBEL, '04.



Josephine, Empress of France.

URING the past few years, interest in that most ambitious man of modern times, Napoleon Bonaparte, has been greatly revived; and now that the centenary of his coronation is approaching, our minds naturally go back to the scenes of one hundred years ago: to the time when France saw many changes; when civil strife and the ravages of the bloody guillotine scarred the fair countenance of that sunny land; when the almost invincible armies of Napoleon dealt death and carnage to the enemies of the empire; when most of the cherished hopes of the ambitious Corsican were realized: when the memorable field of Waterloo dashed Napoleon from his dizzy heights; and, finally, when we see him passing, as many before him and after him have passed, to the land beyond the veil, to be impartially judged on the merits of the part he had acted on the stage of existence. the person of the emperor, it is the figure of the Empress Josephine, which attracts the attention of every student of history; for how could we imagine a Napoleon without Josephine!

Many biographers have depicted the Mistress of Malmaison as an angel in the flesh, without faults, with perfections innumerable, and, withal, one not of the earth, but a divinity. Others, especially the apologists of Bonaparte, have endeavored to make us know her only as a composition of vices and imperfections. We believe that neither of these classes of writers has been entirely correct in its interpretation of Josephine's life; that they have taken the extremes. In putting forth our views we shall endeavor to treat from an impartial and unprejudiced standpoint the life and characteristics of the Empress of the French.

Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie was born at St. Pierre, Martinique, on the 23rd of June, 1763. She was

the daughter of Joseph Gaspard Tascher, a Frenchman of noble birth, and a captain in a French regiment of horse; her mother, also a native of France, was Rose Claire Desvergers de Sanois, who was descened from an ancient and respectable family of one of the southern provinces. Thus we see that the beautiful Creole from Martinique, whose veins bore the lively blood of the tropics, was of nobler birth than her future imperial consort. The infancy and youth of Josephine were passed, not under the paternal roof, but with an aunt, by name Madame Renaudin—an arrangement made necessary by the premature death of Madame Tascher.

As a child, she was beautiful, sprightly, and gentle, which qualities, united with perfect good nature, made her the delight of her own circle. The advantages of an accomplished education were wanting in her colonial home, but such aids as were there possible were by no means neglected, as her future attainments most certainly prove. She played on the harp, sang with exquisite feeling, danced perfectly, and exercised her pencil and her needle with beautiful effect. These were the accomplishments of the woman who, at a future date, was to be adorned as the spouse of a modern Titan, with the diadem of immortality; who was to become the wife of a famous general, an almighty consul, a powerful emperor; who was to be crowned Empress of the French by the hand of the highest dignitary in the land, the Head of Christendom, Pope Pius VII. Hers is a life-story so changeful, so unusual, so wonderful even, that few women of history can be classed with her. In order that we may judge Josephine aright, we must ever keep in mind her own varying fortunes, as well as the circumstances of the times in which her lot was cast, and not remain aloof and independent of them.

In her sixteenth year, Josephine married a young French army officer, the Vicomte Alexander de Beauharnais, and thus took the first step towards her future greatness. This gentleman had been brought to Martinique by various circumstances, chief among which was the desire to prove a right to a large estate adjoining that of M. Renaudin. The proximity of the two estates caused Beauharnais to visit his neighbor several times, and on one of these occasions he met Josephine; he fell in love at first sight, and the attachment became mutual. Everything seemed to concur in making this a very suitable union, as regarded both the interests and affections of the youthful couple; but unexpected obstacles arose in the opposition of relatives, which Josephine overcame with a gentleness and address hardly to have been expected in a girl of sixteen.

Having settled his affairs in Martinique, Beauharnais returned to France with his young bride, where they created quite a sensation in a court, the gavest and most polished in Europe. It was at this time that the friendship was begun between Marie Antoinette and Josephine. which lasted during the lives of both. On September 3. 1780. Madame Beauharnais gave birth to a son, Eugene, afterwards Viceroy of Italy; and three years later, Hortense, subsequently Queen of Holland, completed the family. For some time everything promised happiness; Beauharnais loved his wife ardently, and was loved in return; but, unhappily, his notions of conjugal fidelity were formed too much after the fashion of vice in high places, which at that time had cast a moral pestilence over the uppermost ranks in France. Josephine endured her wrongs in patient forbearance for some time; but when the vicount persisted in his evil ways, she, with his consent, returned to Martinique with her children.

After an absence of several years, she returned alone to France, in circumstances far otherwise than affluent, and just at the time when the Revolution was making itself most felt to the nobility. Beauharnais had been a member of the Constitutive Assembly, the National Convention, and the States-General; he was also commander-

in-chief of the army of the Rhine. When Robespierre assumed control of the democracy, his first act was to exclude from the service every functionary of noble birth. Among these was Beauharnais, who, instead of remaining in exile, as the others had done, returned to Paris, was arrested, condemned on the charge of conspiracy, and added to the list of the victims of the bloody guillotine. Josephine, who had been reconciled with him during his term as a prisoner, was now a widow, and, with her two children, was left in the direct circumstances. She was possessed of no fortune, and all she had was debts. She made her home in a little house in the Rue Chantereine. and mingled freely in high society, living as most of the ladies of the times were accustomed to live. Her greatest admirer was the republican leader, Barras. It was at a reception given by the latter, that Josephine met Bonaparte, who was at that time a disappointed and disgraced army officer, and a man not very likely to attract the regards of one already looked upon as among the distinguished ladies of France. Her meeting with Napoleon was the most important crisis in her career. The young Corsican directly fell in love, captivated by the brilliancy of the beautiful Creole widow. All the advances were on the side of the General, and Josephine hesitated long before bestowing her hand; and then she did so more in order to better her straitened circumstances and to give a protector to her children, than out of any very particular love for the little vellow-faced officer. March 9, 1796, the nuptials were solemnized according to the revolutionary forms, the contracting parties appearing before the civil magistrate. Those present were Barras and Tallien, Calmelet, a lawyer, and Lemarois, Napoleon's aid-de-camp. Thus we see that no priest was present to impart the nuptial blessing.

Two days after the marriage, Napoleon set out for Italy as commander-in-chief of the republican armies in that country, and Josephine remained at home. Not even the dazzling illusions of youthful glory, which one should think would preoccupy him on account of the brilliant progress of his arms in this remarkable campaign, could fill the void caused by his separation from his beautiful wife. The numerous letters written to her during this time breathed the most romantic passion. were penned in the most ardent language, and showed that she was the object of a very fond solicitude to a husband who had not yet ceased to be a lover. Finally he could no longer remain away from her, and he wrote to her begging that she come to Italy. At last he sent Junot to bring her to Milan; there she was greeted with great feasting, and she enjoyed the opportunity of realizing a long-cherished wish to visit the plains of sunny Italy. She and Hortense remained in Milan for some time after Napoleon's departure, and then returned to Paris.

In the spring of '98, Napoleon was appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of the East. After his departure for Egypt, Josephine again plunged into the mad whirl of Parisian society, and led the same frivolous life which had characterized her period of widowhood. But she was surrounded by concealed enemies, who eagerly watched her in order to misrepresent every action, and who communicated false reports to her husband in Egypt. These reports were augmented by Napoleon's relatives, who had become extremely jealous of Josephine.

Suddenly it was reported that Napoleon had arrived at Fréjus. His wife, accompanied by Hortense, set out immediately to meet him, intending to be the first to greet him, and to speak to him before slanderous tongues should occupy his time. But, unfortunately, her anxiety on this point was without result. Arrived at Lyons, she was informed that her husband had been there before her, and had proceeded to Paris by a more circuitous route than the one she had traversed in coming. She instantly retraced her steps, but it was too late—the mis

chief had been done. When Josephine alighted at their home, utterly exhausted, about midnight of November 8, Napoleon had already been three days in the Rue de la Victoire, and had received scandalous reports concerning his wife, especially from his sisters and relatives. refused to receive her, and bade her instantly retire to Malmaison. He threatened "divorce, open and public divorce," but was turned from his purpose by a few intimate friends, who had the welfare of both Napoleon and his wife at heart, and who were convinced that his love for Josephine was still a paramount sentiment. For three days she and Hortense remained in seclusion. the third day, Napoleon entered her apartment, where she sat with her face buried in her hands, silent tears falling between her beautiful fingers upon the letters she had received during the Egyptian expedition. The scene was too much for the warrior, and in a few moments all was forgiven and forgotten; Josephine broke with the past; she became a tender, careful, true wife, for her conversion was sincere.

After the Coup d' Etat of the 18th Brumaire, in '99, by which Bonaparte became Consul, and held the fate of thirty millions of men in his hands, Josephine left her humble abode in the Rue de la Victoire, and became mistress of the Luxembourg. Here she remained for only a little more than two months, during which time Caroline Bonaparte was married to Murat. The match was especially agreeable to Josephine, for, by supporting Murat's suit, she knew that she had an opportunity of proving to the Consul how groundless had been certain suspicions infused into his mind regarding her sentiments towards the future King of Naples. At the end of two months we find the First Consul and his wife in the Tuileries, the ancient palace of the kings of France, now called the Government Palace.

The few years following the removal to the Tuileries were spent by Josephine in the usual gay whirl of

Parisian society, or in travels with her consort, but domestic troubles did not appear. During all this time, Napoleon had been slowly but surely making his plans and preparations for the day when he should cause himself to be proclaimed Emperor of France. This event took place on May 18, 1804. On that day, the senate, with Cambacérès at their head, waited upon the Consul at St. Cloud, and afterwards proceeded to Josephine's apartments in the Tuileries, proclaiming her Empress of France in the presence of a most brilliant assemblage; she received the deputation with deep emotion, but with her usual grace. Thus, at last, was fulfilled the prediction made to her twenty-five years before by an old gypsy-woman of Martinique, who had said that one day she should be Queen of France.

Josephine now proceeded to have her civil marriage of eight years before ratified. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon, on November 30, in the private chapel of the Tuileries, and was in accord with the demand of his Holiness, Pius VII., who had been persuaded to come to Paris to perform the coronation ceremony. Very few were present in the chapel, and, by Napoleon's wish and with Josephine's acquiescence, the event was not made public in the "Moniteur;" which fact afterwards turned against the empress.

December 2 was the day decided upon by Napoleon for the coronation. On this morning, Josephine was to see the completion of her greatness. Paris was overcrowded with visitors, and everybody was in gala attire; never before had there been so much splendor in evidence throughout the city. At eleven o'clock, the cortège moved from the Tuileries. The imperial carriage, drawn by eight bays, was attended by ten thousand horsemen, and almost half a million spectators lined the way. The roar of artillery and the shouts of the multitude betrayed the universal enthusiasm. The religious ceremony took

place in Notre Dame, and lasted nearly four hours; the choir consisted of three hundred voices, and the martial band exceeded this in number. When the latter played the marches used in the armies of France, Napoleon arose, and taking the crown, placed it upon his head, not even allowing Pius VII. so much as to touch it. Next he took the crown intended for the empress, and, having placed it for a moment upon his own, he set it on Josephine's brow, as she knelt before him on the throne. Her appearance at that moment was very touching; she wept silently for some moments while kneeling, and then arising, she cast a look of gratitude and tenderness upon her imperial consort. She had not forgotten that she had been at one time "an obscure woman."

But so much happiness was destined to be offset by many sorrows and trials, by more bitter tears than there were pearls in her necklace and diamonds in her diadem. Josephine was most extravagant in dress, and her expenses were far beyond her income; in 1800, she was one million, two hundred thousand francs in debt. This extravagance was the cause of frequent quarrels with her husband. Even after her divorce she continued to live in the same extravagant fashion, and was more frequently than ever in debt, although allowed annually two million francs by the senate, and one million by Napoleon himself.

Her relations with the family of Bonaparte were also another prolific source of annoyance and anxiety. Joseph and Lucian Bonaparte, and their sisters, Caroline, Queen of Naples, and Pauline, Princess Borghese, did everything possible to force Josephine out of the affections of her husband. The vilest and basest intrigues were resorted to by them, in order to influence Napoleon towards divorce. While her unworthy and dishonorable relations were thus intriguing against her, her only solace was her daughter Hortense. One of Josephine's greatest afflictions was that God did not bless her with children. This fact

gave her enemies a point which they ever argued to Napoleon; aud Fouchè the ex-Oratorian professor, the man without a conscience, openly counselled Bonaparte to seek a divorce.

For a long time the emperor hesitated; there is no doubt that he loved Josephine still, and most ardently; but he was looking for a pretext. Finally he found one in his ambition; he believed, or was made to believe, that the best interests of France required his separation from this true and good wife, the woman who had been the stepping-stone, as it were, to all his power and fame. This is shown in his words to her during the interview in which he announced to her his determination to be divorced; taking her hand and placing it upon his heart, he said: "Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee-to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France!" This was the last scene of Josephine's life as Empress. After the public act of divorce, she retired to private life at Malmaison, having left all her greatness and happiness in the Tuileries. She died shortly after the fall of the Empire, on May 29, 1814; her body was placed in the Church of Rueil, where a monument has been erected to her memory.

That Josephine was beloved by the French people there is no doubt. Through her, they honored Napoleon, and when he sent her from him in such a cruel manner, the bond of sympathy between the people and the Emperor was broken. In the army, especially, she was revered, and was looked upon as Napoleon's lucky star, his good angel; and from the very day of his divorce, his reverses began, his downward course commenced, the pace of which was never slackened until he stood a prisoner on St. Helena. Even he himself, fatalist as he was, was superstitious on this point.

Josephine did much good in a quiet way: many condemned criminals owed their lives to her, Moreau among In the lamentable case of the venerated Duc D'Enghien, which turned all Europe against Napoleon as a "gloomy and ferocious tyrant, a cold-blooded murderer," she used every means to save the prisoner, but her efforts were of no avail. Many a poor family was succored by her, which fact may account for her being so often in debt. By those whom she had assisted in reaching exalted positions, she was generally treated with ingratitude, and sometimes such persons even swelled the tide of calumny which was endeavoring to engulf her good name. Those who had been intimate with her during her life. and especially during her imperial existence, and who had pretended the greatest friendship, but whose consciences resembled that of Fouché, have repaid her kindness and confidence by passing off on a credulous public, as history, works of fancy and fiction which are carried to extremes. and which, in most cases, totally misrepresent the Mistress of Malmaison.

Considering Josephine's condition in life as a girl; her trials in her first marriage; her circumstances after the death of Beauharnais; the constant anxiety on her part during the time that she was Napoleon's wife; the wrongs she endured for love of him; her great resignation in all her trials—we can not help but admire her character: and, surely, anyone, who looks with an impartial view on her life, can not fail to see that, especially in her maturer years, and with all her faults, the lights outweighed the shadows in the character of her who rose from the position of an obscure, though beautiful, Creole maiden to a station which gave her the title of Josephine, Empress of France.

M. J. RELIHAN, '04.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. M. J. RELIHAN, '04. ASSISTANT EDITOR, C. M. KEANE, '05. EXCHANGES, . J. A. MALLOY, '04. LOCALS, . . J. A. NELSON, '04. ATHLETICS, . . F. J. NEILAN, '05. ALUMNI, . . E. G. CURRAN, '07. SOCIETIES. H. H. MALONE, '08. CONCERTS. E. B. YELLIG, '04. BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06. F. X. ROEHRIG. '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

Cardinal's Appeal for the University.

The appeal of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., to all the Catholics of the United States in behalf of the Catholic University of America has elicited the hearty approval and co-operation of the hierarchy as is evidenced by the many circular letters which they have addressed to their clergy and people. We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the letter of Cardinal Gibbons, the Chancellor of our University, to the Archbishops and Bishops of America. It is an able commentary on the Brief of His Holiness, and will, no doubt, do much to further what

Pius X. calls "a noble project, "a project of great moment and which holds out the promise of large advantage." The Catholic University, says our Cardinal, is the consummation of our great educational system, for which our people have made, and are still making, the most heroic sacrifices. It would be sad indeed if all these efforts were to end in swelling the ranks of non-Catholic Universities. Furthermore, an advantage often claimed for state institutions, is that their teachers are university-trained men. The Catholic University was established mainly to supply this deficiency in our schools and colleges.

The liberal endowment of educational institutions by non-Catholics is a most remarkable feature in our national life. Catholics are ever ready to contribute to the needs of the Church, and as soon as they understand that the Church needs higher education just as much as she needs elementary and secondary education—for "the end of the thing is the test"-their zeal and generosity will be directed towards its acquisition. If every Catholic took "a direct and personal interest" in the University, and contributed his mite to its support and advancement, its future would be assured. What this future is, the man "who stood on the watch-towers of Israel," tells us "Leo XIII. of happy memory, has publicly registered his hope that the Catholic University of America should be to the American people what the Catholic University of Louvain is to the people of Belgium-the bulwark of religion and theer own of our educational system."



The Encyclical.

Our Holy Father has sent forth his first Encyclical letter to the Catholic world. It breathes throughout of his eminent piety and that paternal solicitude for all his people which has ever been a mark of the Vicar of Christ. In the opening paragraph, with the sweet humility that is one of his most attractive qualities, the Pope dwells on the fact that the august dignity was unsought and unexpected. He leaves no doubt as to his position and his "We never shall be aught before human program. society but the minister of God, of whose authority we are the depository. The interests of God shall be our interests, and for these we are resolved to spend all our strength, and our very life. Hence, should anyone ask us for a symbol as the expression of our will, we will give this, and no other: 'To renew all things in Christ.'"

He deplores the appalling evils that now afflict society—materialism, rationalism, and atheism—and gives expression to his ardent wish that God be restored to His proper place in the minds and hearts of men. In this grand enterprise he begs the earnest co-operation of the bishops, and proposes as remedies the thorough formation of the priesthood in holiness and learning, and the action of the laity, especially through their societies. He recommends to all purity of life, the firm assertion of Christian principles, and charity towards friend and foe.

Outside the Church the Encyclical has been characterized as mediaeval. But, as the *Messenger* observes, if this is true, let us by all means become as mediaeval as we can. We have a great and grand Pope, and all he does endears him more and more to us.



LOCALS.

THE PAPAL BLESSING.

On the afternoon of November 6, the Very Rev. President gave the papal blessing to the students and the various communities of the College, a privilege he had been accorded by the Holy Father on the occasion of his recent visit to Rome.

RESULTS OF THE FIRST TERM EXAMINATIONS.

The results of the first term examinations were proclaimed in the college hall on November 10. The Rev. President expressed his satisfaction with the work done, and awarded 105 honor cards to deserving students. First place in their respective classes were secured by the following young gentlemen: J. A. Nelson, R. L. Hayes, E. M. Morales, A. Johns, T. A. Curran, P. J. Madden, G. J. Wandrisco, A. P. Scherer, J. F. Carroll, J. J. Doyle, F. P. Dzmura, T. J. Schultz, L. Schneider, and V. Ratajczak.

VISIT OF THE RIGHT REV. J. A. O'GORMAN, C. S. SP.

On November 11, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Gorman favored us with a pontifical high mass, the first celebrated in the college chapel. A collection amounting to over seventy dollars was contributed by the students, to aid him in his distant African mission, a sum increased to two hundred dollars by the Rev. President, and presented during the course of a reception tendered to the young bishop in the forenoon. Mr. J. F. Malloy, '04, read an address expressive of the students' respect, and dilating on the honored guest's untiring zeal and energy as master of novices at Cornwells, Pa., where his learning, piety, and prudence bore excellent fruit in the formation of many a young priest for missionary and educational work in the States. In conclusion Mr. Malloy said: "In your new sphere of action we wish you all success. Our hopes

and prayers go with you to the land of the dusky sons of Cham. It affords us great joy to be able to contribute our share of the sinews of war; for war indeed it is you will wage against the demons of ignorance and vice that hold captive the multitudes of Africa's abandoned children. With all our heart we wish you ad multos armon."

His lordship in reply thanked the donors for their generous gift, and begged of all the more efficacious help of their prayers.

The faculty and students wish to convey through the medium of the Bulletin, the expression of their profound sympathy with Professor C. B. Weis, in the death of his father and mother, who, united for forty-nine years, were not separated even in death, both being laid to rest on the same day, November 9.

We cordially congratulate Mr. Eugene S. Reilly on his marriage with Miss Camilla M. Frauenheim in St. Augustine's Church, November 24. At the nuptial mass, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, one of his former professors, and Rev. L. A. O'Connell, one of his classmates in this college, were, respectively, deacon and sub-deacon. The Right Rev. Bishop was present, and, by special authorisation, pronounced the papal blessing.

J. A. NELSON, '04.





THE 'VARSITY ELEVEN has this year, as last, been characterized by good individual play and poor team work. The experience of these two seasons furnishes convincing proof of the immense advantage practice gives over any amount of personal resource. The first three games were victories, but after them came five defeats—by California Normal, Pittsburg Lyceum, Pastime, and E. E. Lyceum—due in a great measure to over-confidence inspired by the early successes. On Thanksgiving Day, the 'Varsity held the heavy Wheeling team down to 19 points.

THE RESERVES are an aggregation to be proud of: they passed through the season without a defeat, and won their games by the concerted action of all the players. On October 21, they beat the Newman Club, 6 to 0; they held the strong High School team down to no score on November 6; and, five days later, they proved themselves more than a match for an All-Star team hailing from Allegheny, scoring 10 points to 0. Though each player deserves mention, the work of Gaynor, as captain, must be specially commended.

THE THIRD TEAM made the enviable record of going through a hard season without being scored against. Captain McGeehin rolled up a total of 66 points to his opponents' 0. During November he scored 7 against Carnegie H. S., and 18 against the Zehner A. C. McGeehin, Munhall, Moroney, Brady, Peters and Vislet were very strong in their positions.

THE FOURTH TEAM, since our last issue, won five games out of six played. Joyce distinguished himself by long runs; Cain, by goal-kicking, and Lawlor, by brilliant tackling.

F. J. NEILAN, '05.



CONCERTS.

The concerts for the month of November were well attended. The various numbers were excellently rendered, and received hearty applause. Contributions from visitors and members of the Faculty were cheerfully given and duly appreciated. The programmes:

NOVEMBER 10.

March, John Harvard, Rodman, Orchestra; Chorus, Just a Song at Twilight, Glee Club; Piano Duet, Rev. J. Griffin and E. B. Yellig; Mandolin Solo, Dixie Girl, F. Pietrczki accompanied by C. V. Halleran; Waltz, Franceska, Blanke, Orchestra; Chorus, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, Glee Club; Morceau Caracteristique, Dance des Hirondelles, Richmond, Orchestra.

NOVEMBER 11.

March, Peaceful Henry, Kelly, Orchestra; Recitation, Erin's Flag, H. E. Gaynor; Chorus, Dreamy Susquehanna, Glee Club; Piano Duet, Over the Ocean Waves, C. V. Halleran and E. B. Yellig; Recitation, Why He Would Not Sell the Farm, H. H. Malone; Song, The Three Grenadiers, E. M. Morales; Cubanolo, Blanke, Orchestra; Recitation, R. T. Ennis; Gavotte, Fin de Siecle, Orchestra.

NOVEMBER 15.

Overture, From Dawn to Twilight, Bennet, Orchestra; Recitation, The Fate of Virginia, J. J. Creighton; Vocal Duet, J. V. Connolly and T. A. Kuhn; Recitations, The Newsboy's Death, The Leper, Death of the Showman, Rev. D. J. Fitz Gibbon; Song, E. M. Morales; Recitation, Richard at the Bier of His Father, C. F. Fehrenbach; Song, Killaloe, Mr. J. O'Neil; Medley, It Was the Dutch, Muller; Orchestra; Debate by the Seniors.

NOVEMBER 22.

March, The Trumpeters, Mascha, Orchestra; Recitation, The Star-Spangled Banner, H. E. Gaynor; Song, Down in the Depths, Mr. T. E. Wrenn; Recitations, Belshazzar's Doom, Trading Joe, A Cutting from Echoes, Professor J. F. Chambers; Patrol Comique The Crickets' Carnival, Hains, Orchestra; Recitations, My Mother's Song, Mark Twain and the Interviewer, Professor J. F. Chamberlain. Waltz, Sweethearts again, Mackie, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Total Abstinence Is Preferable to Temperance; Chairman, Mr. G. Carr; Affirmative, Messrs. Keating and Misklow; Negative, Messrs. Dekowski and Wingendorf.

E. B. YELLIG, Com. Dep., '04.

List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

FIRST TERM EXAMINATIONS.

HELD IN

NOVEMBER, 1903.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

Grammar Class.

DIVISION B.

CRALEY, E. P.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.

DRAKE, L. F.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Arith.

DIGNAN, W. J .- P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

Knowlson, W. P.-P., Arith., Draw., Pen.

LAUER, W. J.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., B. Hist.

PETGEN, L. P.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

SCHNEIDER, L. A .- P., Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Eng.

DIVISION A.

BRIGGS, W. A.-P., Hist., Geog., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw.

Cummings, C.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen. D., Rel.

DALEY, M. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., B. Hist.

DRAKE, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen. D., B. Hist., Eng., Arith.

DRAKE, J. R.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.

LANGDON, T. W.-P., Eng., Pen. D., B. Hist., Arith., Draw.

OLEJNICZAK, L.-P., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw.

PEYBONNY, M.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

PICARD, N. J.-P., Hist., Geog., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw.

RATAJCZAK, V .- P., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith Draw.

SAUER, F.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen. HERMANOWICZ, A.—P., Pen.

HERMANOWICZ, A.—P., Fen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw.

TYSARCZYK, J.-P., Hist., Geog., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw.

Fourth Academic.

BARTOSIK, W.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Zo.

BANDYK, M.—P., Eng., Lat., Ser., Arith., Alg. D., Zo., Pen. DUGAN, P. A.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen. D., Arith., Alg. DUNIN, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Eng., Zo.

HEANEY, J. R.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Lat.

KAUTZ, C. S.-P., Hist., Geog., Ger.

D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

KELLERMAN, T.-P., Rel., Eng., Ger., Arith., Alg. D., Lat., Zo., Pen.

LALLY, M. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg.

LHOTA, J. A.-P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

MALBURG, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Arith., Alg.

MERTZ, E. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Zo. D., Lat., Alg., Pen.

McNally, C. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen. D., Arith., Alg.

PLEINS, H. J.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen.

ROMANOWSKI, J.-P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Eng.

Sampson, V.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Lat.

SCHULTZ, T. J.-P., Ger.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

SCHMITT, H. J.-P., Hist., Eng., Zo., Pen.

D., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg.

SCHNEIDER, B. F.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng.

D., Rel., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen.

Tugman, J. L.—P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg. D., Zo., Pen.

ZEPFEL, E. A.—P., Eng., Hist., Geog., Alg., Pen. D., Lat., Arith., Zo.

ZIMMER, H. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Lat., Alg., Zo. D., Arith., Pen.

Third Academic.

Beran, E. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Bot.

CALLAHAN, L. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Alg. D., Hist., Geog., Bot., Pen.

CAREY, W.-P., Lat., Ger., Alg., Bot., Pen.

D., Eng., Hist., Geog.

CONNOR, R. L.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Bot. D., Hist., Geog., Lat.

CONWAY, W. R.-P., Rel.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

DALY, J. A.—P., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Pen.

DZMURA, A. P.-P., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Bot., Pen.

GALLAGHER, J. J .- P., Alg., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Bot.

GEIER, J. M.-P., Eng., Arith., Bot.

GLOECKLER, W. E.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Pen. D., Eng., Alg., Bot.

Habrowski, J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Lat., Bot.

JONES, T. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Bot., Pen. D., Lat., Arith., Alg.

JOYCE, T. B.—P., Rel., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Lat., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot.

Kramer, A.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Bot. D., Pen.

LANG, F. A.—P., Rel., Arith., Alg., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat. D., Pen.

LAUER, C. F.—P., Rel., Arith., Alg.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Bot., Pen.

MALONE, J. P.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Eng., Bot.

MANSMANN, R.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Bot. D., Pen.

MARTIN, M. J.-P., Rel.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

McCann, A. R.-P., Alg., Bot., Pen.

MUNHALL, H.-P., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot.

McCullough, C.-P., Rel., Lat., Pen. D., Arith.

McDermott, P. L.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Bot.

McGARY, W. H.-P., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot.

McGraw, J. H.-P., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot.

McGuire, C. J.-P., Rel., Arith., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Bot.

McGrail, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Alg., Pen. D., Lat., Bot.

Mcknight, E. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Bot.

McGeehin, J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg. D., Pen.

McGovern, J.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Bot., Pen.

NEWELL, J.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen.

NOONAN, T. W.-P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Bot.

D., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Pen.

O'CONNOR, M.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Fr., Alg., Bot. D., Pen.

O'REILLY, M. C .- P., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Alg.

Puhl, C. W.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Lat., Bot.

PURCELL, T. C.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

SAWYER, J.—P., Eng., Bot. D., Pen.

SCHNEIDER, A. A.—P., Eng., Lat., Bot. D., Pen.

SWINDELL, H. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Bot. D., Pen.

SHANAHAN, T.-P., Rel., Arith., Alg.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Bot., Pen.

SHANNON, E.—P., Rel., Lat., Bot., Pen. D., Eng., Arith., Alg. SWEENEY, T. P.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Bot. D., Pen.

STAIB, J. E.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Bot., Pen.

GRYNIA, L.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Alg., Pen.

D., Lat., Bot.

J₄COB, L.—P., Rel., Fr., Alg., Bot.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen.

FLANNIGAN, E.—P., Eng., Arith.

D., Lat., Hist., Geog., Alg., Bot., Pen.

UNGERMANN, F.—P., Rel., Eng., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Lat.

VISLET, V.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Fr., Arith., Bot. D., Pen.

WACKERMAN, F .- P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Bot. D., Pen.

Second Academic.

BAUM, C. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Grk., Pen. BRADY, E. F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Bot.

D., Eng., Grk., Pen.

BROWN, R.-P., Rel., Arith., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen.

D., Eng., Lat., Hist., Geog.

Bullion, G. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Alg., Bot., Grk. D., Fr., Pen.

CAIN, J. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Grk. D., Hist., Geog., Pen.

CONNOLLY, J. V.-P., Arith., Alg., Bot.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Fr., Pen.

CONWAY, R. V.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Alg., Alg., Geom., Grk., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Fr., Arith., Bot.

CREIGHTON, J. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Bot., Pen. DOYLE, J. J.—P., Arith., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Ger., Fr., Lat., Eng., Grk., Alg., Geom.

DUFFY, C.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Ger., Arith.

Dunn, T. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Lat., Grk., Alg., Bot., Geom. D., Arith., Pen.

HALEY, C. E.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Grk., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.

HANLEY, R.-P., Alg., Bot.

D., Hist, Geog., Arith., Geom., Pen.

Kehoe, E. H.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen. D, Fr., Eng.

Kuhn, A. A.-P., Alg., Pen., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Fr., Arith., Bot.

KUHN, T. J.—P., Rel., Fr., Bot., Geom., Grk.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen.

KVATSAK, J. J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog, Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Grk., Pen.

MALLOY, M. J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg., Bot., Grk., Pen.

MAYER, C.-P., Rel., Arith., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger.

MORONEY, R.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Pen.

McCabe, W. B.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg, Pen. D., Arith.

Mcelroy, J.—P., Lat., Fr., Alg., Bot., Geom., Grk., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.

McMahon, J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot., Geom. D., Eng., Pen.

MILLARD, J. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Eng.

McGuigan, B.—P., Rel., Bot. D., Eng., Lat.

O'CONNOB, H. F.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Hist., Geog.

REILLY, E. K.—P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot.

Whalen, J. H.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Alg.

First Academic.

Brennan, M. J.—P., Alg., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng., Pen.

BUERKLE, J. J.—P., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Alg., Eng., Pen.

CARROLL, J. F.—D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Alg., Geom., Eng., Pen.

CARLOS, J. A.—P., Alg., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng.

CARRAHER, S. F.—P., Lat., Grk., Ger., Alg., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Eng., Pen.

ENNIS, R. T.—P., Grk., Alg., Geom., Eng. D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Pen.

GASPARD, H. M.—P., Lat., Grk., Fr., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Ger., Geom., Eng., Pen.

HAYES, A. J.—P., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Geom., Eng., Pen. D., Rel.

MALONE, H. H.-P., Lat., Ger., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Eng., Pen.

McAfee, F. L.—P., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Alg., Eng., Pen.

McLaughlin, J.-P., Lat., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Eng., Pen.

ROSSENBACH, J. A.—P., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Alg., Geom., Eng.

RYAN, T. F.-P., Alg., Geom., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng.

ZAREMBA, J.—P., Lat., Grk., Pol., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Hist.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. Preparatory Course.

DIVISION B.

AARON, A. H.—P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Pen.

BORDE, R. E .- P., Rel., Eng., Pen.

CAMPBELL, B. A .- P., Arith., Pen.

DIETERLE, G. A .- P., B-K., Pen.

DOWLING, D. R .- P., Hist., Geog., Pen.

GLEESON, V. P .- P., B-K., Pen.

JEFFREYS, R.-P., Eng., Hist., Geog., Pen.

LAWLOR, M. E .- P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen.

D., Arith., Hist., Geog.

LYNN, J. E .- P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Pen. D., Arith. D., Arith.

MALONEY, J. J.-P., Eng., Hist., Geog., Pen.

MILLER, H. C .- P., Hist., Geog., Pen.

McElligott, J. J.-P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen.

PIECZYNSKI, W. J.-P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Pen.

RANDIG, E. M.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Hist., Geog., Pen.

REBEL, L. P .- P., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog., Pen.

REPERMUND, L. S.-P., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G.

SCHERER, R. V.-P., Rel., Eng., Pen. D., Arith., Hist., Geog.

SCHAEFER, H.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Hist., Geog., Pen.

TURNBLACER, F .- P., Eng., Pen.

VAN HORN, L .- P., Arith., B-K. D., Hist., Geog., Pen.

DIVISION A.

BISHOP, L. C.-P., Rel., Eng., Civ. G., Pen.

DIETERLE, R. H.-P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen.

ELMORE, J. J .- P., Arith., B-K., Pen.

D., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog.

ETHIER, E. F .- P., Eng., B-K., Pen.

D., Rel., Arith., Hist., Geog. GAST, F. J.-P., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen. D., Rel., Eng.

GLENN, M. J.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen.

HARST, E. J.-P., Law. D., Rel., Eng., B-K., Hist., Geog.

HARNEY, F. L.—P., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog. HATTON, C .-- P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen., Typ-W.

D., Rel.

HICKEL, A.-P., Eng., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., B-K., Hist., Geog. GOODYEAR, E. G.-P., Rel., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Eng., Hist., Geog.

GRIMES, F. D.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog.

KENNELLY, E. A.-P., Arith., Pen.

KRIEGER, A. G .- P., Arith., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., B-K., Hist., Geog.

MAHON, J. A.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Hist., Geog., Pen. MAYER, A.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen.

McGannon, J. P.—P., Eng., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen., Law. D., Rel.

McGladrigan, T. A.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen.

D., Eng., Hist., Geog.

O'HARA, W. B .- P., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., Hist., Geog.

PETERS, S.-P., Rel., Arith., Hist., Geog., Pen.

RUTLEDGE, F. I.-P., Rel., Arith., Pen., Law.

D., Eng., B-K., Hist., Geog.

SCHLERNITZAUER, P. A.—P., Pen., Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Law.

TEEMER, W.—P., Eng., Pen. D., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog.

WANDRISCO, G. J.-P., Pen., Law, Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog.

Business Course.

DIVISION C.

ARTHO, J. A.—P., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G., Eng.

Bossert, M. A.-P., Rel., Civ. G., Eng.

CHARLES, J. A.—P., B-K., Law. D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G., Pen.

CAWLEY, F. G.—P., B-K., Pen., Law, Typ-W. D., Arith.

CURTIN, T. A.-P., Arith., Civ. G., Pen., Law. L., Rel., Eng.

DELANEY, J. G.—P., Eng., Civ. G., Pen.

ENRIGHT, C. J.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

GLOCK, A. J.—P., Rel., Pen. D., Eng., Civ. G.

HEILMAN, C. A.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G., Pen.

LIEB, G. P.—P., Rel., Pen.

MADDEN, P. J.—P., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

McCormick, C. J.—P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G., Pen.

McDermott, C. R.—P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G., Pen.

McKenna, C. A.—P., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

NIEHOFF, H. N.—P., B-K., Civ. G., Pen., Law. D., Rel., Eng.

OBER, E. C.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Civ. G., Pen.

Отт, A. W.—Р., Eng., B-К., Civ. G., Pen.

RANKIN, C. R.—P., Rel., B-K., Pen. D., Eng., Civ. G.

RUTLEDGE, R. J.—P., Rel., B-K., Pen. D., Eng., Civ. G.

SPENGLER, R. J.—P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen.

D., Eng., Civ. G.

SCHUSTER, A. C.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G., Pen.

Todd, R. L.—P., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

WURZELL, A. J .- P., Arith., Pen.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

DIVISION B.

CURBAN, T. A .- P., Arith., Pen., Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G., Law.

FRANZ, M. V.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law. D., Eng., Civ. G.

YELLIG, E. B.—P., Law, Typ-W. D., B-K., Pen., Short-H.

ZIMMERMAN, J. P.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen., Short-H.

D., Eng., Civ. G., Typ-W.

Freshman Class.

ARETZ, A. A.-P., Fr., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk.

ARENS, F. X .- P., Lat., Fr., Alg., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

Calnan, T. A.—P., Lat., Fr., Alg., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Grk. Cox, J. R.-P., Lat., Fr., Alg., Trig., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Chem.

CURRAN, E. G.-P., Alg., Trig., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Geom., Chem.

DOOLEY, P. J.-P., Lat., Ger., Fr., Chem., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

FEHRENBACH, C. F.—P., Fr., Alg., Geom., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Trig., Chem.

HOWARD, F. M.-D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Fr., Ger., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem.

Johns, A. G.-P., Geom., Trig.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Alg., Chem., Grk.

KEATING, J. A.-P., Lat., Ger., Alg., Geom., Trig., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Chem. MISKLOW, P.—P., Lat., Ger., Alg., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

ROEHRIG, F. X .- P., Lat., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Fr., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem.

THORNTON, J. J.-P., Lat., Ger., Fr., Alg., Trig., Chem., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

Tull, P. A.—P., Lat., Ger., Alg., Geom., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger.

WINGENDORF, A .- P., Fr., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk.

ZINDLER, L. J.-P., Lat., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Fr.

Sophomore Class.

COYLE, J. I.—P., Lat., Ger., Fr., Alg., Chem., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

DEKOWSKI, J. J.—P., Lat., Fr., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Pol.

HANNIGAN, C. B.—P., Hist., Fr., Alg., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk.

JACKSON, E. F.-P., Geom.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Alg., Trig., Chem.

JAWORSKI, J. L.—P., Lat., Pol., Fr., Chem., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Alg., Trig.

MORALES, E. M.—P., Lat, Alg., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Fr., Geom., Trig., Grk.

Murphy, D.—P., Lat., Ger., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Fr.

McCambridge, C. L.—P., Lat., Fr., Chem., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger.

McGuigan, E. M.—P., Lat., Fr., Geom., Grk. D., Ch Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Chem.

McKavney, J.—P., Alg., Geom.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Chem.

SIERAKOWSKI, C. S.—P., Lat., Alg., Trig., Chem., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Pol., Fr.

Junior Class.

Bejenkowski, A. C—P., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech. D., Ger., Hist.

GWYER, C. F.—P., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Fr., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Ger.

HAYES, R. L.—P., Mech. D., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Phy., Trig., Hist.

KILGALLEN, J. M.—P., Phil., Eng., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Script., Lat.

KEANE, C. M.—P., Trig. D., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Phy., Mech., Hist.

Kolipinski, S. J.—P., Lat., Fr., Mech.

D., Script., Phil., Eng., Grk., Ger., Phy., Trig., Hist.

MERZ, W. F.—P., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Script.

NEILAN, F. A.-P., Phil., Eng., Grk., Fr.

D., Script., Lat., Ger., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist.

O'SHEA, T. F.-P., Lat., Trig., Hist.

D., Script., Phil., Eng., Grk., Phy., Mech.

POBLESCHEK, J. A.—P., Phil., Eng., Lat., Phy., Mech. D., Script., Grk., Fr., Ger., Trig., Hist.

SIMON, J. C.—P., Phil., Eng., Lat., Fr., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Script., Grk., Ger., Phy.

Schwab, F. A.—P., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Trig., Mech. D., Ger., Phy., Hist.

SZUMIERSKI, F. S.—P., Eng., Lat., Fr., Mech. D., Script., Phil., Grk., Ger., Phy., Trig., Hist.

Senior Class.

DAVIN, E. L.—P., Phil., Script., Eng., Lat., Trig., Mech. D., Hist.

Dura, S. A.—P., Eng., Phil., Grk., Fr., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Script.

HALLERAN, C. V.—P., Phil., Eng., Lat., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Script., Grk., Phy.

KNAEBEL, E. B.—P., Lat., Grk., Fr., Trig., Mech. D., Phil., Script., Eng., Ger., Phy., Hist.

MALLOY, J. T.-P., Phy., Trig., Mech.

D., Phil., Script., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Hist.

NELSON, J. A.-P., Mech.

D., Phil., Script., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Phy., Trig.,

GAYNOB, H. E.—P., Phil., Script., Eng., Lat., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist.

Relihan, M. J.—P., Phil., Eng., Lat., Fr., Phy., Mech., Hist. D., Script., Grk., Ger., Trig.

PIETRZYCKI, F. H.—P., Phil., Script., Eng., Lat., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Ger.



N. B.—The names of students who were absent from the examinations or failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X. Pittsburg, Pa., January, 1904.

No. 4.

A Lesson from Bethlehem.

Low hangs the moon in the orient sky;
Soft moans the wind o'er the meadowland bare.
Bethlehem sleeps as its Saviour draws nigh—
Closed are its doors to the Nazareth pair.

Where shall He choose Him a fitting abode?

Shall it be Herod's luxurious halls?

Seeks He the shelter by proud scribe bestowed

Or in the covetous merchant's rich walls?

Not for the mighty this gladness supreme,—
Not for the learned, the rich, or the proud:
Lowly and pure are the hearts He doth deem
Meet 'round His crib with the angels to crowd.

Soon as the heavenly message they learn,
Humbly adoring the shepherds now kneel,
'Neath the thin veil of His frailty discern
Jesus, their God, Who all sorrows shall heal.

Shepherds of Bethlehem! Now, face to face,
Do you in Heaven the sweet Saviour see:
Teach us, if we that dear Babe would embrace,
Humble and clean of heart like you to be!

-John F. Malloy, '04.

Christmas in Brittany.

NE might easily traverse every part of the civilized world without being able to find ancient ideas in evidence to such an extent as in the province of Brittany, on the west coast of sunny France. The very atmosphere which one breathes there is impregnated with the spirit of antiquity; the customs and manners, the traditions and superstitions of "ye olden time" still cling with an undying tenacity to this quaint little province by the sea. The character of the inhabitants is stern and strangely melancholy, as if they were under the double spell of the water and of the heavens, and in their every move we plainly see that they are dominated by the wonderful and the They firmly believe in the connection of the natural with the supernatural world. It has been said, and truly, of these people, that if faith and trust in God were to die, it would be with the last Breton. On all Catholic feasts, and especially at Christmas, is this admirable characteristic manifested by the inhabitants.

On the eve of the feast of our Divine Lord's Nativity it is customary for each family to gather around the hearth as soon as the "flick'ring shadows" of twilight begin to turn each inanimate object into a chimerical giant or dwarf of unearthly shape, which causes the timid to cast cursory glances about and to quicken their pace. When all are assembled, the oldest member of the family recites the night prayer; this over, the women turn at once to their spinning, sewing or knitting, while the men light their pipes, and, with the children, proceed to loll into lazy attitudes and to listen with rapt attention to the marvelous tales and strange legends which are related by the older men and women, who carry in their heads, as in living libraries, all the treasured traditions of the buried ages of the past. Whatever work is done on Christmas Eve, if any at all, is done for the benefit of the poor.

certainly cannot be a very great amount, because long before the witching hour of midnight all labor ceases, and all thoughts even of work are relegated to the background. Every Breton believes that for each hour of work performed on Christmas Day he must suffer one full year in Purgatory.

Another prevalent belief, and one much delighted in by the Bretons, is that the power of the spirits is suspended on Christmas Eve, and no "dweller of the nether gloom," whether "doomed for a certain term to walk the night" or not, dare show himself, at least on land. On no other night of the year does a native of Brittany venture out of doors, his great fear of spirits making him a veritable coward in this respect; from which it can easily be inferred that no curfew is required there. Only God and His holy saints are supposed to rule the land on this eventful night; and even the cattle are exposed to no danger, since they are guarded by the angels.

Long before the feast the poor people go in search of wood, because, on the anniversary of the night that Christ was born, only specially blessed wood is used for fuel, and if the supply is scarce the poor man and his family must endure the cold or lay customs aside. The ceremony attendant upon the burning of this wood closely resembles that which accompanies the lighting and burning of the historic Yule-clog in England, inasmuch as singing and telling of tales is a part of it. On this fire, the Breton's favorite drink, wine mixed with a little mild brandy, is warmed, and chestnuts are roasted; but neither of these is partaken of until after the midnight Mass. Part of the evening is passed by having several singers, who are in poor circumstances, appear and sing ballads and songs apropos of the season; and they are amply rewarded for the pleasure they afford, because it is a part of even the poorest Breton's nature to compassionate his more indigent neighbor.

When the hour for the midnight Mass arrives, every-

thing is in commotion. The streets become alive with people who are hastening to church, and resound with the rattle of the sabots, or wooden shoes, and the voices of the peasants, as some merry jest or cordial greeting is passed around. Everyone carries a lantern, and all join in singing when the church bell begins to peal forth the joyous tidings of a new Christmas. During the Mass separate places are set apart for the two sexes, the men occupying the nave and the women the choir of the church; when Mass is over all sing in chorus "Hosanna, the Saviour is born." After service everyone hastens home and seeks the favorite drink and the chestnuts, as well as other prepared palatables, and then cheerfulness is the order of the night. In all the feasting and rejoicing the dead are not forgotten; a place is always left vacant for the departed members of the family, because it is believed that after the midnight Mass the souls of the dead come back to the land of the living, to enjoy once more the bread of mortals which sustained them during their sojourn in this "vale of tears."

Although their traditions say that ghosts are forbidden to appear on the land on Christmas Eve, it is a common belief, however, that every seven years those who have departed from this life appear in grim and aweinspiring aspect on the sea; with faces partly concealed behind long, sweeping beards, and carrying candles in their hands to light them on their way, they rise from the murky brine and immediately form in procession; sad. solemn, unearthly chants mark their progress, which is directed towards the sunken cities of Is, or Tolenti, which, like the legendary Vineta, are said to rest in all their former splendor and wonderful magnificence in the bosom of the sea. Many Bretons there are who have seen these same ancient cities, with their gorgeous temples, their magnificently illuminated arcades, their brilliant palaces and council halls, and their silent cemeteries, the restingplaces of many a "warrior bold," of many a statesman

and regal potentate; many there are, too, who have heard the old bells ring forth their melancholy notes over land and sea from the ocean depths. Exactly at midnight, at the very first stroke of the bell, the watery waste divides and falls back to the shores; then the cities, in all their ancient grandeur, become visible, and cast a brilliant light many leagues around them, caused, the Bretons say, by the innumerable diamonds, pearls and other precious stones, which for ages have been accumulating in the buried habitations. It is said that unheard-of riches would fall to the lot of him who could seize but a mere handful of these submarine hoards; but he who would be so reckless as to attempt such a perilous undertaking must act with quickness and resolution, for, at the final stroke of twelve, the waves close again and jealously hide from the eves of men their invaluable treasures. Were he the fraction of a second late in returning from his hazardous expedition, a watery grave would be his fate.

For the Breton, Christmas night is truly a night of The fires of Purgatory are temporarily extinguished, and every soul imprisoned there partakes of all the joys of Heaven while the midnight Mass is celebrating. It is also commonly believed that during the Elevation in the Mass the waters of all the wells and springs are turned into wine. Whether they have ever seen this happen it is hard to tell, because at that part of the Mass every Breton kneels in silent adoration before his new-born King. No beast except the snake sleeps on this night; perhaps it is because the serpent is an embodiment of the evil spirit, who alone is unable on this holy night to enjoy the peace and good-will which is proclaimed to man and all creation. The ox and the ass are also said to prophesy during the holy Mass in human tongue, but no person dare approach them in order to learn the future, unless he should wish to share the fate of the curious Arzur, who had hidden himself, so the legend relates, in a manger in the stable in order to play the part of the

ever-despicable eavesdropper. He had just comfortably secreted himself when one of the oxen approached his neighbor and asked: "What shall we do to-morrow, my To the great astonishment and dismay of the self-appointed spy the ox addressed answered: "Tomorrow we are going to carry the body of Arzur to the cemetery—the body of that inquisitive fellow, who casts the behests of older and wiser heads to the winds, and who comes to spy on us, but whose attempt to discover what the future holds shall be futile." When the ox had finished all the other animals in the stable repeated the same words in chorus. Arzur, terrified beyond measure, and wishing to be gone at once and to put as great a distance as possible between himself and the prophetic beasts, left the stable in a manner less stealthy than that in which he had entered it on his fatal mission. So great was his excitement that he plunged headlong into a ditch and was instantly killed. And on the following day the two oxen carried the "mortal coil" of Arzur to the village churchvard.

These are only a few of the traditions prevalent among this people, but they are typical ones, and they give us somewhat of an insight into how they live on in primitive simplicity, and afford the world in the twentieth century the unwonted spectacle of as childlike and undoubting a faith as that of the shepherds who were "watching and keeping the night-watches over their flock" on the hills of Bethlehem on the night that Christ was born.

M. J. RELIHAN, '04.



ENERGY.

F THE thousand subtle influences which combine to mould the character of man; to instill into his mind a desire to elevate himself above the common herd; and to strive after noble and lofty ideals, undoubtedly one of the most potent is example. When, through the lenses of history, we regard the lives and characters of those proclaimed truly great by the concord of nations, we find that, of all the admirable qualities of which they were possessed, none, next to transcendent genius itself, was more conspicuous than their indomitable energy.

Energy is that capacity of steady application, that patient and persevering industry, that vigorous force, which, with natural genius, has in every age and condition of life produced most remarkable results.

The cultivation of this quality is of the greatest importance, inasmuch as resolute determination in the pursuit of worthy objects is the foundation of all true greatness of character. Energy enables a man to force his way through irksome drudgery, and to overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable; moreover, it steadily advances him onward and upward in every station in life. It accomplishes more than genius, with not one-half the disappointment and peril.

We all praise and admire true genius; but, without energy, genius would be unknown and unhonored. It would exist in a state of coma, as it were, and would compel its possessor to exclaim when dying: "My life has been a failure." Genius without energy would be like a rich gold-producing mountain in the land of indolent savages, which, unworked, would not be fulfilling the wishes of a benevolent Creator.

It is not eminent talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit so much as the will to labor energetically and perseveringly. Energy of will gives impulse to every action, and soul to every effort.

Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his advancement chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort; it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible. An intense anticipation itself transforms possibility into reality, our desires being often but the precursors of the things which we are capable of performing. On the contrary, the timid and the hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so.

Everywhere in the lives of great men—whether they are conquerors, discoverers, inventors, poets, statesmen or philosophers—is this quality of energy in evidence. To this day it illumines the results of their efforts with undiminished lustre, and, making of them an example to be imitated, bestows on them a desirable, an even enviable, immortality.

Those who are conversant with the history of ancient Greece know that Alexander the Great, who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, was no less distinguished for his genius than for his indefatigable energy. If he had lacked this quality he would never have conquered Bucephalus, much less the then known world.

The life and success of Demosthenes teach an important lesson as to the value of energy. It is related that, when his relatives attempted to deprive him of part of his patrimony, he went to court to plead his own cause. However, his manner of speaking lacked that flow of language, that splendor of eloquence, for which the Grecian orators were remarkable, and his attempt at oratory was so crude that the audience laughed him to scorn. But Demosthenes was not to be thwarted. He retired to a cave, where he remained for six months, overcoming his defective utterance and prosecuting his study of oratory. When he again appeared in public all marvelled at his eloquence, for he had, by indomitable energy and perseverance, attained so high a degree of perfection that it is

still a matter of dispute whether modern times, with all their advancement and progress in civilization, have produced his equal.

One of Napoleon's favorite maxims was: "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." His life, beyond most others, vividly showed what a powerful and unscrupulous will could accomplish. He threw his whole force of body and mind into his work. He was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and a road was constructed through a district formerly thought almost inaccessible and impassable. His life also taught the lesson that power, however energetically wielded, without beneficence, is fatal to its possessor and his suljects.

While we thus call to mind the heroes of the sword, far is it from our intention to forget the heroes of the Gospel. In every age since the time of our divine Saviour, in every clime under the sun, there has been a succession of illustrious missionary laborers, working in a spirit of sublime self-sacrifice, without thought of worldly honor, inspired solely by the hope of enlightening the ignorant and the savage, and rescuing the lost and fallen of mankind. Borne up by invincible courage, patience and energy, joined with divine grace, these holy souls endured privations without measure, dangers and pestilences, pains and fatigues, yet they continued in their labors rejoicing, glorying even, in martyrdom itself.

Such instances of sublime self-abnegation and noble heroism cannot fail to elicit our unstinted admiration, and to excite in us a desire to continue our undertakings with increased energy, and to tread the path of virtue with undiminished zeal.

CHARLES M. KEANE, '05.



Sweet Memories.

Gather one sweet mem'ry
Of a happy day,
Treasure it with gladness
In your heart alway.

Keep it till some sorrow Burdens you with care; Let its tender sweetness Help you this to bear.

When life's dreary evening
Spreads its dark'ning shades,
'Twill dispel the gloom with
Light that never fades.

Gather then a mem'ry
Of a happy day,
Treasure it with gladness
In your heart alway.

-E. L. Davin, '04.



A Lawyer's Successful Ruse.

By intemperance and its accompanying ills, a wealthy lawyer squandered his fortune and lost all his practice. When reduced to the last extremity he endeavored to reform, and with success. But he found that he had forfeited the confidence of the public, and waited in vain for a brief. Sorrowful and disappointed, but not discouraged, he devised a plan by which he might once more be restored to popular favor, and be enabled to maintain himself and family by the practice of his profession.

Knowing that a certain banker was to pass through the city in the dusk of the evening with a large sum of money in his possession, the lawyer secured an old velvet cap, a false beard, and an antiquated pistol; these, with a change of dress, once worn by a mill-worker, so disguised him that his most intimate friend would fail to recognize him.

At the expected hour he saw the banker's carriage drive slowly through an ill-lighted street. Opening the carriage-door, he thrust his pistol into the face of the occupant, and called on him with stern tones to deliver up his money or sacrifice his life. The banker, thoroughly alarmed, handed over his purse and all the money he carried, and then heard the robber distincly say: "Take a good look at me now, so that you may know me the next time you see me." Without attracting any attention, the lawyer slipped off by some side streets, and, on the way home, in a lonely part of the road, he threw his cap, beard and pistol over a wall into the property of an old man who lived alone.

The banker lost no time in giving information at the police headquarters and in engaging detectives to discover the highwayman. Early next day, the beard, cap and pistol were found where they had been thrown, and suspicion attached to the occupant of the neighboring house.

The old man was arrested and sent to jail. In vain he protested his innocence, but the law was inexorable. As the time approached for his trial, he was a prev to tho saddest misgivings; he had no one to plead his cause. On the day he was to appear in court, our briefless barrister asked and obtained an interview, during which he was empowered to defend the prisoner. At the appointed hour the accused took his place at the bar. Detectives gave information as to the finding of the disguise in the neighborhood of his house, and the banker swore to his identity with the assailant who had threatened his life and carried off his treasure. At this moment, when the case against the prisoner seemed firmly established, and scarcely a hope remained of his innocence' being proved. the lawver for the defense arose and asserted that at the late hour at which the robbery had occurred, it was impossible for the banker to obtain such a distinct view of the assailant as afterwards easily to recognize him; he furthermore maintained that if he, the counsel for the defense, were to assume the disguise, the banker would charge him with the crime. Whilst the banker, facing the judge, declared he could not be mistaken, the lawyer donned the cap and beard, and, with the pistol in his hand, hissed out the words spoken at the carriage door: "Take a good look at me now, so that you may know me the next time you see me." The banker recognized the voice and the words, and called on the police to seize the lawyer, as he was the real culprit. "You see," said the latter, addressing the judge, "if your Honor had put on this disguise, you also would have been taken for the robber."

It is scarcely necessary to relate that the accused was dismissed, and that the lawyer scored a triumph which was duly noticed in all the papers, and won for him a renown that was not confined to his own State. His practice flourished, and he proved himself deserving of it by the attention he paid to all the details of his profession,

and the sincerity of his reformation attoned for the short-comings of his early career.

The stolen money was returned to the banker.

P. A. SCHLERNITZAUER,

Commercial Dep't.



Novel-Reading.

URS is preeminently an age of novel-reading. No other form of literature issues from the printing-press in such quantities, or is sought for by so great a number of readers. Although much of the fiction of today is objectionable as either worthless, vulgar, or immoral, we cannot, on that account condemn all novel-reading. The fact is generally admitted that, on the whole, the tendency of novels is a healthy one, and they are productive of good results to the majority of their readers.

Of the many benefits to be derived from the reading of fiction, a few may be cited here. It affords relaxation from the worries of life. When one is borne down with vexatious cares, what will relieve the mind so much as to spend half an hour in the company of some valiant knight of old, or partake in the doubts and struggles, the triumph and exultation, of some champion of truth and justice? One cannot but draw from such reading cheerfulness and courage.

Novels likewise impress their readers with ideals of right and wrong by painting vice in its most repulsive colors, and depicting virtue in its truest and most agreeable lights; by showing the punishment meted out to the vicious, though they may prosper for a time, and the reward that virtue finally brings to those who practise it. It is a truism that example is worth double as much as precept, and fiction often teaches most when we perceive

it least. Certain classes of novels also convey instruction in history—that subject to most students so dry and uninviting when the bare facts are given, but which all are ready to learn under the attractive form with which the novelist invests it.

Moreover, novel-reading gives profitable occupation to many hours that would otherwise be spent in idleness. Considered in this light, it is certainly a useful employment, for nothing is so detrimental to moral and mental health as idleness.

Another great advantage of the reading of good novels is, that it arouses our sympathies by increasing our knowledge of people in ranks and stations different from our own. It does this in such a practical way, by bringing us, so to speak, into personal contact with them, that we can hardly fail to profit by it. Thus our views become less selfish; our mind is broadened; and we realize that there are nobler ends to work for than mere self-aggrandizement.

Though there are so many advantages accruing from novel-reading, there are likewise many dangers in it to guard against. It should not be made a mere pastime, or occupy moments which should be devoted to more serious business. Great care should also be taken in the choice of authors, and in discriminating between their different works. Unfortunately, the market is flooded with novels that are not only worthless but positively immoral. Unprincipled writers there are who, for filthy lucre, will cater to the depraved taste of a minority; their works fall into the hands of the young and the unwary, and do irreparable mischief. This sad fact gives a show of reason to those who interdict all novel-reading. The safest plan is to select books from a good Catholic library, in which the chaff is excluded from the good and wholesome wheat. In this way the young Catholic will reap all the benefits to be derived from the reading of fiction, and will suffer none of the harm which indiscriminate reading would bring upon him.

Indiscriminate Reading.

NE of the greatest evils confronting us is the evil of indiscriminate reading, which is so prevalent amongst our Catholic young men and women of the present day. The casual observer cannot help but realize that it is one of the prolific sources of leakage in the Church in this country. The victims of indiscriminate reading are, for the most part, young boys and girls, who, after graduating from the public schools, or non-religious high-schools, begin the studies of life with good intentions, and are anxious for information. They have not received a Christian education, and, unhappily, seem to believe that whatever professes to be intellectual or scientific, must, in some way, be a source of information and advancement to the mind.

A young man, who attended to his religious duties with ordinary fidelity, expressed in my hearing, his entire disbelief in the existence of a personal devil. His reading had led him to that conclusion. But he had not made such a study of the Church as to be posted on both sides of the question, and had never even heard, for example, of Fr. Delaporte's little book entitled, "The Devil: Does He Exist? And What Does He Do?" Numerous examples might be cited of the evil results of indiscriminate reading. It must unfortunately be admitted that many have lost their hold on life, and now lead but an aimless existence, with no very definite purpose here, and no special hope for the future, but rather a doubt as to whether there is any future at all awaiting them: like King Arthur's, "all their mind is clouded with a doubt."

Cannot parents and guardians be made to understand something of the cause of this ruin of souls, and of the remedy, by showing them the reasonableness of the Church's position on this question of indiscriminate read-

ing, and her just claim to our obedience in so grave a matter? The English bishops, in one of their pastorals on Liberal Catholicism, mention indiscriminate reading as, "perhaps the most insidious form under which the poison of rationalism and unbelief is injected into the soul."

Many of our Catholic young men and women, too, take up books or magazines that lie about, and casually, as it were, turn to the cleverly written articles against their faith, which they find therein. minds have no tincture of philosophical or theological training; they possess no antidote to the poisonous draught. But they read on without excuse or necessity. allured by fashion, curiosity, or a desire to taste of forbidden fruit. Thus, whilst the teachings of God's Holy Church are belittled and deemed not even worthy of serious consideration and study, their minds are "confused and darkened," as the late Holy Father has expressed it, by the writings of Tolstoi, Ingersoll, Dowie, Mrs. Eddy, and by the false doctrines of Agnosticism, Christian Science, Theosophy, and so-called Divine Healers. Need we, then, be surprised to see that the indulgence in indiscriminate reading, carried on under the specious pretext of gathering knowledge from all sources, and of studying all sides of every question, so frequently ends in the weakening of the intellect, the destruction of the moral character, and the loss of faith in God and His Church?

Bishop Spalding warns us that "unless man's highest powers are stimulated and kept active, he falls into sensual indulgence or becomes the victim of a weak and skeptical temper, no longer able to believe anything, or to love anything with all his heart." This, he declares, "is the temper of decadent races or perishing civilizations, and of dying religions; by their fruits you shall know them." (St. Matt. vii., 16.) Are not such results as these sufficient to convince us that the

tree of indiscriminate reading from which they are gathered, must bear poisonous fruits, which can prove only injurious to the soul and the intellect of him who eats thereof?

How different are the results obtained by those who are docile to the Church's disciplinary regulations, and follow her guidance with simple, childlike trust and confidence! To all who are imbued with this spirit and a thirst for truth and knowledge, the Church addresses a fearless challenge to study truth as it is, to seek knowledge wherever it can truly be gathered, and to partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge confidently and to the heart's content.

On the question of what may or may not be safely read in literature, Brother Azarias, in his "Philosophy of Literature," lays down the following rule: first, every literary production that promotes, encourages, and strengthens truth and virtue, may be read with profit to soul and intellect; secondly, every literary production not opposed, in its spirit and bearing, to truth and virtue, and implying the necessity of both one and the other, may be read with safety; thirdly, every literary production, be its artistic qualities what they may, that scoffs at religion, disregards truth, looks upon morality as a prejudice into which men have been educated; that speaks lightly of any of these; that throws any, the least, aspersion upon them; that even in a negative manner, by losing sight of them, and treating subjects as though these eternal principles were not, thus insinuates that life is good without them-every such production is to be condemned, and its reading discouraged."

It is the hope of the writer that the considerations here suggested may arrest the attention of some of our Catholic youth to the folly of reading the writings of those modern scientists who are popular, of course, in our non-religious public schools, and whose works crowd the shelves of our public libraries—works which fill the minds of the unwary with an "acquired ignorance," which they then parade before their astonished listeners with all the self-complacency with which the vain peacock spreads his tail, and majestically turns it towards us, that we may admire its beauty. But in the latter case there is in reality a beauty to admire; whereas, in the former we can but wonder at the blindness of the poor youngster who is so fond of parading his laboriously acquired ignorance for our delectation.

Here in the United States, we can no longer complain of the poor literature at the command of Catholics. We have an abundance of the very best in all branches, with translations of some of the choicest works of other lands. Hence, those who persist in indiscriminate reading are indeed without excuse.

Why cannot a correct taste be cultivated in reading just as it can be cultivated in dress, companions, art, music, and numerous other things in our daily lives? A wholesome taste once acquired in literature, we readily detect the false and the misleading, and gladly turn away from it, to rid ourselves of the nausea, which, sooner or later, it is certain to produce.

H. H. MALONE, '08.



The Garden of the Soul.*

AN ALLEGORY.

IN THE lengthening days of Spring, when the young sprouts begin to shoot forth, it is found that during the Winter the garden has suffered sadly from neglect. Where last year there stood a beautiful cluster of lilies, now a rank thistle chokes the better stalks; where the roses gave forth their pleasing perfume, a growth of wild

^{*} Written on the occasion of the students' annual retreat.

vines almost hides the bushes from view; and those small flowers—pansies, hyacinths and crocuses—scattered about to give a more pleasing appearance, have been sadly neglected. To remove these evidences of negligence, and to enhance the beauty of our garden by a rearrangement of beds bright with a choice selection of flowers, each one, for a few days, lays aside all other work, and pauses to reflect on the changes he ought to make.

I stand at the head of my garden, and, concentrating my mind on the work in hand, plan how I shall go about my labors, where I shall begin, which stalks I shall dig up and cast away, which I shall nurse back to life, what new flowers I shall place within the borders, and what change I shall make in the walks and beds of the garden. I find that I have undertaken a great work, one which I fear I shall not be able to complete by myself; I know not where to begin, nor how to arrange the new flowers. I realize the necessity of the advice of some person expert in the art of gardening, and I go, with many others, to one who has spent years at that profession.

Such a one discourses on the beauty of a well-arranged bed of flowers, and tells us the causes of its desolation; he explains how these defects may be remedied, and tells us how to begin our work of renovation.

First, the walks and pathways not in accordance with our plan of beautifying, must be removed, and all traces of them eliminated; then the weeds and undergrowth must be cleared away, even uprooted, so that we may be able to attend to the stalks which they have hidden.

I go to my garden bearing in mind all the instructions I have received, and begin my work, marking out new paths and eliminating the old, at the same time cutting away the weeds and brambles.

Returning to our teacher, we receive our second lesson; we must rearrange the beds of roses and flowers of other descriptions, and make arrangements for their future welfare. The bed of lilies, which is to occupy the center of the garden, we shall leave untouched till another day, as the beauty or ugliness of the garden depends on this one cluster. When we have arranged the others as he has told us to, he begins his discourse on this one bed. We must put forth our utmost efforts to make it the center of attraction, the hub about which all the others are circled, and it must be the most artistic.

Long and diligently he lectures on the beauties of a cluster of lilies, on the causes leading to their desolation, and on the rapidity with which they can be destroyed. Then he suggests remedies for these evils, even to the discoloring of the leaves. His instructions are to be followed carefully, not for a short time, but daily, if we wish to preserve the flowers in all their beauty.

After telling how the plots of small, but none the less beautiful, flowers should be arranged, and of the daily care which they require, he asks us to come, each alone, after cutting and gathering the stalks and weeds and brambles. And each of us goes alone and lays before him the vile weeds and thorns and brambles, and we tell him of the changes we have made in our plans, and of our mode of operation in the future. After giving directions as to what shall be done to remove all traces of former desolation, he destroys the weeds that we have laid before him, and dismisses us, happy in having removed all that was unsightly, and in having restored our garden to its pristine loveliness.

CARROLL V. HALLEBAN, '04.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, M. J. RELIHAN, '04. ASSISTANT EDITOR, C. M. KEANE, '05. EXCHANGES, . . J. A. MALLOY, '04.

J. A. NELSON, '04.

LOCALS, . . . SOCIETIES,

ATHLETICS, . F. J. NEILAN, '05. ALUMNI, . . E. G. CURRAN, '07. . . H. H. MALONE, '08. . E. B. YELLIG, '04.

CONCERTS, BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06.

F. X. ROEHRIG, '07. P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

The New Year.

The bells from many a steeple have mournfully chanted the obsequies of the year just departed, and, with changed notes, have lustily and joyously rung in its successor. Nineteen hundred and three is now only a memory; it has gone with all its joys and sorrows, its surprises and disappointments. What the new year has in store for us, time only can tell. At its conclusion, shall we find that we have profited of our experience. and that we are wiser, more virtuous, and better qualified to accomplish our duty in life; or shall we be obliged to acknowledge that it has been a mere record of broken

resolutions, lost opportunities, and evil habits contracted or strengthened? What we are each day, that shall we be when the year has run its course. Now is the time for us to fashion the future. Let us "act in the living present," so that

"each to-morrow Finds us farther than to-day."

Instead of being discouraged by past shortcomings, let us manfully renew our good resolutions, and be animated by the inspiriting words of the poet, Park Benjamin:—

"Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—press on! press on!"

A Happy New Year to all!



A Plea For English Rugby.

Of late years we hear much of the "brutality" of Rugby foot-ball. While conceding that some sour dyspeptics use words incautiously, we must confess that those who complain of roughness in this our college game, have reason on their side. The effect of this cry is wholesome. There is little danger that our young students will abandon the athletic field for the billiard-room, and anything tending to eliminate some of the roughness of Rugby will only make it more popular.

Now it seems to us that the roughness of which people complain is inherent in the form of the game we play, and that minor changes can have only small results. We would then venture to suggest to footballers the introduction of the English Rugby system, with the high degree of development to which it has attained. There are many reasons that will suggest themselves to our readers to wish that the American Colleges and Universities could meet those of the old country on a common football field. We shall only refer to the principal reason for the proposed introduction: that our game is excessively rough, and does not easily lend itself to improvement.

There are two principal disturbance-breeders in our game: first, the "5 yard rule;" second, the "interference" system. The rule by which the ball-holders must advance 5 yards on three attempts renders every inch of ground important, and is responsible for that continuous strain, those frequent disputes about the position of the ball, as well as those fierce charges and "linebuckings" in which so many players go down. This rule however is one of the essentials of the game, and is the base of the whole system of tactics. In the "interference," we have another element of roughness, as well as an essential rule of play. At every down each player must come into violent contact with his opponent even when neither has the ball; many accidents result, as hands cannot be used, but the bodies meet and then we have "the survival of the fittest." All the brilliant teamwork is only a means to make this interference as effective as possible, and to change this would be to make a new game. Thus the game contains in its own essence the elements of its "roughness," which render serious change impossible.

Now let us catch the idea of Rugby in England. It has no "5 yard rule." When the ball is out of play, the "forwards" (eight on each side) line up in three rows of 3, 3 and 2, one row behind the other. They put down their heads; the opponents in the first line have their shoulders together, while, with head down, the other two lines push from behind. Each side has two half-backs.

One of them now puts the ball into the middle of the "scrummage," and each side tries to get it by using their feet, for hands are forbidden in the scrummage. The better shovers "get possession," let the ball back fast to the half, who tries to make an opening, transfers to one of the four "three-quarters," who now pass it among themselves while advancing, till the wing man tries to get in a good punt before being brought to earth. The ball, when kicked out of play, is again put into the scrummage, and so will belong to the better workers, and the ground secured by the kick is gained. There is in this way a premium on good punting, one of the requisite qualifications of a three-quarter back.

In the English game there is no interference; on the contrary, to embarrass an opponent who has not the ball is an offense for which a "penalty" kick is allowed. Each player marks "his man," but only to bring him to ground when he gets the ball. By skillful passing when on the point of being tackled, they keep the ball well in motion, and instead of trying to obstruct their opponents, they hold themselves ready either to "grass" them if they receive the ball or to evade them when they themselves are in possession.

There is another striking difference in the English method of playing which, at first sight, seems to favor the American game—the complete absence of signals. There are tricks, but the knowledge of these and of the time to play them is a part of the training of the team, and need not be referred to on the field. This has the advantage of leaving much initiative to individual players, who each develops his own style; and, moreover, the very absence of interference makes signals unnecessary.

These are the essential differences between the English and American forms of Rugby, and we see they are radical. In the English game, only the man who has the ball is downed. This means that there is only one chance in their system to eleven in ours of players' being hurt.

Speed counts for more; there is more open play, more kicking, and even the ball may be kicked along the ground as in an Association game. There are few of those accidents which require "time-out." The teams play all the time of the two thirty minutes, so that a game supposed to last an hour will not be protracted to two. One man performs the duties of referee, umpire and time-keeper. The Rugby season commences at the beginning of October and lasts till April.

If we put aside our national prejudices and borrow "Rugby" in reality as well as in name, much will have been done to secure the lasting popularity of a noble outdoor exercise.



A Rival Traction Company?

We all favor improvement and progress; we all have special tendencies in that direction in the matter of rapid transit and transportation, because ours is a day of feverish activity and inter-communication. However, it is imprudent to hail every new scheme as a boon, should we not rather aid and encourage actual conditions and their managers until competitors shall have been fully considered and found beneficial? Our Dailies have for several months issued reports on the newly projected street railway available for our city, and many applaud the entrance of a rival company as an instant and certain remedy for cramped circulation in Pittsburg. We are declared to be far behind other cities in regard to down-town street car service.

If we reflect a little, it becomes apparent that our city has achieved astonishing progress in the past few years. We all recall the horse cars of a few years ago, and these were an immense blessing at the time. We wondered how we could ever have done without them: in fact, very soon after, we felt they were so advantageous

that a more elaborate system was anticipated by the public mind. The cable car followed, but its introduction was a slow and costly undertaking, a difficulty scarcely appreciated by the people or the authorities, who suddenly expected perfect service where there had been absolutely no preliminary work attempted—no car halls erected, no lines laid, no cars procured, no routes secured or even mapped out, and but scanty patronage developed. The cable car was succeeded, in 1890, by the electric cars, which all parties welcomed as amply efficient, of fine appearance, and in consonance with the trend of modern invention. Passengers thenceforward began to multiply, for street car riding, like everything else, must grow upon people; they are educated to it. In 1895, an elaborate network was spread over the two cities, and, in a very brief period, to and through the suburbs. suburbs are numerous, important, and, in some cases, distant from the city proper. And, by the way, let us be fair right here, and not expect too many transfers! How can we expect any company to transfer us, for instance, from McKeesport to McKee's Rocks, over 20 miles, for a nickel? Yet some would insist that it is a straight trip along the river bank that ought to be conducted on the transfer system, forgetting that the steam railway companies, who have been longer in the field, and will not stop at every corner to accommodate you, charge three cents a mile, or 60 cents for 20 miles.

Small companies found it unprofitable to carry on business; they merged and we consequently saw two large concerns loom into the fore, the Consolidated Traction Company and the United Traction Company. The former had all the advantages at the outset, holding the lines in the city proper, and having strong representation in the city's government, but gradually the Consolidated manifested a disposition to sell out. This is evidence that the work had to be operated on a close margin. Possibly, a certain number in their employ had

acquired a facility for "knocking down" fares without detection, but it is one of the solicitudes of a managing department to control the collection and registration of fares, and it is one of the marks of genius to associate reliable men to every large enterprise. Finally, the United Traction Company, previously relegated to the background and to the side issues of the street car map, bought out the Consolidated, and became the Pittsburg Railways Company.

The last named company has placed upon our principal "runs" the most handsome cars designed. About 20 cars a minute pass each other at a given spot along Fifth Avenue, and there are fewer accidents than could possibly have been expected in a locality like ours, with intense activity in hampered quarters. The management has proven itself highly capable, and there has long been a standing joke among the carmen that the Chief Despatcher, Mr. Callahan, apparently knew the whereabouts of every man and car in the service, at any moment of the day or night, and regularly appeared just in time to prevent an accident or a hitch.

Nevertheless, complaints arose—cause for which shall be considered further—that circulation was not open and rapid enough and cars were often jammed. An elevated road seemed desirable and two years ago a Charter was proposed and granted therefor: its execution was defeated by the property holders. Certainly, an elevated road is very objectionable, not so much to those far removed, but to the neighbors whose second-story windows could be inspected from the cars, and through which the rumbling of the trolley entering would disturb the slumbers of many a sickly child or jaded laborer. Accidents, moreover, are rather the accompaniments of elevated than of other routes. They also increase the mill tax, and deeply mar the city's beauty.

What should be said concerning cramped street car conditions in our city? Above all, let us bear in mind

the inevitable fact that the fundamental obstacle is nowise the fault of the Traction Company, namely, that the streets of Pittsburg-admirable in diversity of sceneare crooked, hilly and narrow, and further, that the heart of our city, the pivot of circulation, is about the smallest among all cities of equal importance, energy, and population the world over. The routes of flat, monotonously built, cities are aptest for street car manipulation. The aggressiveness and progressiveness of "Tom" Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland and its Traction Magnate, has rendered prominent the street railway system of that city. And, immediately, it strikes us, that instead of our "hump" on Fifth from Grant to Smithfield, the real center of Pittsburg, Cleveland has Superior Street miles in length, straight, broad, level, with a row of tracks that enables the company piloting its population hither and thither to manoeuvre a great number of cars with comparative ease, rapidity, and security. How a Pittsburg Despatcher's heart would leap with joy, could he but awake some fine morning to find a Superior Street replacing that hump. Which of our down-town streets offers room for a half-dozen tracks? Across the lake from Cleveland, Detroit boasts of commodious street car service, but is not Detroit level as Lake Erie's surface and regularly planned? Is it not a treat to mount a skyscraper at evening, and scan the long, even rows of electric lights that mark the outline of the city? Glancing eastward, we are confronted by a splendid array of broad and level streets in the great cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia. Let us then remember that circumstances alter cases.

To one reflecting on the chances of one car blocking a continuous line of them, when we have few tracks, few and narrow streets, and a large, active population, it is slightly mysterious that our ingress and egress at the down-town district are so unimpeded and that we can so swiftly arrive at the city limits in any direction. If plans were not skilfully formed or not correctly executed by those polite, though cool and nervy, young men in the Traction employ, we would probably not travel on schedule time, or see so few accidents, for one of the surest and shortest roads to accidents is to run out of schedule time. Even the limitation of transfers forces such as mind their nickels to board a through car and not slacken traffic by frequent changes.

The introduction of a new company would be no encouragement to the one now at work, unless the latter forsee the failure of the former. Carmen might grow negligent when a rival company would need men. The competition could not one whit widen, lengthen, straighten, or level the heart of Pittsburg's territory, which is the key of the situation. No one is to be blamed: it is a natural difficulty, offset by the beauty of the scenery and other advantages, but a fact notwithstanding, and much congratulation is due those who have thus far encountered it so ably and persistently in the public welfare.



EXCHANGES.

Lack of space prevented our reviewing any of our exchanges last month, although we read them all with pleasure, and noted especially some beautiful and appropriate thoughts on the dying year and the holy souls.

It is evident that the students of St. Mary's take great interest in their organ, *The Dial*. The contributions represent all the classes, and are without exception highly finished. In the December number, the poem, "Cor Contritum," sheds a balm on the soul weighed down with its weakness and sin. "King Winter" and "Star of the Sea" convey beautiful and salutary thoughts through the medium of musical verse. The story of "Walter

Emmett's Victory' is finely wrought, and keeps up the interest to the last. But best of all are the essays, "The Truth about Galileo' and Self-Reliance." The latter urges the young to practise that quality which, when not pushed to presumption, will enable them to make such good use of their powers.

The Waynesburg Collegian publishes scarcely anything but local news. In the December issue, however, there is one striking article, entitled, "The Future, a Book—not a Sword." In a strong, nervous style it predicts that at no distant day, the milennium, the age of peace, will dawn upon the world. While there are indications that there will come a time when wars will cease, it is an excess of optimism to expect that all bitterness and friction between man and man will come to an end as long as human nature remains as it now is.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The St. Ignatius' Collegian, a newcomer, to which we extend a hearty welcome, Agnetian Monthly, St. Joseph's Collegian, The Transylvanian, St. Anthony's Monthly, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Spectator, The Fordham Monthly.

OUR LADY OF VICTORY.

We are indebted to Rev. C. J. Plunkett, C. S. Sp., for the annual publication, "Our Lady of Victory," edited by the confraternity of which he is local director.

Apart from the saintly excellence of the work, the galaxy of writers of high repute who contribute to its pages, heightens its literary value and makes its perusal of peculiar interest. The productions of Eleanor C. Donnelly and Isabel Nixon Whiteley, both prominent in the world of Catholic letters, are sufficient criteria of its literary worth; while the translation of a poem of the late pope, commemorative of Our Lady of Victory, indicates the exalted tenor of the work.

"Martinique," by Rev. J. M. Desnier, C. S. Sp.,

is a vivid portrayal of the volcanic eruption which dismantled the beautiful city of San Pierre and its suburban towns, and is a touching tribute to the memory of a zealous co-laborer in religion, who died with his flock. Father Desnier is one of the few survivors of the disaster, and the facts recorded are the testimony of an eye witness.

The contributions of the other writers are of the highest order and eminently qualified for their post of honor, that of rendering grateful praises to our Lady of Victory.

SPECIAL NUMBER OF ST. COLMAN'S QUARTERLY.

For a Catholic, who is proud of his Church, and proud of his country, there is nothing perhaps that interests him more than to study the growth, silent but rapid, of the Faith over the length and breadth of our fair land. What more gratifying spectacle than to see handsome new churches springing up, as if by magic. all around us! For years, pastor and people toil along, suffer inconveniences of all sorts, crowd into a little church, badly lighted and badly heated, but which was the best our forefathers could do, and which was very much, indeed, when we consider the times and the places in which they lived. Then suddenly the news is spread that a new church is planned, and that it is the landable ambition of pastor and people to rival every other structure in the diocese, in beauty of finish and detail, if not in size. The rich man gives of his abundance, and the poor cast in their mites-often their all, and by and by invitations are sent out to come and see the new temple and assist at its dedication. A solemn and joyous Te Deum is chanted by all the people. who can rest now, and enjoy the fruits of their labors. Such is the history of nearly every church in our country, and such also is the history of St. Colman's Church, Turtle Creek, Allegheny County, Pa., as told in a special

number of St. Colman's Quarterly. This number is certainly a most handsome and appropriate souvenir of the dedication, of interest not only to the parishioners of the zealous pastor, Rev. W. A. Cunningham, but to the general reader also, as it contains a historical sketch of the parish, the old church and school, the various pastors and assistants, the sisters, a realistic description of the new church, together with profuse illustrations. We sincerely thank Father Cunningham for the copy sent.



During the dreary winter months, outdoor games are an impossibility, yet the spirits of the resident students never droop, for the college, unlike many schools, has excellent facilities for making the long recreation hours agreeable. The library is thrown open, the concert hall supplies many parlor games, and the piano is rarely silent, Harry Slater or Raoul Borde being the presiding genius. But the gymnasium is the scene of greatest activity. At any moment during free time, one may see the Drakes throwing somersaults or "bending a crab;" Jack Charles, with all the skill and neatness of an artist. going through a series of difficult exercises on the horizontal bar: Ben Campbell accomplishing the long-arm walk on parallel bars; McGuigan, Dowling, Rutledge, Cawley, Keating, and Connolly practising "knock-offs" and swings; and Vislet and Turnblacer executing hand-springs over the buck.

As soon as the weather will permit, the deciding game of a series for handball honors will be arranged. The palm of victory lies between Murphy and Rankin, on the one side, and McGeehin and Arens, on the other. In the singles, the result will be very doubtful; both Hayes

and Keating are experts, the former's killing shots being offset by the latter's wonderful ambidexterity.

Baseball enthusiasts have not been inactive. On December 7, the members of last year's crack team reelected Edward L. Davin captain, and Michael J. Relihan and Joseph B. Keating managers. A schedule is being arranged with the leading colleges, amateur, and professional teams in Western Pennsylvania, and we confidently predict a banner season for the 'Varsity eleven. The best attractions will be seen on the college campus, and visitors will be treated to first-class exhibitions of the National game. To help to defray the expenses of the visiting teams, it has been decided to call upon the students to manifest a practical interest in the work of the managers by disposing of at least one season ticket between the new year and Easter vacation. These tickets entitle the holders to assist at all games on the college campus for the moderate price of one dollar. The paoceeds will go to the support of the several teams.

F. J. NEILAN '05.



CONCERTS.

Since our last issue we have had four entertainments, three on Sunday evenings and one prior to the Christmas holidays. The orchestra and mandolin club deserve our congratulations for the successful and finished rendering of many choice selections. Messrs. Relihan, Arens, and Connolly contribute largely to the enjoyment of the evening with up-to-date songs; and Messrs. Malone, Curran, McGuigan and Tull round out the programme with recitations both grave and gay. So far the best speech delivered in the debates was Mr. H. E. Gaynor's effort on the prospects of a young man's financial success.

On the last day of school, members of the gymnastic team gave us a brilliant exhibition of club swinging, exercises on the parallel bars, and figures on the Roman ladders.

The programmes:—
November 29.

Overture, Arrival of the Gecks, Moret, Orchestra; Recitation, Bernardo del Carpio, J. J. Dekowski; Mandolin Trio, Pauline Waltzes, Henlein, Messrs. Pietrczyki, Jackson and McKnight, accompanied by C. V. Halloran; Song, Alabama, Mr. J. Riley; Waltz, Neome, Gustin, Orchestra; Recitation, The Face of the Old School Clock, B. McGuigan; Mandolin Trio, Bidelia, Jerome and Schwartz, Messrs. Pietrczyki, Jackson, and McKnight, accompanied by C. V. Halloran; The Woodbird's Song, A. A. Aretz, T. J. Kuhn, J. I. Coyle, J. L. Tugman; March, Daisy Donohue, Adams and Mullen, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Hamlet's madness was real: Chairman, J. A. Nelson; Affirmative, C. M. Keane; Negative, C. V. Halloran.

DECEMBER 6.

March, The White Slave, Bertrand, Orchestra; Duet, Bidelia, M. J. Relihan, F. X. Arens; Serenade, In Morocco, Hoffheimer, Orchestra; Recitation, The Baron's Last Banquet, J. L. Jaworski; Waltz, The Band Played on. Beyer, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That Washington was superior to Lincoln; Chairman, L. J. Zindler; Affirmative, E. F. Jackson and J. McKavney; Negative, F. M. Howard and F. X. Roehrig.

DECEMBER 13.

Overture, The Sunbeam and the Rose, Bryan and Mullen, Orchestra; Song, A Sailor's Grave, Glee Club; Recitation, St. Patrick's Vision, P. A. Tull; Two Step, Dolly Dimple, Haines, Orchestra; Song, Farewell, But Whenever, M. J. Relihan, F. X. Arens; Recitation,

Rienzi's Address, J. J. Dekowski; Piano Solo, A Night on the Waves, E. G. Curran; March, Y. M. C. A., Anstead, Orchestra; Debate, Resolved, That the average young man of to-day has a better opportunity to make life a success financially than his forefathers; Chairman, A. B. Bejenkowski; Affirmative, J. A. Pobleschek, W. F, Merz; Negative, R. L. Hayes, H. E. Gaynor.

DECEMBER 18.

Overture, Silver Bells, Orchestra;
Song, Sleep On Thou Mighty Dead, Select Choir;
Mandolin Quintet, Over the Waves,

Messrs. Pietrczyki, Haley, Jackson, McKnight, and J. M. Geier, accompanied by C. V. Halleran:

Gymnastic Exercises, Indian Clubs, Select Team; Characteristic, Dance of the Honey Bees, Orchestra; Recitation, The Young Man Waited, Song, Oh, Promise Me, R. T. Ennis; Gymnastic Exercises, Parallel Bars, Select Team; Intermezzo, The Grip, Orchestra; Duet, Home Ain't Nothin' Like This, J. V. Connolly; Recitation, Jes a Line to Riley, H. H. Malone; Gymnastic Exercises, Roman Ladders, Select Team; Mandolin Quintet, Bidelia,

Messrs. Pietrczyki, Haley, Jackson, McKnight, and J. M. Geier, accompanied by C. V. Halleran;

Chorus, Golden Land of Peace, Glee Club; Finale, Harvard March, Orchestra.

Gymnastic Team: Messrs. McGuigan, Campbell, Dowling, McDermott, Robert Rutledge, Vislet, Cawley, Connolly, Kehoe, Kuhn, Hannigan, Turnblacer, R. Drake, F. Drake, Miller, Coyle, Charles, O'Hara, Carraher, Keating, Spengler, Zaremba, Malloy, Petgen, Cummings.



OUR ALUMNI.

Their many friends will hail with pleasure the announcement of the ordination to the priesthood of Rev. Theodore Maniecki, Rev. Francis Retka, and Rev. William Downes, and to the deaconate of Rev. Joseph Callahan and Charles Rudolph.

Miss Mary E. Donovan and Mortimer W. Flanigan, '99, were united in matrimony on Thanksgiving morning in the Church of the Annunciation.

William J. Lamb is head book-keeper for Messrs. Darr, Luke, and Moore, Brokers, 202 Times Building.

We are sorry to hear that Hyacinth M. Hartigan was accidentally shot through the leg lately. Father Griffin, who called to see him at his home in Mount Pleasant, reports that he is progressing favorably.

During the month of December, the Grim Reaper was busy amongst our past students. Joseph T. Monaghan died on the 7th, Dennis A. Buckley on the 25th, and Edward L. Reilly on the 26th. They were called away in early manhood, when their virtuous lives diffused the sweetest odor and were fairest to behold. From the first moment of their illness they expressed no fear of death, but resigned themselves to God's holy will, mingling prayers with their sighs, and finally, fortified by the sacraments and whispering the loved names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, they sank into that sleep which knows no wakening. To their surviving relatives we tender the expression of our respectful and sincere sympathy. With them we mourn the loss of dutiful sons and model students. The pain of separation is soothed by the thought that the dear departed have merely gone before to pray for those they left behind, and, after a few short years, to welcome them on the threshold of eternity, where partings are no more and joy forever dwells.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X.

Pittsburg, Pa., February, 1904.

No. 5.

3or Ever Gone!

The darkness was deep and sick were the winds,
And the withering storm in riot shrilled,
And tapped at the windows behind the blinds,
And skipped in its dance to a tune that filled,
So mournfully, dismally, darksomely drear,
My soul to its depths with uttermost fear,
That I sank into nothingness, helpless and faint,
Unaware of the grinding and blinding and glare,
Nor hearing the thunders' loud, swelling complaint,
Nor the wails of the clamoring, turbulent air—
The withering, clamoring, turbulent air!

Thus poised in oblivion's balance I swung,
Unconscious of anything, everything, all,
Until, given birth by some terrible tongue,
Resounded a voice like a maledict brawl
Among heaven's outcasts who warringly dwell
In the caverns and chasms and antres of hell.
Yet seemingly human its miscreate sound,
More louder than din, surged menacing in,
To start me full out of my faint with a bound,
And a weight on my heart like remorse for some sin—
Some deadly, deep-rooted, horrible sin!

In terror I cried, "Who is it that calls
So mildly, without, this demoniac night,
Under these cataract, arrowy palls
That Mars and the mists and the wrathful might
Of Malebolgian gloom have fused into rain,
Seemingly purposed for naught but to drain
The whole hollow of heaven dry of her tears
So her laving might purge the earth of its scars
And its doubts and its strifes and its violent fears
And its unholy killings and murders and wars—
Its butchering, blood-drinking, odious wars!"

"Stop! oh, my keeper-of-once," was its cry,
"For thine own tormented self art the cause
Of my lingering here to see thy soul die
In the network of tangled and long-broken laws,
Which first destroyed me and then cast me aside,
And bade me with demons and devils abide,
And never return to thy hearth nor thy heart,
Where once my fair joy was the only defense—
The one only subterfuge, one only act—
Of thy soul for its saving—thy lost Innocence—
Thy cast-aside, spurned and lost Innocence!"

A. McCann.



Letter From Rome.

AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME, December 26, 1903.

MY DEAR FATHER McDERMOTT:

I am grateful to you for your thoughtfulness in sending me the copies of the "Bulletin." Their arrival brought back to me your request to write to the "Bulletin," and my promise to do so, but when I saw its new form, embellished externally and internally, and the literary excellence of its contents, I concluded that my "copy" would be rejected for lack of merit. This relieves me from the stress of a great anxiety, and instead of writing an article, I will fulfil my promise and send you personally a letter which will not have to stand the criticisms of the distinguished gentlemen who occupy the "Sanctum" of the "Bulletin." I will have to be brief, however, as "life is short and time is fleeting," and here we have less time than anything else.

I presume you don't want descriptions. The volumes with which every library abounds can give you far better descriptions than I could ever hope to. If, however, you should ask me my own personal impressions after having been here a few days, I should begin by saying that Rome first impresses one with the consciousness of how little he knows. In a few minutes' walk more history—ancient, mediæval and modern—passes before you than you could learn in years. For instance, you gaze upon the Pantheon, with an inscription upon its entablature to the effect that Agrippa built it, and for the first time in your life, perhaps, the name of Agrippa occurs to you. Cæsar you know, and Augustus you know, but who was Agrippa?

Or, perhaps, you pass through the Salarian Gate, and you are told it was through that arch that the barbarian

hordes from the North poured out their millions the day the great Roman empire fell, but the various details necessary to grasp and appreciate the scene, alas! you know not.

Or, perhaps, when entering St. Peter's, your eye falls upon the huge inscription over the entrance, stating that "Paulus V. Burghesius" dedicated that cathedral to the Prince of the Apostles, and immediately you ask who was Paul V., and what means the word "Burghesius"?

Day after day you enter a church built, perhaps, in the style of architecture known as Italian renaissance; or it may be you visit a Basilica, and you see there frescoes and paintings by artists of the pre-Raphaelite school, or a cinquecento tomb, or an altar of Florentine mosaic; but the distinctive characteristics of Italian renaissance, or why a certain church is called a Basilica, or wherein lies the difference of works of art executed before and after Raphael, or in what precise manner a tomb of the fifteenth century differs from one of the fifth century, or how to detect Florentine from other mosaics—all these, and they could be multiplied indefinitely, are problems which must be reserved for future study, and you return home crushed and humbled by the profundity of your own ignorance, regretting that there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and disconsolate because there is so much to learn, and so little time in which to acquire any knowledge.

In Pittsburg one never fully realizes the universality of the Church, and while there are a dozen or more nationalities in the cathedral parish, yet it requires an effort of the mind to conceive the Church embracing in one fold all nations of the earth. In Rome, however, instead of this great truth being something away off down there in the distant valley, it is a fact brought home to the senses day by day.

At the Propaganda, where students of many of the national colleges in Rome attend the lectures, you meet representatives from almost every country in the world.

They come from the frozen steppes of Russia, to the burning sands of the Sahara; from China, Egypt, Australia, Brazil, and the islands of the Pacific; from Catholic Spain and Protestant England; from Pagan India and Infidel Turkey. You see newly-converted Jews from New York, as well as Syrians who were Catholics at a time when history seems all but lost in the twilight of fable. You find Arabians from Mecca, Greeks from Athens, Americans from Los Angeles, Negroes from the interior of Africa, yellow Mongolians from Cochin China, and brown-skinned Malays from the remotest verge of the outer world.

Out of the 500 or more students attending the lectures at the Propaganda, about 120 belong to the Propaganda College, properly so called, the various national colleges contributing the remainder. These 120 students are of such widely diverse races that they speak more than forty different languages. A moment before the bell rings for class, it is interesting to mingle among them in the corridors, and to listen to the babel of tongues. But when the professor takes his place to lecture, at the sound of his discourse in Latin, the universal medium of intercourse, what was a moment before a discordant medley has been hushed into marvelous unity.

But if Latin is the sole bond of intercourse between the various races, it is worthy of note that a large percentage of the students in Rome are learning English, and many of them are able to speak it, if not fluently, at least sufficiently well to make themselves understood; in their anxiety to become proficient they use every possible pretext to talk in English.

Among the English-speaking students it is impossible to pass over the fact that those of Irish birth or extraction form a very large proportion of the total number. This is especially so in the English, Scotch and American colleges, while the Irish college itself has more than forty students. The familiar saying of Newman, half a century ago, that the English language and the Irish race were

overrunning the world, seems here to have some verification.

It is difficult to understand how any one who visits Rome can escape having one great fact forced into his mind until it settles there and becomes part of himself. It is that Rome belongs to the Popes. One can scarcely walk a hundred yards without meeting numerous inscriptions, giving abundant evidence of the constructive and restorative energy of a long line of Sovereign Pontiffs, and their field of activity seems to have been unbounded, embracing everything from the decoration of churches to the building of bridges; from the erection of fortresses to protect the city from invasion during the terrors of war, to the construction of beautiful fountains to delight the eve and ear in the piping times of peace; from the founding of museums to shelter the highest achievements of art, to the paving of the city streets. They seem to have been equally at home, whether projecting a university or building an aqueduct, and in almost every case their designs have been carried out on a scale of stability and grandeur which cannot but excite our admiration. If effects are proportioned to their causes, then the Popes who have been the authors of all that makes Rome great have been endowed with rare and splendid qualities.

It is due to the Papacy that there are any ruins of the Roman Empire still existing, and the frequent inscriptions about the Coliseum, the Forum, and the innumerable other monuments of antiquity, show how the preserving arm of the Popes has ever been stretched forth to arrest the destroying hand of time.

There is not a single gallery or museum of art of any consequence in Rome that cannot be referred, directly or indirectly, to the munificence and patronage of the Popes, and although the Italian government has despoiled the Papacy of its possessions, like Banquo's ghost, the evidence of their crime will not down, as one instance amply testifies.

The Quirinal, formerly the residence of the Popes, but now the royal palace, has over its entrance marble statues of the Madonna and Child, and Saints Peter and Paul, and an inscription stating that Pope Paul V. built it in 1615. In the Piazza, in front of it, Pius VI. erected an obelisk, with statues at its base, while close by it a beautiful fountain, erected by Pius VII., plays into a magnificent basin of Egyptian granite. Across the street is a building with the Papal arms, adorned with numerous statues, and having an inscription stating that it was erected by Clement XII.—all of which the government has seized; so that the King of Italy cannot enter his own palace nor go out of it without having it flaunted in his face a hundred times that he is a usurper.

It has just occurred to me that this letter is much longer than I intended to make it, but when one begins to talk about Rome it is difficult to stop.

Please give my kiudest regards to Father Hehir, and all the professors and students, and with the assurance of my best wishes for your present and future, I am, sincerely,

T. F. COAKLEY, '03.



Student Life In Ancient Athens.

E READ so much to-day about colleges and college life, college men and college fraternities, and particularly about hazing, that it is well to consider the origin of these institutions. Many, no doubt, are of the opinion that they are inventions of modern times, or, at least, have not a long history. The truth is that they are as old as higher education itself, and their birth-place is probably its birth-place also.

Libanios, the preceptor of St. Chrysostom and a renowned rhetorician, St. Basil the Great, and St. Gregory Nazianzen, have all left us some, though not extended, accounts of the great University of Athens, and we use them as our authorities for the student life of the third and fourth centuries after Christ.

Situated as it is on the verge of the continent, Athens seemed hardly suited for the duties of a central metropolis of knowledge; yet, what it lost by the unfavorableness of its position, the neighborhood to the traditions of East and West, and the loveliness of the region about, easily compensated. Washed by the blue Aegean, surrounded by the deep pastures of Arcadia, and the rich plain of Argos, and enclosed, as it were, in an atmosphere, the salubrity of which is nowhere surpassed, Athens possessed a charm which nowhere else can be had in the same perfection, and which is a striking emblem of its genius (Cf. Newman, Athens).

As far back as the days of Pisistratus, the idea of a great school was thought of and fondly cherished. Cimon, however, was the one to give it a home, and he built the first of those noble porticos so famous in Athens, and formed the groves which eventually became the celebrated Academy. Pericles continued the work, and by his liberal patronage of the arts did much to heighten the prestige of his native city. Then came the Peloponnesian wars, and the political power of Athens waned and disappeared, but the city of the poet and the sage continued to flourish. And thither the Scythian, the Armenian, the African, the Italian and the Gallic student wended his long and difficult way to breathe in the wisdom which fell from the mouths of the philosophers. Even in the time of Julian the Apostate, Athens was still the great university of the world, and had changed but little since the days of Cicero and Horace.

National associations had gradually sprung up in Athens, which, to a certain extent, resemble our modern fraternities. We read of an "unfettered Sparta," "Theseides," "Heraclides," "Cappadocians," and several others.

Their great object was to induce as many as possible of the "novices" to attend the lectures of their favorite professor, and to swell the number of the adherents of his opinions. And the way they accomplished this was really amusing. Even before the young aspirant to knowledge reached Athens, he was met at Piræus, or at the promontory of Sunion, by rival claimants. Fierce encounters followed, clubs were used, and even swords drawn. Libanios speaks of set battles between the "Lacedaemonians" and the "Cappadocians," which usually terminated in the ringleaders' being brought before the authorities. Scars received in such encounters were boasted of as marks of valor by many of the most prominent men of the time.

When the new arrival had been thus won, he was dubbed "novice," or, as we should say, "freshman," and his real initiation began. He had hardly entered the city when he was seized by parties of teasing academic youths, who at once proceeded to ridicule and mock his awkwardness and ignorance. They surrounded him, and with shouts and yells, tried to frighten and to banter and to make a fool of him to the full extent of their wit. This performance had to be endured by every student who entered Athens. Indeed, we read of but one exception to this rule. When St. Basil the Great, then a catechumen, came to Athens, he was met by his friend, St. Gregory, and, through his influence and protection, was exempted from the foregoing initiations.

After the preliminary trial, or approbation, followed the solemn reception. According to Olympiodorus, the candidate was conducted in solemn procession across the Agora to the Baths. As they approached, those in advance danced around him like madmen, and with howling and pushing tried to prevent him from entering, while those in the rear, by a series of rushes, succeeded in gaining the entrance. He bathed, and his trial was at an end; for the bath was a sort of initiation. He received the

pallium, or university gown, and was suffered by his tormentors to depart in peace. A banquet, to which even the professors were invited, closed this eventful day. St. Gregory Nazianzen finds no fault with these customs, in which he himself had participated. They are caricatured imitations of the initiations into the Orphean or Eleusinian mysteries, and are, to say the least, childish and harmless. One might wonder at such exhibitions in so famed a university, but we must attribute it to human nature. We read of similar customs in the great mediæval universities, which are still very much in vogue in our modern ones.

But the student's troubles were by no means ended. He was hereafter to play his part in all demonstrations and hostile encounters. He was unceremoniously seized by several bands; one wanting to find him a boarding-house, another to induce him to attach himself to his favorite sophist. When he had finished his course of studies, and the day of departure arrived, his companions and equals, and sometimes his professors, collected about him; valedictories were pronounced, words of regret spoken, and even tears shed. "For," says St. Gregory, "nothing is so sad for those who have lived together in Athens as to part from this city and one another."

There was, of course, no lack of rudeness in some of the Athenian student body. They seemed to take special delight in breaking up lectures. "When the students are invited to a public lecture," writes Libanios, "they approach as if walking on ropes, and before they enter, they arouse the indignation of those already assembled by their hesitating manner. Hisses, curses, and shuffling of feet greet the stragglers. When the lecture has begun, they entertain themselves by talking about the races, theatres or dances, or about a coming gladiatorial contest. Either they do not applaud at all, or, by their feigned applause, spoil that which is real, and by communicating invented

news, try to drive away as many as possible from the lectures."

But the better portion of the youths studied diligently, and used Athens honestly for the purpose for which they professed to seek it. But many placed the wine-suppers above the lecture-room, and thus failed to profit by their sojourn in Athens. "One drinking bout followed another," says Libanis; "they even spent the money which their parents gave them to pay the tutors, "in playing the races," and dicing, and even worse."

In these symposia the toast-master determined the ratio of wine and water to be used and the toasts to be drunk. At first they drank out of small, flat shells; then at the word of the toast-master, goblets and horns were used. Toasts were drunk to the melody of the flute. Song, music and dance were the regular accompaniments of the symposium. There were often wild scenes enacted -real Bacchanalian revels. "Sometimes," writes St. Basil, "a fellow would step into the middle of the room, and challenge his companions to drink together out of the same vessel by means of reeds. When these had been distributed amongst the company, the signal was given, and all drank in one breath, like steers out of the same trough. Full of wine, they rambled about the city, broke into the houses of poor citizens, sang and bellowed until everyone was awake. Oftentimes they whipped the protesting tradesman, and even the very eye of the law was not spared."

Not even the professors were treated with respect if they in any way made themselves hateful to the pupils. There are several instances on record showing that hazing was practised on them by the students. But in most cases the commanding personality and great learning of the teacher procured him the love and respect of his

listeners.

In the course of time this life at the university became so loose and unrestrained, and at times even brutal, that Justinian was obliged to legislate against hazing. But even after the suppression of the schools of Athens, these customs continued. Christian students practised them, as we learn from the Trallan Canons, and, as we all know, they are in vogue to some extent in our own day.

Your Guardian Angel.

Ever guarding, ever guiding,
Hovers your sweet angel near,
Joying at each act of virtue,
Shedding at each sin a tear.

He is with you when th' impostor From the fiery realms below Tells to you with tones deceitful Sinful pleasures bring not woe.

He is present when the arch-fiend,
With a more than Siren strain,
From the calm sea of God's service
To the rocks of sin would fain

Tempt you to your own destruction—
Wreck you distant from your port—
Lest you gain the throne that he had
Lost through pride in Heaven's court.

Then your guardian angel whispers
Words of warning in your ear,
Telling you to steer right onward,
Having naught to gain or fear

From the wily tempter. He will Guide you safe o'er life's broad sea Spite of tempests, spite of shallows—Safe in spite of mutiny.

For his service thank him daily With a loving, grateful heart; List unto his inspirations Till, his mission o'er, you part.

PHILIP G. MISKLOW, '07.

Pantheism and Spinoza.

HOUGH a matter of no real moment to Philosophy, yet the pertinent knowledge derived from a cursory glance at founders and their systems has facilitated the explanation of many curious facts, and proved that there is a relation between intellects and their products stronger than that of mere accidental speculation to a deduced conclusion. The false systems originated by the savants of modern times are not the offsprings of intellects radically defective, but rather of minds swayed and turned by subtle exterior causes-not the results of a consciously illogical course of reasoning, but of views predisposed by natural bent. To assert the contrary would be to compromise the sincerity of the noblest sages of history who erred in the search for truth, though they were true to their lights; they would be viewed as provokers, not solvers, of vexing questions—stumbling-blocks to the devotees of wisdom.

The domain of Philosophy is universal, encompassing the world, creation and God Himself. Being universal in its treatment, it is in turn universally treated and diagnosed. Every nation of the globe, with its peculiar temperament and intellectual finesse, is privileged to soar high or delve low in the realms of truth. Nations are not trammeled and fettered by principles proper to any one system, because the pillars of Philosophy are the first principles which, in the human mind, are the foundation of discursive reasoning, and, in the world outside, its immutable The philosophy of every country has a dominating tone which marks with sharp outlines the point of digression from other nations. Science in general, but Philosophy in particular, should never be exclusive or national, but the fact that such is the case evidences that secret causes are at work.

In the moulding of national character, those potent

influences which spring from the national religion, its characteristic tenor of worship, and the environments of the people as a nation, imprick on them collectively their peculiar features, and exert also on the individual an undeniable force. Whether immediate or remote, these influences work their way into the fibres of the nation, and leave their impress with a vividness proportionate to their intensity. Their presence is easily divined in a man of strong personality, and what is a philosopher? Yet, even an untainted mind is an indispensable requisite for philosophy, for not only do radical defects render minds unsuited, but also national traits bias and o'ersway otherwise competent intellects.

It is not my intention to give a running comment on those philosophers who, in my opinion, bear out, in their lives and systems, the truth of this real relation between intellects and their products, but, to show in how much this fact is true, I subjoin a brief sketch of Spinoza, the pantheist.

Baruch, or Benedict, Spinoza was born at Amsterdam November 24, 1632. His parents were among the Jewish refugees that fled from Portugal and sought religious toleration in the Netherlands. The young Jew studied the Bible and Talmud with great diligence, and became familiar with the philosophical writings of Jewish mediæval thought. Still early in life, becoming dissatisfied with Judaism, he came to open rupture with the synagogue, continuing, however, to keep aloof from Christianity. After his excommunication from Jewish orthodoxy. Spinoza spent five years of concentrated study in philosophic lore; before their conclusion his system of Pantheism was clearly outlined. During this period he was deeply engrossed in the works of Descartes, and educed therefrom a system which is the perfection and the truth of the Cartesian. "Abstemious in habit, master of his passions, with a character of singular excellence, the Jew of Amsterdam died at the age of 44, on the

21st of February, 1667, a faithful follower of the doctrines of his philosophy."

The religions of the East enclose a pantheistic idea under a deep consciousness of the forces of nature. This fact is plainly shadowed forth in their styles of architecture. Whether the Omnipotent or the warring elements be the object of their worship, they construct their temples on a vast, vague plan, the symmetry being too undefined to cause any sensations other than those of fear These divinities are looked upon as filling the whole universe, and their worshipers symbolize their immensity by the colossal proportions of their representations. The religions of these countries speak forcibly to the eye, and their law is of the letter. The worship of their deities is redolent of a materialism that gives no wider scope to nobler emotions than those prompted by worldly considerations. Fear and servile obedience are the salient characteristics of that worship which proclaims the man by his exterior, and estimates virtue by deportment. Of a life to come, tenets vary with nations, but all hold a species of Transmigration; comparatively few. however, opine a future reckoning of accounts. absence of moral responsibility facilitates most logically the total immersion of the world into the Divine substance. Hence we can easily perceive that it was not accidental that the progenitor of modern Pantheism should be a Jew, and that he should have launched, into the world of philosophy, the most abstract Monotheism that can be conceived. It is in a certain degree with him only a consequence of his national religion and its concomitant It is, in very truth, "an echo from the influences. Orient."

J. A. NELSON, '04.



America Among The Nations.

WHEN the last shot had echoed in thundering tones over the historic hills about Yorktown, its replication tingled and vibrated in the courageous fibres of every patriotic heart throughout the length and breadth of the land. It carried with it a message of mingled sadness and joy. Though it told of broken homes, of sons and fathers, husbands and brothers, burisd forever in unmarked graves, yet it announced to their children and the surviving heroes that a new-born Republic had rent the chain which bound it to a mother country, and rolled on to take a place among the cycle of nations—undaunted at the vision with which the untried theory of self-government threatened it.

One of the grandest epochs of the world's history has been the conquest of American wildernesses and the rapid transformation of arid lands and lonely valleys into fertile fields of golden grain and scenes of mammoth commercial enterprises. Along the coast, from the rugged shores of Maine to the sandy beaches of Florida, westward to the Alleghanies, and on the vast and solemn prairies, over the wooded slopes of the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas to where the mysterious waters of the peaceful Pacific kiss the Golden Gate, cities and towns sprang up in a day and a night-destined to become the centre of the world's best and largest workshops, monuments to the blessings of liberty, equality and justice. Everyone of them, from the quiet hamlet to the wealthy metropolis, is a shining jewel in the national tiara, immortal example of what may be accomplished in a country where religious freedom, protection to individual effort, untrammeled education, freedom of speech and the press, and the electoral franchise, are all the natural birthright of each and every citizen among the masses.

To America immigrated the best blood of Europe,

while the nature of the country and its institutions, the current of a universal sentiment towards the accomplishment of fixed ideals, and a unity of purpose were producing from the crucible of heterogeneous elements a distinct race, a homogeneous people. In fact, the very atmosphere seemed to contain an occult quality that made Americans of the new-comers as soon as they stepped ashore.

Star after star sought place in the waving folds of the Red, White and Blue, until now her domain is no longer confined by the surging tides of the Atlantic and Pacific, but extends to where the Aurora Borealis flashes in the frigid sky, and where the dusky Filippino basks in the rays of the tropical sun.

But twenty-seven years beyond a century of national existence has the Republic seen, yet she has crowned them with more real glory than any nation of her age that we read of in the centuries of glittering armor and panoplied militarism since the days of primitive man. Just in her infancy, she forges ahead unaffected by deeds and accomplishments which posterity will read to the end of time.

America has transcended in greatness, by far, the most roseate dreams the Fathers ever entertained. A century and a quarter of liberty has wedded the two oceans with a net-work of railways. The president of a corporation, while sojourning in San Francisco, may consult with his secretary over the telephone as to the condition of his business in New York during his absence. A foreign representative of the government can cable that an American mission has been burned in China or America, and, in some hours, he reads instructions from the authorities at Washington. Electricity has displaced the candle, and carries the laborer and the business man to and from their seat of toil. Giant horses, breathing steam from their iron nostrils, are hauling miles of freight to the East and West. Rivers are dotted with cargoes moving

to and fro, and seaports are sending their weighted vessels out to every clime, laden with the country's products.

This is an age of keen competition, and the American youth seeks an education that he may keep in the rank with his fellow-worker and actualize some long-cherished ideal. Critics in the Old World, and many who traverse the by-ways of the New, accuse us of being a moneyhungry set; but no microscope is needed to discover that the plaintiffs are among those whom the waves of adversity have submerged, or who have not come in for a share of the hundreds of millions given away by our philanthrophists every year. The grand sums bestowed in charity last year are unparalled, and stand as a refutation of the charge. This is a Republic made up of individuals. where the government was created for the welfare and happiness of every member of our national co-partnership. Each State has one or another particular specialty in which it excels, and the converging of these several interests is the secret of the nation's rapid rise to the headline in the roster of great powers. Prosperity necessarily made most of the country comfortable, and many of its leaders wealthy. Nevertheless, the Scribes are still accusing the prosperous of obtaining their fortunes by questionable means. The success of American millionaires (of course there are not a few exceptions to this rule) has been the direct result of genius, enterprise and economyobtained by men who, "while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night." America boldly asserted the principle which Christ came down to teach, that " all men are created equal"; every word inserted in that declaration was made good by deeds, and when the object was won for which it appealed, there rested upon those who were laying the substructure of our government vast and tremendous responsibilities. Intricate problems were involved, but the framers of the Constitution had to leave their settlement to posterity. Slavery

was the weightiest question, but civil war alone, and its inevitable horrors, could determine the solution.

After all that our history relates, the world would still deny us recognition were it not that our commercial supremacy compelled an introduction. Europe had learned, long ago, that we were in undisputed possession of an extensive piece of "real estate," located in a most favorable spot of the globe, but the little bout we had with Spain recalled to a fading memory an important fact which was almost forgotten by the world. The rapidity with which the dispute was brought to a close domonstrated how thoroughly and quickly Uncle Sam finishes large tasks, and hinted a timely suggestion to several Emperors who lately have been afflicted with war fever and the itch of conquest.

The big Powers awoke from their lethargy, and discovered that during the last four or five years of the nineteenth century, and at the opening of the twentieth, the United States was doing business on a large scale, and was now the recognized master of the world's markets. Uncle Sam, therefore, has a duty, for the Powers, each one claiming to be his best friend, are all coquetting his friendship. He must be discreet and conservative, and not allow himself to become giddy by the loftiness of his position.

Industrial disputes are the most dangerous and menacing evils with which the country has to contend to-day. The foundation-stones have been laid so securely that our walls are safe against invasion, but, should one ever perceive their crumbling in the remote future, he may trace the history of its origin to the restless and discontented masses within their own borders. Sometimes we are almost led to pardon men for occasionally venting their rage and passion during strikes and labor disputes, seeing that they are not living but merely existing, and that advantages which are due his children are robbed from the toiler to satiate the snobbery and foibles of a certain class misnamed society. Happily for the Country's

welfare, such classes are small in proportion to the whole people. It is sincerely hoped by all citizens having their Country at heart, that employer and employee will become more considerate of the Republic's future, recognize their interests to be mutual, and learn that the contentment and happiness of the one mean the good and the well-being of the other. What a noble charity it would be if they should join hands and say with Terence, "I am a man, and the welfare of my fellow-man shall not be a matter of indifference to me"!

Conservatism is an American trait, and to it we look for a peaceful settlement of all internal troubles. Let the people act prudently and with intelligence, and every difficulty will be surmounted and disposed of as successfully as in the past. America will then go on with its mission, disseminating the virtues of charity, peace and good-will, the eminent principles of equality, unity and liberty, a most conspicuous figure in the vanguard of nations, an unsullied guiding-star to all peoples of the earth.

G. EDWARD CURRAN, '07.



OUTWITTED.

RNEST and Gerald Boyle were brothers. Though they were not twins, they resembled each other so much that it was hard to tell them apart. They both had light-brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, oval features, and the same genial expression. But much as they resembled each other exteriorly, they differed widely in character. Ernest was sedate, diligent, fond of books, and exemplary in the observance of all colloge rules; Gerald was lively, averse to study, and never so happy as

when engaged in some more or less innocent frolic that set disciplinary regulations at defiance.

The prefect in charge at the time had lately arrived, and had set himself at once to study the young men placed under his supervision. Very little escaped his vigilance, but, do what he would, he confounded the brothers constantly, and more than once challenged Ernest with the misdeeds of his brother; as he was conscious of the possibility of his mistaking their identity, he had to pass over not a few of Gerald's misdemeanors lest he might punish the unoffending Ernest.

Smoking was strictly prohibited within the college limits, and breaking bounds was looked upon as one of the most serious breaches of discipline of which a student could be guilty. Gerald was fond of the weed, and had recourse to various expedients to enjoy unseen the forbidden pleasure. Two evenings in succession, during the after-supper recreation, only one of the brothers appeared at play; the other could not be located until the bell rang for study. When questioned, he gave an explanation that was not altogether satisfactory, but, as it was not clearly mendacious, the matter was allowed to drop.

A few days later Gerald said to his chum, Joseph Murphy, a youth of little backbone, easily influenced by good or evil associates: "Say, Joe, let us go out on the bluff to-night after supper and have a smoke."

"Don't you think it is too dangerous? The prefect is on the watch, and, if he catches us, he will put us in for five hundred lines of Milton."

"Oh, there's no danger. He may not miss us, and, besides, he cannot distinguish between me and Ernest. He has often blamed my brother when he should have punished me. You he will scarcely suspect."

"Well, how can we manage to slip out and back unnoticed?"

"After supper we'll appear with the others in recreation. We'll make sure that the prefect notices us, but separately; then, when opportunity offers, we can leave the hall quietly, and get out by the front door, which is never locked from the inside."

"That is easy enough. But you haven't told me

your plan for getting back."

"Towards study time we can climb the fire-escape, enter one of the class-rooms on the third floor, and join the others as if we had been with them all the time."

"That will work. I'm with you, and I'll supply the 'smokes' at Vogel's store."

Gerald was happy that afternoon in anticipation of a pleasant half-hour in the crisp winter air, under the twinkling stars, and overlooking the gently-gliding Monongahela, which never appears to such advantage as when it reflects the many lights of the South Side embankments. and bears on its broad bosom brightly-lighted passenger boats and powerful steamers puffing laboriously behind their freighted barges.

After supper both boys made themselves conspicuous for a time in the games, and retired almost simultaneously as soon as the prefect became engaged in conversa-Passing through the parlors to the hall door to escape the notice of some members of the Faculty who were walking in the first-floor corridor, they emerged into freedom. Needless to say, they enjoyed their smoke and the stroll along the bluff-pleasures spiced with the delectable flavor of prohibition—until a glance at their watches warned them that the recreation hour had well nigh elapsed. With cautious steps and watchful eyes, they approached the fire-escape. Gerald mounted to the giddy height of the third floor, gently raised the window and crawled in, closely followed by his chum. ness around indicated that the coast was clear. Taking a history and a grammar from the desks of the class-room, they proceeded with a look of innocence to join the crowd below now mounting to the study hall. Just as they were

about to mingle with the rest, the prefect approached and addressed himself to Gerald.

"Where have you been?"

"In number eighteen, sir, getting some of the books I need for to-morrow's lessons."

"How did you get those chalk marks on your hands and knees?"

"That's more than I can tell."

"I'll inform you. You were out of bounds, and got them coming in by the fire escape. Let both of you report to-morrow for punishment."

A look of blank dismay replaced the innocent air of confidence our heroes had assumed, as they realized that they had been outwitted.

The prefect, missing them from the recreation hall, had scattered ground chalk over the window-sill, so that on entering they might bring with them convincing and incontestable proof of their escapade. This time there was no danger of mistaking the brothers, as Ernest had been ordered to the infirmary for a couple of days to be treated for a severe cold.

D. M. HENRY.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. M. J. RELIHAN, '04. ASSISTANT EDITOR, C. M. KEANE, '05. EXCHANGES, . . J. F. MALLOY, '04. LOCALS. . J. A. NELSON, '04. ATHLETICS, F. J. NEILAN, '05. ALUMNI, . E. G. CURRAN, '07. SOCIETIES, H. H. MALONE, '08, CONCERTS, E. B. YELLIG, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06. F. X. Roehrig, '07.

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

The Only True Educational System.

"The mind is the eye of the soul," says St. Augustine. The eye needs the light in order to exercise its power of vision; so does the mind of man. The light by which he can and ought to see the truth comes to him from two sources: one comes to him from within, is natural to him, his reason; the other comes from without, is not born with him, revelation. Modern pedagogics, by ignoring the second and all-important source of light, has lost itself in dark ways, from which it is vainly seeking an outlet by the light of mere reason alone.

Only in the Catholic Church are to be found the true principles of education and their proper application. She does not reject the results of sound reason and experience, but she throws the higher, brighter light of God upon them, and thus completes and perfects what is insufficient and imperfect.

The earnestness with which some modern educators set about their work promised great results, and these would surely have been attained if they had allowed themselves to be led by the light from above. But, alas! humility was not of their virtues, and unchristian, therefore untrue, impractical and pernicious systems obtain in the world to-day.

"I place him who understands how to train the soul of a child," says St. John Chrysostom, "far above every painter, far above every sculptor, or any other artist." No truer appreciation has ever been given of the dignity of the teacher. The sculptor, the painter, in fact every artist, first of all has an end in view which he wishes to attain, and forms in his mind an ideal, which he strives to copy. The Christian teacher proceeds in the same way, but with this difference: whilst the end of the artist is a temporal, a passing one, and his ideal, the beautiful as reflected in creatures, the end of the teacher is the eternal, the unending God himself, and his ideal, the beauty of God become visible unto us, Christ, the Son of God.

Then the artist seeks out the means and the material by which he may reach his end most certainly, and imitate his model most perfectly. The teacher does the same, but with this advantage over his fellow: the means which he uses are not wholly human, not entirely dependent on human craft and diligence; there are higher ones at his command, God-given aids, and the material on which he works is not lifeless marble or clay, but that little world, that little god—immortal man.



To The Students.

Every college throughout the country has its athletic teams, and students loyally support them. Whatever glory is gained on the gridiron or the diamond is shared in even by the smallest boy that cheers the winners on to victory. Enthusiasm has never been lacking in our We all have the honor of our baseball team midst. deeply at heart; we wish to see it a winning nine, scoring victories not only on the home grounds, but also proudly waving its banner on the diamonds of opponents. More interest than ever will be manifested this year, especially if we prove that we have the strongest aggregation of amateur players in Western Pennsylvania. We feel confident that the baseball team of '04 will be the best in our history, and that all will be proud of its record. season will begin almost immediately after the Easter holidays. Already arrangements have been made to bring to our campus the leading college teams of this section of the State. Close and exciting games may be expected, and visitors will be treated to many an enjoyable afternoon, witnessing scientific exhibitions of the national sport. To defray the expenses of visiting teams. we rely chiefly on your assistance. Show that our confidence is not misplaced. Purchase a season ticket for vourselves; induce your friends to invest also; none will regret the small sacrifice. According to the Yale catalogue, each student is expected to contribute annually at least fifteen dollars to the support of athletics; early in January the medical students of the University of Pennsylvania voted a personal contribution of five dollars to the athletic fund, and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that the net gate-receipts at Franklin Field amount to over forty thousand dollars. You are called upon to aid to the extent of one dollar, to ensure the success of the baseball season. Respond to the call. Prove that you are well-wishers and helpers not in word only, but in very deed. The credit of the season will be yours; the thought of it a happy memory.

OUR ALUMNI.

At a meeting of the officers of the Alumni Association, January 13, it was decided to hold a Smoker in the college hall on the evening of February 8. An interesting programme is being arranged.

We are pleased to be able to publish in this issue of the BULLETIN what we hope to be the first of a series of letters from Rome by Thomas F. Coakley, a graduate of last year.

In this issue of the BULLETIN we also publish "America Among the Nations," written by Mr. E. G. Curran, of the class of '07. Two months ago Mr. Curran passed the Governmental examination set for prospective teachers in the Philippine Islands. The subject matter comprised the Theory of Teaching, Geography, Physiology, Arithmetic, Natural History, Drawing and Penmanship, congratulate Mr. Curran on his success, and the Freshman Class on its high standing, as shown by the fact that one of its members was able to qualify for an important post. The successful candidate left Pittsburg on the 9th of last month, and sailed on board the Coptic on the 15th. On his way to the scene of his distant labors, he will have an opportunity of seeing something of Japan and China. What he sees of interest he will communicate to his friends and former fellow-students through the columns of the Bulletin. We wish him success in his undertaking, and a safe return to the "Smoky City."

Frank H. McCarthy is secretary and treasurer for the John A. Beck Salt Co.

Philip B. Reilly, Esq., who had so much to do with making our baseball team famous in '94 and succeeding years, was admitted to the bar of the Allegheny County courts by the Board of Examiners, December 31.

Some of the older students remember James Byron

Drew, Esq. After studying classics in this institution, he entered the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the bar in New York in 1900. For two years he was assistant trial counsel for the Metropolitan Street Railway, and then returned to Pittsburg, where he has since been a successful practitioner. On Christmas Day he was married in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, to Miss Rhoda Stanley Sproule, granddaughter of Sir Edmond Stanley and Sir Robert Lauder, Bart., and niece of the celebrated court artist, Lafayette, and Captain Lauder of the English army. Mr. and Mrs. Drew are now at home to their friends at 6717 McPherson Boulevard.

J. H. Friday is Pure Food Inspector of this city. He is also half owner of a patent furnace device which is being extensively introduced wherever it is advertised. Mr. Friday is now on a trip to Cuba with an old classmate, Mr. John Hermes.

Charles P. Schwan, after a three years' study in the Conservatory of Music, Berlin, has opened a studio in the Moreland Block, Penn Avenue, East Liberty.

Clement Staudt called to see us on the day of the reopening, January 4. Mr. Staudt is now state agent for one of the leading insurance companies of the country.

Eugene Madden is head book-keeper for the American Brewing Company, Millvale.

Edward J. Vondereau is assistant book-keeper for the Raubitschek Brothers, Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street.

John Robinson has been promoted from the charge of the B. & O. Freight Department in Bellaire to the Master Mechanic's Office, B. & O. R. R., Glenwood. John attended our football games regularly.

Max H. McClafferty is head book-keeper and cashier

in the Barnes' Safe and Lock Company, 325, 7, 9, Third Avenue.

Mr. William Beiter has started into business as a manufacturer of tin work, and may be seen in his office on 7th St., near Liberty Ave.

Mr. James B. Cain is foreman in the Pressed Steel Car Co.'s works at McKeesport.

Augustin M. Kossler, Esq., has gone into partnership with John L. Ralph for the practice of law, and has opened offices in the Bakewell Building, Rooms 417, 418, 419.

Joseph Cawley is Vice-President and Secretary of the Pittsburg Feed Water Heater Co. The Company has opened a Machine Shop and Brass Foundry on their property at 40th St. and A. V. R. R., for the manufacture of engines, pumps, heaters, steam appliances, brass castings, galvanized iron work, etc., etc.

John L. Skarry, of Dinsmore, Pa., is telegraph operator for the Panhandle R. R., at Ingram, Pa.

Rev. Jos. Quigley, of the class of '97, joined the Carmelite order, and was ordained in Rome. He is now engaged as professor in the Carmelite College, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. W. H. Glynn, after serving on the vaccination corps for a year, has received an appointment on the West Penn Medical Staff.

John L. Borbonus has been for some years head book-keeper for the City Brewery, Johnstown, Pa.

Mr. John Dauer is cashier in the Hill Top Savings Bank. Mr. Dauer is already the happy father of three chubby little children, two of them twins.

Henry C. Evert, especially distinguished as an elocutionist and actor during his college days, is now a very successful patent lawyer, with an office at 305 Smithfield Street.

SODALITIES.

When Christ said, "Suffer little children to come to Me," He manifested a special predilection for them. But this expression of His love was not confined to words. He called them to Him, embraced them, and gave them His choicest benedictions. What He saw in them to elicit His love was the charm of innocence, which they still preserved.

That the students may preserve their innocence, that they may deserve so great a love, and make some return to the Divine Saviour for the favors He delights to bestow upon them, the Faculty invite them to join one of four sodalities, according to their classes, and make it their object to practise special virtues suitable to their age. The members of the Grammar Department are enrolled in the sodality of the Child Jesus, and strive to imitate the innocence and obedience of the Holy Child; the boys of the Academic Classes endeavor to develop that spirit of prayer and watchfulness which characterize the Angels; the students of the Sophomore and Freshman Classes, and of the Commercial Department, place themselves under the protection of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose purity and zeal they strive to reproduce in their own hearts; and the Seniors and Juniors, in the sodality of the Holy Ghost, practise and promote devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

That the members of these sodalities may work not only for the sanctification of their own souls, but also for the salvation of the most abandoned races, they have this year identified themselves with the organizations of the Holy Childhood and of the Propagation of the Faith. The sums they contribute from their pocket money are devoted to the laudable purpose of sending missionaries to pagan lands and maintaining them there, so that little children may be purchased from their heathen parents,

or rescued from the jaws of death when exposed to wild beasts in the forests or cast by the wayside to perish of hunger. Thousands have been ushered into Heaven, radiant in all the freshness of their baptismal innocence; thousands more have been instructed in the faith, and, by their exemplary lives, have attracted others to the fold; not a few have been ordained priests, and are now successful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.

God is not unmindful of all the good accomplished through the alms and prayers of His devoted children. He never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity. Grace in this life and a crown of glory in the next await all those who associate themselves with His Divine Son in laboring for the sanctification and salvation of their less fortunate fellowmen.

Subjoined are the names of the officers in each sodality for the current year:

Sodality of the Holy Ghost.

Director, .	Very	Rev.	M.	A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.
Prefect,				Michael J. Relihan
First Assistant,				Hubert E. Gaynor
Second Assistant,				. Edward L. Davin
Secretary, .				Carroll V. Halleran
Treasurer, .				. Ralph L. Hayes
Librarian, .				Charles M. Keane
Standard Bearer,				. Francis J. Neilan

Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Director, .	Rev.	Tho		A. Giblin, C. S. Sp.
Prefect,	•		Ja	mes F. McLaughlin
First Assistant,				Edward F. Jackson
Second Assistant,		,		Charles R. Rankin
Secretary, .				Joseph B. Keating
Treasurer, .				Henry N. Niehoff
Librarian, .				Francis M. Howard
				David P. Murphy

Sodality of the Holy Angels.

Director, .		Rev.	John J. Laux, C. S. Sp.
Prefect,			. Henry H. Malone
First Assistant,			Bernard G. McGuigan
Second Assistant,			Edward P. Flannigan
Secretary, .			. Joseph J. Creighton
Treasurer, .			. Edward J. Brady
Librarian, .			John A. Carlos
Standard Bearer,			. George J. Bullion

Sodality of the Child Jesus.

Director, . Re	v.	Mi	cha	æl	J. Sonnefeld, C. S. Sp.
Prefect,					Thomas W. Langdon
First Assistant, .					James J. Tysarczyk
Second Assistant,					. Nicholas J. Picard
Secretary,					. Michael J. Daley
Treasurer, .					Lawrence A. Schneider
Librarian, .					George McC. Doris
Standard Bearer,					. Francis G. Drake



CONCERTS.

We wish to convey to Mr. Leo Oehmler through the medium of the Bulletin the expression of our cordial appreciation of his kindness in sending us copies of his compositions. They were well rendered at our entertainments, and elicited hearty applause.

During the holidays, those of the students who remained at the College contributed largely to the enjoyment of New Year's night by rendering an elaborate programme in the college hall.

Interest in the debates is growing. The speeches are well prepared and closely reasoned. Erminio M. Morales

is to be complimented on his highly oratorical effort in favor of Napoleon's policy, and C. F. McCambridge, on his logical reply bristling with arguments forcibly delivered. Frank X. Arens, in a masterly maiden effort, scored many points that carried conviction to the minds of the audience.

The Mandolin Club, composed of Messrs. F. H. Pietrczyki, E. F. Jackson, C. E. Haley, E. J. McKnight, and J. M. Geier, under the direction of Mr. C. V. Halleran, has contributed largely to the enjoyment of our entertainments.

The Programmes: -

JANUARY 1.

Overture, New Year's Bells, Rev. J. Griffin; Baritone Solo, . Anchored, . S. A. Dura; Recitation, Marc Antony's Original, F. A. Schwab; Bass Solo, Asleep in the Deep, J. F. Malloy; Sketch, A Happy New Year's Day in Uncle Tom's Cabin;

Uncle Tom, . L. J. Zindler; Mr. Jackson, . L. Jacob; Mr. Taylor, . S. A. Dura; Parson Brown, . . P. J. Dooley; F. A. Schwab; Jim, . J. A. Rossenbach; M. Bandyk; Sam, Saul's Address, M. J. Daley; T. A. Calnan; Recitation. Cornet Solo, S. McGuigan, Vocal Duet, The Holy City, M. Bandyk; Accompanist, E. M. Morales;

Hamlet, I. 4, 5.

Marcellus, . . . E. B. Knaebel; Horatio, A. A. Aretz; Ghost, J. F. Mallov; Hamlet, J. L. Jaworski;

Clarinet and Violin Duet, . { S. A. Kolipinski, A. J. Hayes; Rev. J. Griffin.

JANUARY 10.

Orchestra;
Recitation, . The Leper, . J. F. Malloy;
Song, . The Kerry Dances, . Rev. J. Schroeffel;
Finale, New England's Finest, . Clarke, Orchestra;

Debate, Resolved That Napoleon's Policy Benefited France; Chairman, P. J. Dooley; Affirmative, Messrs. Fehrenbach and Morales; Negative, Messrs. Arens and McCambridge.

JANUARY 17.

Overture, Crown Prince, Bernard, Orchestra; Recitation, Dorkin's Night, J. J. Cain; Song, The Fairy Boy, Mr. W. T. Derry; Violin Solo, Gypsy's Night Song, Leo Oehmler, Orchestra;

Recitation, To Be or Not To Be, P. J. Dooley; Song, . When I'm Big, . G. McC. Doris; Chorus, Sweet Bonnie Nell, Boarders' Glee Club; Polka, Bright School Days, Rev. J. Griffin, Orchestra;

Debate, Resolved, That Canada be Annexed to the United States; Chairman, Mr. F. J. Neilan; Affirmative, Mr. S. A. Dura; Negative, Mr. S. J. Kolipinski.

JANUARY 24.

March, Our Naval Officers, Bennet, Orchestra; Keeping His Word, T. A. Shanahan; Recitation, . Our Flag, . Chorus, . Glee Club; Cornet Solo, Palms. Faure, F. J. Neilan; Recitation, . Setting a Hen, . W. C. Puhl. Harvester's Return, Leo Oehmler, Violin Solo, C. McGuire;

Chorus, If You'll Be M—I—N—E, Mine, Boarders' Glee Club;

March, The Trumpeters, Mascha, Orchestra.





Indoor games are now arousing the greatest enthusiasm. The resident students, owing chiefly to the efforts of Hubert E. Gaynor and James F. McLaughlin, have had the pool and billiard tables recovered. Slater is our most brilliant exponent of how billiards ought to be played, and Kummer has demonstrated that he is a "comer" at pool.

The votaries of basket-ball have not been idle. They have organized a league and arranged a schedule calling for games from the termination of the second term examinations up to the beginning of the Easter holidays. The league is composed of four teams drawn from the following classes: Senior and Junior, Sophomore and Freshman, Commercial, and Academic. Practice has already been indulged in, and many excellent players are likely to be developed. Each team will strive hard for the championship.

OBITUARY.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN.

Died January 15, 1904.

Death has sounded taps for William J. Callahan, ex-First Lieutenant of Company E, Eighteenth Regiment, U. S. V. Please God, the reveille has awakened him to a happy eternity!

During the years he spent in college, he manifested quick intelligence, love of literature, and unusual elocutionary ability. Of a most amiable disposition, he made many friends; of unrivalled powers of mimicry, he was the life of his companions. After quitting school, he assisted his father, one of the leading contractors of the city. When the Spanish-American war broke out, he enlisted in the 18th Regiment, U. S. V., and quickly rose to the rank of First Lieutenant. Active service had an irresistible charm for him, and he obtained his transfer to the Philippine Islands. Remarkable for bravery on the field and an inexhaustible fund of humor round the camp-fires, he was deservedly popular among officers and soldiers. When he might naturally have looked forward to rapid promotion, he was obliged to return home owing to the death of his father, mother, and brother. For a year and a half he successfully conducted his father's business, but the love of military life again asserted itself, and he re-enlisted at Cincinnati. He was at once appointed Company clerk, and assigned to duty at Fort Thomas, Kentucky. A few weeks ago he obtained leave of absence, to visit his uncles in Chicago. On the way he caught a severe cold. This developed into pneumonia. The skillful treatment of doctors and the loving attention of his sister Eleanor, who had hastily been summoned from Pittsburg, could not arrest its progress. Comforted by the consolations of that Church to which in life he had been devoted, he peacefully expired on January 15. His mortal remains were brought to this city and interred with military honors. Rev. L. A. O'Connell, a schoolmate, sang the mass, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., his former teacher, assisted in the Sanctuary.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X.

Pittsburg, Pa., March, 1904.

No. 6.

Fair Erin's Sons.

Fair Erin's sons are scattered wide
O'er earth's far-spreading breast
Where'er a human foot may bide,
One sea-girt rock give rest,
Where'er the sun looks on our sphere,
Where farthest surges roll,
In cities vast, in prairies drear,
From South Cross to the pole.

Like holy Jerome's migrant bird,
They're ever doomed to roam,
Yet by the same fond instinct stirred
To make a hearth and home.
Where'er two Irish hearts are found,
There, too, is brotherhood,
As if on Ireland's holy ground
Again the exiles stood.

O sacred gift that holds the heart
Fast bound to mother-land,
Which e'en when forced by fate to part
Still hugs the much-loved strand,
Still keeps in vice-clasp strong as death
The home-loves far away,
And seems to live that each new breath
May shorten exile's stay!

As eagles bending eastward e'er
To reach their sun-love bright,
So eastward flies their heart on prayer
And on their dreams at night;
For naught gives exile's heart surcease
Till, on the native sod,
It finds satiety in peace—
The next best thing to God.

J. A. O'BRIEN.



GERALD GRIFFIN.

rald Griffin was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, on the 12th of December, 1803. He was blessed in having an excellent mother. Her gentleness, her delicacy of taste, her high sense of honor, her appreciation of the poetry of nature, and, above all, her deep religious convictions, ingrafted themselves, and took firm root in his growing mind. "Besides," Gerald afterwards observed. "that sound religious instruction which she made secondary to nothing, and which in her opinion was the foundation of everything good, it was her constant aim to infuse more strongly into the minds of her children that nobility of sentiment and princely and honorable feeling in all transactions with others which are its necessary fruits, and which the world itself, in its greatest faithfulness to religion, is compelled to worship. She would frequently through the day, or in the evening, ask us questions in history; and these were generally such as tended to strengthen our remembrance of the

more-important passages, or to point out in any historical character those traits of moral beauty that she admired." The scenery, too, in the midst of which he lived, was of a character to inspire lofty ideas and poetic sentiments. Before his home at Fairy Lawn, the broad Shannon spread out like a sea. The opposite ivied cliffs Cahircon rose boldly from the water, on clear evenings the round towers of Scattery dream-like in the setting sun. Moreover. many fragments of old Irish life lingered there: the banshee crooned in the gloaming; the pucha snorted in the darkness; roan twigs guarded the churn; May-dews made lovers faithful; the fairy blast stole their roses from healthy cheeks, and the echoes of Oisin and the immortal stories of Ireland's youth brightened the winter fireside. Later on, "Sweet Adare," with its crown of ruins, was to be his university. Among these ruins, sometimes alone, sometimes with his sisters, Gerald spent hours each day, till the solitary places gave up their dead, and the consecrated memories imprisoned in each tower fixed themselves in his soul.

It was sweet, indeed, to rest under the shade of abbey or keep, and see in imagination the past return. It was sweet to dream where the elm shadows trembled on the river. But the young dreamer keenly felt that the time had come at last when he should adopt some profession. The promptings of his genius turned his thoughts to literature. Even in his seventeenth year he had written the following sonnet, which gave promise of literary fame:—

"I looked upon a dark and sullen sea,
Over whose slumbering waves the night mists hung,
Till from the morn's gray breast a fresh wind sprung
And swept its brightening bosom joyously;
Then fled the mists its quickening breath before,
The glad sea rose to meet it—and each wave
Retiring from the sweet caress it gave
Made summer music to the listening shore.

"So slept my soul unmindful of Thy reign;
But the sweet breath of Thy celestial grace
Hath risen: oh! let its quickening spirit chase
From that dark seat each mist and stain,
Till as on you clear water mirror fair
Heaven sees its own calm hues reflected there."

He accepted the management of the Advertiser, and contributed to the Limerick Evening Post. His leisure moments he devoted to the composition of a tragedy, Aguire. In 1823, he determined to try his fortune in London. His departure, however, was deferred for some months, during which he wrote the larger part of a drama, entitled The Prodigal Son, and nearly finished a second, founded on the story of Tancred and Sigismunda. His ambition, which he did not conceal, was to revolutionize the dramatic taste of the period. It was a vision of youth, a vision spanned by the rainbow that fascinates and allures, and then dissolves. On his arrival in the world's metropolis, he was introduced to Macready, the actor, and renewed his acquaintance with Banim, whose Damon and Pythias had a great success at Covent Garden Theatre. He was not slow to learn by sad experience that theatres had use only for sensational productions, not dramas that draw the veil from living hearts and show their complex workings; they did not want the mirror in which vice sees its deformity, beauty its fleeting triumphs, and truth its often baffled but ever-unconquerable power: they did not want literature redolent of the sea breeze and the scent of the heather and the homely things of our peace and love. Aguire and The Prodigal Son were both returned to him. In his discouragement, Banim gave him hope, and as a result, he wrote Gysippus. This drama, produced in his twenty-first year, was not put on the stage until two years after his death; then Drury Lane cheered it for more than one hundred nights, the great Macready acting the principal character.

Too independent to seek or accept assistance, and disappointed where he might naturally have expected

substantial encouragement, his struggle against the direst poverty for more than two years was painful in the extreme. Perhaps the following poem, written in July, 1824, best gives expression to his sense of loneliness and isolation:—

"My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine;
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine:
For though the pleasant sunlight shine—
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship's shrine—
I am alone—I am alone.

"It is no joy for me
To mark the fond and eager meeting
Of friends whom absence pined, and see
The love-lit eyes speak out their greeting;
For then a stilly voice repeating
What oft hath woke its deepest moan
Startles my heart and stays its beating—
I am alone—I am alone.

"Why hath my soul been given
A zeal to soar at higher things
Than quiet rest—to seek a heaven
And fall with scathed heart and wings?
Have I been blest? The sea-wave sings
'Tween me and all that was my own;
I've found what joy ambition brings—
And walk alone—and walk alone."

Though the night of his sorrows and disappointments was long, the dawning came at last. He was invited to revise a fashionable journal; his prose and verse began to be received by the leading publishers, who paid him handsomely for his contributions, and he also became a Parliamentary reporter. Two operas of his were accepted within a fortnight of each other, and, at the urgent solicitation of his brother, he published three series of stories, which quickly brought him fame and flattering encouragement. They are thoroughly Irish in their

character, and evince great powers of observation and description. The merest matters of fact and the wildest legends are alike at his command; and he tells, with the same ease and the same fascinating interest, a story of ghosts, fairies, witchcraft, or a story of guilt, grief, passion. The Hollandtide Tales are supposed to be told by a group of persons met together for the sports of that evening; those of the Jury-room, by a group of jurymen that cannot agree upon a verdict, and pass the night pleasantly in telling stories over smuggled refreshments. In the Tales of the Munster Festivals, he shows a vigorous hand in the delineation of character. The dullest must feel in Card Drawing the graphic power and fidelity with which the terror and remorse of Kinchela are depicted, as he hangs from a steep rock and discovers that a strand of of the rope had given away. In the Half-Sir, how real, how living is Remmy O'Lone! how droll is Dunat's conversation with Hamond in the sick room of his sister-inlaw! "Well, Dunat," says Hamond, "was the doctor with her to-day?" "He was, please your honor, and, indeed, he didn't seem over and above pleased." "Why so?" "Upon her head he wanted to put a blister; and he told the women to have the hair cut off, for it was the headache that was killing her entirely." "And has it been done?" "No, please your honor; the women say 'twould spoil her for a corpse.''

Many admirable lyrics are scattered throughout these tales. They are characterized by sweetness, feeling, and fancy. That entitled *The Bridal Wake* is full of weird pathos, and reminds us of Buerger's genius.

"The priest stood at the marriage board,
The marriage cake was made,
With meat the marriage chest was stored,
Decked was the marriage bed.
The old man sat beside the fire,
The mother sat by him,
The white bride was in gay attire,
But her dark eye was dim.

Ululah! Ululah! The night falls quick, the sun is set: Her love is on the water yet.

"I saw a red cloud in the West,
Against the morning light:
Heaven shield the youth that she loves best
From evil chance tonight!
The door flings wide; loud moans the gale;
Wild fear her bosom fills;
It is, it is the Banshee's wail
Over the darkened hills!
Ululah! Ululah!
The day is past! the night is dark!
The waves are mounting round his bark!

"The guests sit round the bridal bed,
And break the bridal cake;
But they sit by the dead man's head,
And hold his wedding wake.
The bride is praying in her room,
The place is silent all!—
A fearful call! a sudden doom!
Bridal and funeral!
Ululah! Ululah!
A youth to Kilfiehera's ta'en,
That never will return again."

Gerald Griffin was the author of three Romances, The Collegians, The Invasion, and The Duke of Monmouth. In 1828, appeared his master-piece, The Collegians—O'Connell's favorite novel. Besides exhibiting that truthful delineation of both the pathetic and the humorous features of Irish character already shown in his other works, it was written with a verve and a dramatic intensity and realism far surpassing all his previous efforts. This extraordinary romance—so dramatic, so full of life, so crowded with characters—that opens the inmost chambers of the human heart, and sounds the depths of conscience and the passions, was founded on a real occurrence, the murder of a young girl, Ellen Hanlon, by her betrayer, John Scanlan, and his servant, Stephen Sullivan. The servant was the actual butcher, but it was

at the imperative command of his master. Scanlan sent Sullivan out in a boat with the girl to a desert place, some distance below the city of Limerick, where the Shannon is broad and drearily lonely. Sullivan carried with him a musket, a rope, and probably a stone. With the musket he was to batter his victim to death, and with the rope and stone to sink her corpse in the middle of the The master remained upon the strand whilst the servant put out on his gruesome mission. After the interval of an hour, the boat returned, bearing back Ellen Hanlon unharmed. "I thought I had made up my mind, " explained the ruffian: "I was just lifting the musket to dash out her brains, but, when I looked in her innocent face, I had not the heart to do it." The master plied Sullivan with whiskey, and sent him forth again; this time the bloody work was finished. They did not, however, escape the penalty of their fiendish deed. By a most surprising chain of circumstances, the guilty pair were connected with their crime and sentenced to expiate it on the scaffold.

Of course, the real facts and personages are imaginatively colored in the romance. Hardress Cregan is a very modified John Scanlan, and Eily O'Connor is an idealized and purified Ellen Hanlon. In Danny Mann, the wickedness of Sullivan is made more hideous by the addition of deformity. No one can fail to admire the skill by which an extraordinary variety of materials is fused into a complete whole, and how every scene, character, description, and incident falls necessarily into the drama of the story—falls into it in the right time and place, and contributes each a needful share to the plot and to the catastrophe. Few tales of passion so quickly awaken interest and so intensely hold it to the end.

Gerald Griffin had now climbed the steep and rugged hill of fame, and upon him shone the sun of fortune. Still, he was not satisfied; his heart craved something more. God alone could fill it, and to God he

resolved to dedicate himself in religious life. He would devote the rest of his life to prayer and the service of others, like the Sister of Charity, of whom he had written:—

"She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race,
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, 'I come.'
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved."

"Her down bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre, one taper that serves her to read,
Her sculpture, the crucifix nailed by the bed,
Her paintings, one print of the thorn-crowned head,
Her cushion, the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music, the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

"Yet not to the service of heart and of mind Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined; Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief. She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak, And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick; Where want and affliction on mortals attend, The Sister of Charity there is a friend."

After mature deliberation, he joined the Christian Brothers, and labored in the education of youth with all the earnestness of his deep and ardent nature. From the monastery in Cork, he wrote as follows to a friend in London:—

"I was ordered off here from Dublin last June, and have been since enlightening the craniums of the wondering Paddies in this quarter, who learn with profound amazement and profit that O-X spells ox, that the top of the map is the north, and the bottom the south, with

various other 'branches,' as also that they ought to be good boys, and do as they are bid, and say their prayers every morning and evening; and yet it seems curious even to myself that I feel a great deal happier in the practice of this daily routine, than I did while I was roving about your great city, absorbed in the modest project of rivalling Shakespeare and throwing Scott into the shade.''

After two years of saintly religious life, on the 12th of June, 1840, "death softly touched him, and he passed away" to that better, brighter world where all is joy and supreme happiness. In the little cemetery of the North Monastery in Cork, the traveller will see a tombstone bearing the simple inscription, "Brother Joseph;" beneath it lies all that is mortal of Gerald Griffin, the poet, dramatist, novelist, patriot—in short, one of the very best, greatest, and most gifted men Ireland has produced.

JOHN M. KILGALLEN, '05



Lying 'Meath a Snow=drift.

Lying 'neath a snow-drift
Was a little rose:
Deep within its bosom
Sorrow held repose.

Once it was so happy
In a bright boquet,
But, the boquet fading,
It was cast away.

Yet, with so much sorrow

Deep within its heart,
Rose bud never thought of
Letting hope depart.

For with voice the sweetest
Often did it say:
"Every little sunbeam
Melts some snow away."

Soon, the beams growing warmer Oped its prison door, And its graces charmed As they charmed before.

Like this little rose bud,
When depressed with care,
Cherish hope undying,
Yield not to despair.

Soon will genial sunshine
Thaw the icy pall
That your heart grief-stricken
Holds in bitter thrall.

Then, make glad for others
Life so full of woe;
None's so poor that can not
Some small gift bestow.

PHILIP G MISKLOW, '07.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

M. J. RELIHAN, '04,

ASSISTANT EDITOR, C. M. KEANE, '05. EXCHANGES, . .

J. F. MALLOY, '04.

LOCALS, LOCALS, . . . J. A. NELSON, '04. ATHLETICS, . . F. J. NEILAN, '05.

J. A. NELSON, '04.

SOCIETIES,

ALUMNI, . . . P. G. MISKLOW, '07.

CONCERTS.

T. F. RYAN, '08. E. B. YELLIG, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06.

F. X. ROEHRIG, '07.

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1904.

No. 6.

EDITORIAL.

The Legacy of St. Thomas Aguinas.

(A THOUGHT FOR HIS FEAST, MARCH 7.)

"Behold I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, in so much that there hath been no one like thee before thee, nor shall arise after thee. "-III. KINGS, 3, 12.

More deeply even than by infidelity is the cause of our holy mother, the church, and the salvation of souls injured by the apathy and indifference of her own children in regard to a scientific knowledge of her doctrines. If it is true that the church derives from Faith the strength and power necessary to fulfil her mission— "This is the victory which over-cometh the world, our Faith " (I. JNO. 5, 4,)—then most assuredly the Science of

Faith, which propounds and defends the truths of Faith. exercises a decisive influence on the well-being of the church, and is at the same time an essential element of her life. Faith, according to St. Paul (ROM. 10, 14), necessarily presupposes preaching, but without the Science of Faith, true preaching is entirely out of the question. The invisible head of the church gives to some few of her members the charisma of sacred science so that, in union with the hierarchical teaching office and subservient to it, they may labor, each in his own way, at the building up of the body of Christ. "And He gave some apostles, and others some doctors, for the edifying of the body of Christ until we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God; that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine " (EPH. 4. 11 ss.).

Among these few who have been chosen by God and armed by Him to battle for the truth, to "convince the gainsayers," to reprove those who teach "things which they ought not" (I. TIT. 1, 10), St. Thomas Aquinas stands forth pre-eminently as far above his compeers in genius and knowledge as Saul surpassed all the princes of Israel in loftiness of stature.

"St. Thomas," writes Cardinal Cajetan, "epitomized in himself the intellect of all who had labored in the field of theology before him, and, in his Summa, all their works." The Sum of Theology is the consciousness (if we may use the expression) of the church reduced to a system, explained and defended in the subtlest and acutest manner. "Before St. Thomas," says Lacordaire, "no writers had succeeded in constructing the whole edifice of theology. After twelve centuries of toiling, their works scattered about over the past resembled the ruins of a temple that had never been built—but sublime ruins awaiting with the patience of immortality the hand of the master builder." Writers of all succeeding ages

have borne testimony to the vastness and universality of St. Thomas' genius. Sixtus of Sienna has gathered all that can be said on this head in two lines:

"Mysteriorum Compendium est Summa Thomae; Collegit in ea quidquid doceri potest aut sciri."

But more remarkable by far than its amplitude is the order and unity of the Summa. Order is Heaven's first law-it is the first law of every science also. Without this quality, the Summa would not have been anything better than a compilation—vast and curious indeed. but still only a compilation; with this quality, it is "a system of theology, so grand and beautiful that every one speaks of it—even he who has not read it, just as every one speaks of the Pyramids of Egypt, which very few have seen. " A glance at the plan of the Summa as laid down by St. Thomas himself in his inimitable Prologue will give us a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the vastness and grandeur, and, at the same time, of the orderly arrangement of the work. It is divided into three "The first," he says, "is concerned with God: the second, with the movement of rational creatures to Him; the third, with Christ, who, as man, is for us the way of going to God " (I. Q. 2, PROL).

God, the first cause—God, the last end—God, the Redeemer—surely a sublime program, and most splendidly executed by the Angel of the Schools, so splendidly, in fact, that God Himself assured him that he had written well. This threefold division of Theology is hinted at by the Prince of Theologians, the Divine Teacher Himself, when He says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (JNO. 14, 6). God as the truth is the principle and foundation of all things. God as the life is the happiness and term of man. But in order to reach his last end, man must be drawn and led by God; and so God Himself is the way, a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His own flesh" (HEB. 10, 20).

After the lapse of more than six centuries, the method and system of St. Thomas is in possession in the Christian schools. The temporary departure from it served only to show that we cannot do without it. "And that because, " as Cardinal Manning says, "it represents the intellectual process of the church elaborating. through a period of many centuries, an exact conception and expression of revealed truth. St. Thomas' method can never cease to be true, just as logic can never cease to be true, because it is the intellectual order of revealed truths in their mutual relations, harmony, and unity. To depreciate it is to show that we do not understand it." The saying of our Divine Master about the narrow and difficult way, which alone leads to salvation, holds good also of the science of Theology, as St. Leo, the Great, remarks. Hence the complaint, so often lodged against the Thomistic system, viz., its abstruseness and narrowness, though a gross exaggeration, is nevertheless an unwitting testimony that it is in the true way. In our own day, when there is such a crying demand for true and solid learning in order to counteract the malicious influence of the Zeitgeist, there can be no better mental training and discipline than a thorough study of St. Thomas Aquinas. "Besides," as that great lover of St. Thomas, Leo XIII., remarked, "there is not a question agitating men's minds to-day, and tossing them about on 'a sea of doubt,' which the Angel of the Schools will not solve, if men will but listen to his voice."



Educational.

Among the many educational topics of the day, we may be permitted to select as worthy of interest, a few ideas on the following: the Catholic University of America; the French education question; a recent address by Father Sheehan to the students of Maynooth; an article on the use of the Bible in public schools by Mrs. Harding Davis, a Philadelphia novelist; and a wild tirade against Negro education, by the Governor of Mississippi.

It is certainly interesting to note that Leo XIII.'s plans for educational progress in the United States have been strengthened by one of the first official acts of his successor. The collection prescribed by Pius X. will be annual for ten years. The first was a success, \$100,000 roundly put. This first step puts the Catholic public in touch with the University: they are being taught that it is theirs, one of the pillars of Catholicity in our land. The more this line of thought is developed, the more good will the people do, and the fairer will our public institutions, reputation and efficiency be. The Board of University Trustees administers the establishment not as an isolated body, but in the name of our United States Episcopate: we have nearly a hundred dioceses, thirteen thousand priests, twelve thousand churches, and twelve million faithful. It generally takes time to get large bodies moving in any direction; it is specially hard to awaken enthusiasm in calm and passionless progress when there is no crisis to rouse excitement, and no immediate call upon personal pride. Then, almost the sole potent source of action is a position of high authority. Fortunately, Holy Church has the best organization and leadership in the world. Pius X. spoke, and the work was inaugurated and done. It will continue and increase. The actual University plant with its endowment represents a generous contribution of clergy and laity amounting to \$2,000,000. A detailed financial

statement is being prepared for Episcopal study: it is not yet ready. No less an authority than Cardinal Gibbons, the University Chancellor, says, in behalf of financial support, that the Louvain University, which is supported also by an annual collection ordered by the bishops of the country, saved Belgium to the Catholic Faith. the one hand, the most Catholic power in the world is Belgium, and it has the most satisfactory laws on the great social problems, education, marriage, labor, and capital, etc.; on the other, the Louvain University is the keystone, and it would cease to exist without the annual collection. Archbishop Keane, in a letter of November 3, 1903, to the archdiocese of Dubuque, says the seven years elapsed since his rectorship of the Washington University have only deepened his conviction that the future of the University is inseparably bound up with the future of the church in our country, as, in the century now opening, the welfare of Religion everywhere, and especially in our land of popular liberties, will, above all, depend upon the perfection of the system of Christian education. Hence, the Third Plenary Council had decreed its establishment long before Leo XIII. urged the execution of that decree.

The University now looks to the building of a suitable church, and desires that to be the fairest and noblest architectural pile on the campus. The idea is urged that large conventions tend to hold their chief sessions in Washington, and Catholics would naturally convene in solemn convention rather at the University Church than elsewhere, if that existed in sufficiently commodious proportions.

The Catholic University School of Social Sciences has undertaken the work of preparing an exhibit of the Catholic charities in the United States, for the St. Louis Exposition, opening in April. Catholic bishops, press and laymen are co-operating in the work, and it will doubtless strongly appeal to public interest. The spiritual and corporal works of mercy have ever been

taught by Holy Mother Church, and every land where Catholicity flourishes, has, on her behalf, a fair scope of public beneficence. This is what a sincere seeker after Truth will often more readily and heartily appreciate than the clearest proof. Even politicians utilize the power of philanthropy, by manifesting real or apparent zeal in public welfare. And imagine an intellectual giant like St. Augustine beginning to veer towards Christianity, because he felt that St. Ambrose was kind to him! Yet such is his own confession. France had a magnificent exhibit in this line, at the Paris Exposition. We cannot have as much, but we can set forth ample testimony of work worthy of our Catholic population. We have thousands of men and women entirely devoted to charity in one or another form. All those in charge desire, is information regarding beneficient associations, showing how organized, what they do, whence their resources, and what their expenditure of money or labor.

The cause of the Chair of German language and literature steadily advances. Rev. A. H. Walburg, of Cincinnati, has just given \$10,000 thereunto, and the University Rector states that he has assurance of as much more from another source. This Chair is guarantee that a noble language will be kept in its purity with us, that the great minds of the Fatherland will be better known, and that such as desire from admiration or for utility to pursue a German course may be satisfied.

The Knights of Columbus are ready with \$50,000 for a Chair of History. It is just such a foundation as we need to meet the most popular and acrimonious line of controversy. The offer is in full consonance with the dignity of an organization like the above.

The Gaelic Chair is to be taken by Dr. John Jos. Dunn. He is now completing a course of study at Rennes. The young man has acquired all information possible from the best Keltologists of Germany and France. He was born at New Haven, Conn., and is

a Yale graduate with the degree of Ph. D., in Romance languages. He taught these and Latin for several years at the Washington University. It is owing to the generous patriotism of his father, a prominent member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, that the Chair was established.

The French education is really not a question at all. Even Catholics, yea French Catholics, talk about the present crisis and Combes as if confronting a sudden surprise. Since the time of President Grevy, this has been planned and steadily prepared, and everybody knew the Jews and infidels and so-called Catholic Freemasons in the Government and out of it, intended to throw Catholicity out of the country in proportion as it could conveniently be done. There is no question of a uniform system, no question of rights, no question of making children better educated, no question of making them more patriotic, no question of a misunderstanding. The above-mentioned coterie hate the Church and all Religion. All the world knows that, and sees that it is the cause of a grand national injustice. If a Catholic population insists on imagining that their enemies are "all honorable men, " all laboring under a misunderstanding, and about to become favorable, so that they should be voted for next time as the time before last, and the one before that, etc.; if they leave everything to Providence, and fail to organize while their sworn enemies do organize and plot against them, that is their affair. It will cost them 25,000,000 francs extra taxes each year henceforth to replace the religious in their schools. But that is a trifle compared with the loss of faith and morals that must ensue when the principles of Jesus Christ shall have been replaced by the revolutionary spirit of Rousseau, the infidelity of Voltaire, and the corruption of Zola.

Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D., on December 1, 1903, delivered an address to the students of Maynooth, which,

for splendid diction, broad and elevated scope and educational acumen, certainly merits the deepest consideration. His aim was to portray the intellectual attitude of the day: his portraval is an article now in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record for January, entitled the "Dawn of the Century. " He avows that the intellectual struggle of the world must ever continue till the day of judgment. Viewing the last great phase of it, he marvels that we, Catholics, should, in great part at least, have been somewhat balked and daunted by the brilliant advance of our intellectual foes. He notes that Spenser's influence, once so terrible, began to die even before the man himself. Here Dr. Sheehan has a strong stand. The Literary Digest of January 23 has an article: "Are the daysof Darwinism numbered?" which proves that they are. The writer, while in France, was astonished to note how greatly the writings and learning of Renan were esteemed: what is Renan now? what is Ingersoll now in the United States? Father Sheehan shows how the thought of the nineteenth century ran from pure abstraction and dreamy vagueness to mere tabulation of facts and figures. The French Revolution was the star result of a war of principles: the outcome of the tabulating is that mechanicism and masonry are crushing the soul out of men. The actual intellectual attitude is expectation; and, while we wait, we grow indifferent. the background, rise the spectres of socialism and anarchy, but, in the foreground, is the revelation of God given by His Christ to the guardianship of His Church. The reverend doctor then went on to depict the potent influence that Ireland by her native genius and enthusiasm, by her supernatural faith and lovalty—the most untarnished loyalty in the world to Holy Churchmust ever take in the intellectual struggle. But it would be a great mistake not to note what a dramatic scene is put forth when the speaker portrayed a Carpenter's Son, telling a few poor fishermen: "You are the light of th

world! You are the salt of the earth!" The point of view is nineteen centuries away, and from thence the scene is wondrous in its prophetic cogency. Father Sheehan's idea on the noble part Irish spirits must take in the field of intellect and Faith is no patriotic dream; it is a grand actuality in these United States and among the English-speaking peoples everywhere. What they accomplish here we all know in a general way. What they have done at home and their influence in Europe we may know in part, but this has been just developed in two stately volumes—The Social History of Ancient Ireland, by Dr. P. W. Joyce. In the University Bulletin is a twelve-page article on the work which classes it with "Janssen's History of the German People" and Mc-Master's History of the American People."

The subject of public school Bible-reading treated in the New York Independent, December 3, 1903, was made use of as a plea for religious education. That plea is very correct and all-important. Mrs. Davis rightly asks: "Are we to be the only people on earth who give their sons and daughters no higher motive in life than expediency?" Further, she rightly attributes the French Revolution—as do most scholars—to infidelity. Again, she is right, we think, in holding that the popular objection to religion in our public schools is, that it is considered impossible to separate it from sectarianism. We must say, however, that, probably without intending it, she takes too flippant a view of dogmatic religion. The idea that the religious denominations could agree on certain passages from the Bible is a possible and plausible solution: it has many nice features, but of course it excludes the Jew and Agnostic: besides, nearly every sect would insist on the particular readings which they claim supports their sect: these would be taken from different versions, and the followers of one would object to another. The crux of the matter is dogma, and Mrs. Davis dismisses that by saying it is growing weaker with every denomination every year. This is the most objectionable of the statements mentioned, and it is made just where unobjectionable statement was most called for, which shows that she found difficulties just where everyone else found them. All the Christians out of Catholicity are less numerous than the Catholics. These believe in dogma as they always did. Besides, every sect has—or thinks it has—at least one dogma or special truth to which it holds as its one characteristic and essential. As the sects are hundreds, we can imagine the conciliatory genius necessary to harmonize them, though each should blandly assure that it was interested only in one or two statements.

J. K. Vardaman, Governor of Mississippi, has bolted into the fore with the assertion that Negro criminality is proportionate and due to education and that the Negro should not be educated. The Washington Star stamps his theory as positively monstrous, an insult to the lessons of history and to the interpretation put upon duty by the greatest and best men who have ever lived. It says the logical conclusion is that physical liberty as well as liberty of education should be withdrawn: this is patent, as all liberty is a consequence of mind which has the ability to select for itself. How strange that popular vote could raise such a man to the dignity of State Governor in a land of freedom! Can he elevate the people of his state? He misinterprets man and education in thinking they should ever be separated. Why has man mind, memory and will? It would be absurd to expect Vardaman to know about Missionary life in Africa. Nevertheless his education as governor of a large Negro population is incomplete without information from that source. Catholicity has 3,000,000 in her African fold. These were not as capable, or moral, or reliable, by long odds when our missionaries met them as are our Negroes here. Yet all our missionaries agree that the surest method to pave the way to Christian life and to help it

when begun, is to educate—to educate in agriculture, trade, and book knowledge. They do not advise the formation of rainbow chasers, but that is not Vardaman's theme: he refers to common education: that is useful to all men. Dr. H. B. Trissell, Professor of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, some time ago, wrote an article on the question which the present writer thought might prove useful and kept. The Professor says that if whites and blacks reached their limit in education, the number of whites going beyond the limit general to both would be the greater even proportionately considered, but he adds: "My observation for twentyfive years or more of close contact with the Negro does not lead me to believe at all that there is any constitutional limitation to the mental capacity of his race. . . It is not true that when you cultivate a Negro he becomes impudent or demands social equality. The South must learn that when the Negro is really cultivated, he prefers to keep to himself, and does not bother the Whites. . . No race in the history of the world has made such progress as the Negroes since their emancipation."



An Appeal in Behalf of the Negro and the Indian.

"The harvest is great but the laborers are few" (MAT. IX., 37).

The members of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians have made an earnest appeal, couched in beautiful and forcible language, to all the Catholic bishops, priests, laymen, and women, of the United States, to be generous in their alms and prayers for the rapid spread of the Gospel among our benighted fellow-countrymen. They draw attention to the already patent fact that our people lack the true missionary spirit. Our want of zeal in this important matter is perhaps due to the fact that we seldom bring home to our minds the elementary Catholic

doctrine that we must all be missionaries, or be derelict in our duty to God. We must all be missionaries or run the risk of incurring the awful responsibility of preventing the outpouring of the Blood of the God on souls redeemed by Him.

The field is certainly a vast one, and self-sacrifice, generosity, and enthusiasm are demanded of the laborers. But young men possessing these qualities can be found in plenty up and down the country, but of what avail are they, if their bishops have not the means to educate them for their work!

If from no other motive, at least a just shame at being outdone by our Protestant countrymen and women in missionary zeal, ought to induce us to make new efforts and still greater sacrifices. It is certainly high time, if we do not wish to be vanquished in the noble battle for souls. There are more than 9,000,000 Negroes in the United States, and of these not more than 150,000 are Catholics. Some object that it is a hopeless, thankless work to try to convert the Negro. How can that work be styled hopeless or thankless which has never been seriously attempted? Past experience has abundantly proved that the Negro when once thoroughly converted is a faithful, loving, thankful child of the church; nay, is an honor to the "household of the faith," and eager in turn to become a valuable ally in the fight with ignorance and superstition and vice among his brethren.

Our Indian missions are, perhaps, in still greater need of help from us. The Government has suddenly withdrawn its aid from the missionaries, and now they must struggle on as best they can "against wind and tide to preserve the faith among the tribes where they have labored these many years." They are continually crying out to us for help. Shall they cry in vain? No. "In the name of Jesus who died for us all, and under the patronage of His blessed Mother, who shared His suffering, let us Catholics take up this work generously, carry it on perseveringly, and never slacken in our endeavors until success has crowned our efforts, and Christ our King reigns victorious in our hearts, where He is now unknown, and, it may be, blasphemed."

List of Passes and Distinctions

AT THE

SECOND TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

JANUARY, 1904.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

Grammar Class.

DIVISION B.

DIGNAN, W. J.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

DRAKE, L. F.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. Knowlson, W. P.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., B. Hist.

LAUER, W. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., B. Hist.

Schneider, L. A.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

DIVISION A.

Briggs, W. A.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

Blundon, E.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Pen.

D., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Draw.

CUMMINGS, C.-P., B. Hist., Draw., Pen. D., Eng.

DALEY, M. J.—P., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.

D., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng.

DRAKE, F. G.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen. D., Draw.

DRAKE, R. J.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen.

HERMANOWICZ, A.-P., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.

D., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng.

LANGDON, T. W.—P., B. Hist., Eng., Pen. D., Arith., Draw.

OLEJNICZAK, L.-P., Ger.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

PEYRONNY, M.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

PICARD, N. J.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Pen. D., Eng., Draw.

RATAJCZAK, V.-P., Eng.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen.

SAUER, F.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen. D., Draw.

SHELLY, M.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen.

TYSARCZYK, J.-P., Pen.

D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw.

Fourth Academic.

BANDYK, M.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Alg. D., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Fr., Zo., Pen.

BARTOSIK, W.—P., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Eng.

Dugan, P. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith. Alg., Pen. D., Zo.

DUNIN, F.-P., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Arith., Zo.

HARMAN, C.-P., Rel., Hist., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Zo.

HEANEY, J. R.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

KAUTZ, C. S.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Alg. D., Lat., Zo., Pen.

KELLERMAN, T.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg. D., Lat., Zo., Pen.

LALLY, M. J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.

LHOTA, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

MALBURG, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Pen. D., Alg., Zo.

MERTZ, E. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Fr., Arith., Alg. D., Lat., Zo., Pen.

McNally, C. A.-P., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

PLEINS, H. J.—P., Rel., Alg., Pen. D., Zo.

ROMANOWSKI, J.-P., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

SAMPSON, V.-P., Arith., Pen. D., Zo.

Schmitt, H. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Zo.

Schneider, B. F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat. D., Rel., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

Schultz, T. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Alg. D., Lat., Ger., Arith., Zo., Pen.

Tugman, J. L.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Eng., Zo., Pen.

ZEPFEL, E. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Zo.

ZIMMER, H. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg. D., Zo., Pen.

Third Academic.

DIVISION B.

Beran, E. C.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog.

CAREY, W. F.-P., Rel., Bot., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg.

CONNOR, R. L.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Bot., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg.

DALEY, J. A.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg.

FLANAGAN, E. P.-P., Arith., Bot.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen.

GEIER, J. M.—P., Rel. Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat.

KRAMER, A. L.—P., Rel., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat.

LANG, F. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Eng.

MANSMANN, R. P.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen.

McCANN, A. R.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Eng.

McCullough, C .- P., Bot., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg.

Newell, J. A.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog.

O'REILLY, M. C.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.

Purcell, T. C.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.

REPPERMUND, L. S.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Bot. D., Alg.

SAWYER, J. N.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Eng.

SCHNEIDER, A. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot.

STAIB, J. E.—P., Rel., Eng., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog.

SWEENEY, T. P.—P., Rel., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.

SWINDELL, H. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Eng.

WACKERMAN, F.-P., Rel., Lat., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.

DIVISION A.

CONWAY, W. P.-P., Eng., Ger.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

CREIGHTON, J. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Eng.

DZMURA, A. P.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

GALLAGHER, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Edg., Lat., Bot.

GLOEKLER, W. E.—P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg., Bot.

GBYNIA, W.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Fr.. Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel.. Lat., Bot.

HABROWSKY, J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Alg.

JACOBS, L.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Ger.

Jones, T. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg.

JOYCE, T. B.—P., Eng., Lat., Bot., Pen, Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg.

LAUER, C. F.—P., Arith., Alg., Bot.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen.

LUTZ, C. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Eng.

MALONE, J. P.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Eng.

MARTIN, M. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg., Pen.

MUNHALL, H. N.—P., Fr., Bot., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg.

McDermott, P.-P., Eng., Arith., Pen.

McGARY, W. H .- P.. Hist., Geog., Arith.. Pen.

McGeehin, J. H.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel.

McGrail, T.—P., Hist., Geog.. Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Lat.

McGraw, J. H.—P., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot.

McKnight, E. J.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.

McNulty, J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

- O'CONNOR, M.—P., Eng., Lat., Fr., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel.
- Puhl, C. W.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Bot., Pen. D., Lat., Arith., Alg.
- SHANNON, E. J.—P., Lat., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg.
- SHANAHAN, T. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Bot. D., Alg., Pen.
- UNGERMAN, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D. Rel., Eng., Lat.

Second Academic.

- BAUM, K. J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Grk., Pen.
- Brady, E. F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Geol. D., Rel., Pen.
- Brown, R. R.—P., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Arith., Alg., Geol., Geom.
- Bullion, G. J.—P., Rel. Hist., Geo., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Alg., Geom., Pen., Fr. D., Geol.
- CAIN, J. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Geol., Geom., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Alg.
- CONNOLLY, J. V.—P., Lat., Arith., Alg., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Ger., Fr., Pen.
- CONWAY, R. V.—P., Lat., Grk., Fr., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Geol.
- DOYLE, J. J.—P., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Fr., Geol., Geom.
- Dufffy, C.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Geol., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Grk., Ger., Arith., Alg.
- Dunn, T. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Geol., Geom., Pen. D., Arith., Alg.
- FAY, W.—P., Lat., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Geol.
- HALEY, C. E.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Gr., Alg., Geom., Pen. HANLEY, R.—P., Eng., Geom.

 D., Grk., Alg.
- KEHOE, E. H.—P., Lat., Grk., Ger., Arith., Alg., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Geol., Fr.
- Kuhn, T. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Fr., Geom. D., Rel., Eng., Grk., Arith., Alg., Geol., Pen.
- KVATSAK, J. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Alg., Pen. D., Rel.
- MALLOY, M. J.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen.
- MAYER, C.—P., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Alg., Geol.

MILLARD, J. J.-P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Geol.

MORONEY, R. J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Alg., Geol., Pen.

McElroy, J.-P., Lat., Arith., Geol., Pen., Fr.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Alg., Geom.

McGuigan, B. G.-P., Lat., Arith., Alg., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Geol.

McMahon, J.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Alg., Geom., D., Rel., Arith.

TAUFKIRCH, W. A.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Alg., Geol., Pen.

WHALEN, J. N.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Alg., Bot., Geom. D., Arith., Pen.

First Academic.

Breen, M. J.—P., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Eng.

BRENNAN, M. J.-P., Grk., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Alg., Eng., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., BUERKLE, J. J.-P., Geom. Alg., Eng., Pen.

CARLOS, J. A.—P., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng. CARRAHER, S. F.-P., Lat., Grk., Alg., Geom., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Hist.

CARROLL, J. A.-P., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Alg., Geom., Eng.

ENNIS, R. T.-P., Grk., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Hist.

GASPARD, H. N.-P., Lat., Grk., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Fr., Ger., Alg., Eng.

HAYES, A. J.-P., Lat., Fr., Grk., Alg., Geom., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Hist.

MALONE, H. H.-P., Fr., Ger., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Eng., Pen.

McAfee, F. L.-P., Grk., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Alg., Eng.

McLaughlin, J. F.-P., Lat., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Eng., Pen. ROSSENBACH, J. A.-P., Fr., Geom., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Eng., Pen.

RYAN, T. F .- P., Lat., Grk., Alg., Geom., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Eng.

ZAREMBA, J. M.—P., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Pol.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. Preparatory Course.

DIVISION A.

BISHOP, L. C.-P., Rel., Pen.

Burg, J.-P., Eng., B-K., Pen.

DIETERLE, R. H.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

ETHIER, E. F.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen, Law. D., Civ. G.

FERRY, E. J.—P., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G., Law.

GAST, F. J-P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen.

HARNEY, F. L.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law.

HATTON, C.-P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Civ. G. D., Rel., Arith.

GOODYEAR, E. G.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Civ. G., Law.

MAYER, A.-P., Rel., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

McGannon, J. P.-P., Rel., Eng., Pen., Civ. G., Law.

McGladrigan, T. A.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

McGovern, J.—P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G.

D., Arith., Pen., Typ-W.

O'HARA, W. B.-P., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G.

SHERER, R. V .-- P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law.

TEEMER, W.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen., Civ. G., Law.

Woistman, J.—P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen., Typ-W.

DIVISION B.

AARON, A. H.-P., Pen.

BORDE, R. E.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

CAMPBELL, B. A.-P., Eng., Arith., Pen.

DIETERLE, G. A.-P., B-K., Pen.

Dowling, D. R.-P., Pen.

GLEESON, V. P.—P., Arith., Pen. D., Typ-W.

JEFFREYS, R.—P., Eng., Arith., Pen., Hist., Geog.

LAWLOR, M. E.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

LYNN, J. E.-P., Rel., Arith., Eng., Pen., Civ. G.

LAUX, S.-P., Arith., Eng., Pen., Hist., Geog., Civ. G. D., Rel.

MALONEY, J. J.-P., Rel., B-K., Arith., Pen, Hist., Geog.

MILLER, H. C .- P., Rel., B-K., Arith., Eng., Pen., Hist., Geog.

O'CONNOR, H. F.-P., B-K., Eng., Pen.

D., Rel., Arith., Hist., Geog.

PIECZYNSKI, W. J.-P., Rel., B-K., Arith., Eng., Pen., Hist., Geog.

RANDIG, E. M.—P., B-K., Arith., Pen.

REBEL, L. P.—P., Rel., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

REINBOLD, J.-P., Arith., Eng., Pen.

SCHAEFER, H.-P., Rel., Arith., Pen., Hist., Geog.

TURNBLACER, F.-P., Rel., B-K., Arith., Pen., Hist., Geog.

Business Course.

FITZGERALD, R. J.-D., Short-H.

DIVISION B.

CURRAN, T. A .- P., Pen., Law, Short-H.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Typ-W., Civ. G.

FRANZ, M. V.-P., Eng., Arith., Law, Civ. G.

D., Rel., B-K., Pen.

SLATER, H.—P., Law. D., Eng., B-K., Pen., Typ-W., Civ. G.

YELLIG, E. B.—P., Law. D., Pen., B-K., Short-H., Typ-W.

ZIMMERMANN, J. P.-P., Eng., Law, Short-H.

D., Rel., B-K., Pen., Typ-W., Civ. G.

DIVISION C.

Актно, J. A.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-К., Pen., Law, Civ. G.

CAWLEY, F. G.-P., B-K., Pen., Law. D., Arith., Typ-W.

CURTIN, T. A.—P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G. D., Rel.

DELANEY, J. G.—P., Pen. D., Civ. G.

ENRIGHT, C. J.-P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Arith., Civ. G.

GLOCK, A. J.-P., Eng., Arith., Pen.

GUCKERT, E. B.—D., B-K., Pen.

HEILMAN, C. A.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G.

LIEB, G. P.—P., Pen., Typ-W.

MADDEN, P. J.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G.

McCormick, C. J.—P., B-K., Pen. D., Pen.

McDermott, C. R.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G.

McKenna, C. A.—P., Eng., Arith., B-K. D., Rel., Civ. G.

MURPHY, S.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G.

NIEHOFF, H. N.-P., Arith., B-K., Law, Short-H.

D., Rel., Eng., Pen., Typ-W., Civ. G.

OBER, E. C.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law. D., Civ. G.

OTT, A. W.-P., Eng., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G.

RANKIN, C. R.—P., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

RUTLEDGE, R. J.-P., B-K., Pen., Law, Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

SCHUSTER, A. C.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Civ. G. D., Rel., Arith. SPENGLER, R. J.—P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Typ-W.

D., R., Civ. G.

Todd, D. L.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

WURZELL. A. J.-P., Arith., Law, Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Civ. G.

DIVISION D.

BLAYNEY, P.-P., Arith., B-K., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., Pen., Civ. G.

ELMORE, J. J.—P. Eng., B-K., Pen., Law. D., Rel., Civ. G.

GRIMES, F. D.—P., B-K., Pen., Law. D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

HARST, E. J.-P., B-K., Law. D., Rel., Pen., Civ. G.

HARRINGTON, C. A .- P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Typ-W.

HICKEL, A.-P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Law, Civ. G. D., Rel., Pen.

KENNELLY, E. A.-P., Arith., B-K., Law.

KRIEGER, A. G.-P., Arith., B-K.

D., Rel., Eng., Pen., Law, Civ. G.

PETERS, S.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law.

RUTLEDGE, F. I.-P., B-K., Pen.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Law, Civ. G.

SCHLERNITZAUER, P. A.-P., B-K., Pen., Law, Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

Wandrisco, G. J.—P., B-K., Law, Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Pen., Civ. G.

Freshman.

ARENS, F. X .- P., Alg., Geom., Trig., Grk., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger.

ARETZ, A. A.—P., Alg., Geom., Grk., Fr.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger.

Briggs, B. C.—D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Grk. Calnan, T. A.—P., Fr., Geom., Grk., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger.

CARR, G. J.—P., Hist., Ger., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Eng., Lat.

Cox, J. R.—P., Fr., Alg., Geom., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

FEHRENBACH, C. F.—P., Lat., Trig., Grk., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Fr., Alg., Geom. Howard, F. M.—P., Ger., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Alg., Geom., Trig.

Johns, A. G.-P., Alg.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Geom., Gr.

KEATING, J. B.—P., Ger., Geom., Trig., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

MISKLOW, P. G.-P., Ger., Alg., Geom.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Grk.

ROEHRIG, F. X.—P., Lat., Fr., Grk., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Alg., Geom., Trig

Tull, P. A.—P., Fr., Trig., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger.

WINGENDORF, A .- P., Fr., Alg., Trig., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Geom., Grk.

ZINDLER, L. J.—P., Lat., Alg., Geom., Grk.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Fr.

Sophomore.

DEKOWSKI, J. A.-P., Lat. Grk., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem.

D., Hist., Ch. Hist., Eng., Pol.

JACKSON, E. F.-P., Geom., Trig., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Alg.

JAWORSKI, J. P.—P., Hist., Lat., Grk., Fr., Alg., Geom., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Eng., Pol.

MORALES, E. A.-P., Lat. Fr., Alg., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Grk., Ger., Geom., Trig.

MURPHY, D. P.-P., Grk., Ger., Fr., Geom., Trig.

D., Hist., Ch. Hist., Eng.

McCambridge, C. L.—P., Lat., Grk., Alg., Geom.

D., Ch. Hist., Eng., Ger.

McGuigan, E. A.—P., Hist., Grk., Ger., Trig.

D., Ch. Hist., Eng.

McKavney, J. B.—P., Alg., Geom., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

Junior.

Bejenkowski, A. B.—P., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Mech. D., Script., Polish, Hist.

GWYER, C. F.—P., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Ger., Fr., Phy., Trig., Mech. D., Hist.

HAYES, R. L.—P., Phil., Phy. D., Script., Lat., Eng., Grk., Ger., Fr., Trig., Mech., Hist.

KEANE, C. M.—P., Phy., Trig., Mech.

D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Hist.

KILGALLEN, J. M.—P., Phil.

D., Script., Lat., Eng., Grk., Hist.

KOLIPINSKI, S. J.—P., Fr., Trig. D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Ger., Phy., Mech., Hist.

MERZ, W. F.—P., Phil., Lat., Eng., Phy. D., Script., Hist.

Neilan, F. A.—P., Script., Phil., Eng., Grk., Trig., Mech. D., Lat., Ger., Hist.

O'SHEA, T. F.—P., Trig. D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Phy., Mech., Hist.

SIMON, J. C.—P., Eng., Phy., Mech., Fr.
D., Script., Phil., Lat., Grk., Ger., Hist.

SZUMIERSKI, F. S.—P., Phy., Mech. D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Ger., Trig., Hist.

Senior.

DURA, S. A.—P., Phil., Eng., Grk., Fr., Phy., Trig., Mech. D., Script., Lat., Hist.

GAYNOR, H. E.-P., Phil., Eng., Lat. D., Script., Hist.

HALLERAN, C. V.—P., Eng., Lat., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist. D., Script., Phil.

KNAEBEL, E. B.—P., Fr., Phy., Trig., Mech.

D., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Hist.

MALLOY, J. F.—P., Fr., Mech., Hist.

Lat., Grk., Ger., Phy., Trig, Pen.

D., Phil., Script., Eng.

NELSON, J. A.—P., Fr., Ger., Trig., Mech.

D., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Phy., Hist.

RELIHAN, M. J.—P., Phil., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Trig. D., Script., Hist.

N. B.—The names of students who were absent from the examinations or failed to pass, are not given in the above list.



ALUMNI SMOKER.

The Alumni held a most enjoyable Smoker in the college hall on February 9. About one hundred were present and enjoyed a delightful little programme of music and song. At a short business meeting, the officers of last year were unanimonsly re-elected—Rev. L. A. O'Connell, president; J. V. Dunlevy, vice-president; L. M. Heyl, treasurer; and Rev. H. J. McDermott, secretary. The Reverend President was empowered to appoint a committee to make arrangements for a banquet before the end of the school year. An appetizing lunch was then served, and several speeches were made.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X.

Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1904.

No. 7.

A Lenten Plaint.

Father and God, in mercy hear!

With suppliant voice we cry to Thee.

The way is long, and sad, and drear,

The combat fierce, and weak are we.

Oft do we fall, the tempter's prey,

Beneath the glamor vain of sin;

What we'd avoid we do alway,

Nor heed the warning voice within.

But oh! the pain and guilt that press

The heart that dared Thy law to spurn!

Full well we feel 'tis bitterness

Away from God our Lord to turn.

Then, best of Fathers, heed our cry:
Our tears of penitence regard.
Within Thine arms outstretched on high
Receive our souls from peace debarred.

JOHN F. MALLOY, '04.



SACRED MUSIC.*

In many passages of Holy Scripture the Divine Spirit alludes with especial complacency to the beauty and splendor with which God has adorned His Church. St. Paul says that our Blessed Lord "has loved His Church and has delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

Many centuries before the birth of Christ, the royal prophet David described this splendor and beauty of the spouse of Christ. In addressing God, the heavenly King. whose "throne is for ever and ever," He exclaims: "The Queen hath stood at Thy right hand in gilded clothing surrounded with variety." In thus speaking in His inspired word of the beauty and splendor of His holy spouse, what does our Lord intend, what does His Blessed Spirit desire, but to inspire us with a befitting love and admiration for that mother of souls whose children by grace it is our privilege and happiness to be? God wishes the Children of His Holy Church to know, to admire, and to love, the beauty, the glory, and the splendor wherewith He has made her to shine before the We have been taught from our earliest years to admire the beauty and comeliness and splendor, that have in all ages surrounded that holy mother.

To-day, after twenty centuries of existence, after so many storms of persecution and suffering and tribulation have passed over her, after so many struggles undergone, after so many hardships endured, she still stands without spot, without blemish, without wrinkle on her heavenly

^{*}Reproduced from a lecture delivered by the Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., in the Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburg.

brow, in all the freshness, in all the bloom, in all the fair loveliness which adorned her youth. Of that glorious and beautiful Queen, the spouse of Christ, the beloved Daughter of the Heavenly King, we can to-day, in addressing her Lord, say as truly as King David said it so many centuries ago: "The Queen hath stood at Thy right hand in gilded clothing, surrounded with variety."

Many and various are the aspects under which we can contemplate and admire the beauty and splendor of that Queen. In the supernatural order, how heavenly, how divine, are the adornments wherewith Christ has decked His beloved Church! From the day of Pentecost. His Holy Spirit has dwelt in her with all the treasures of His graces and gifts. How close has she stood all these past centuries to her Divine Lord in gilded clothing, surrounded with variety! The sufferings and the heroism of her martyrs, the sanctity and purity of her saints and confessors, the zeal of her apostles and missionaries, the fervent love and tears of her penitents, the heroic sanctity of so many of her children in every age and in every clime, -all these excellences combined shine forth and form that "gilded clothing surrounded with variety" wherewith she is adorned.

But it is not merely in the supernatural order that these inspired words of King David are verified in the Catholic Church. "The Queen hath stood at Thy right hand in gilded clothing, surrounded with variety." These words are as true of the Church in the natural order, as we know them to be in the supernatural.

The Church attends to the spiritual wants, and provides for the eternal interests and happiness of her children. She sanctifies and saves immortal souls. This is her direct and proper mission. But she has always combined with her solicitude for the the souls of her children, a motherly care also for their temporal and bodily welfare.

History shows how much the world is indebted to

the Church for those things that go to alleviate the ills and sorrows of the present life. Sciences and arts have found in her a devoted patron and protector. The blessings of Christian civilization have come upon the world through her influence. Now, out of this variety of beauty and splendor, wherewith the Church of God is surrounded, we may select one especial feature for our consideration the beauty and loveliness which belong to the Catholic Church as the patroness of the divine art of music. Great and unique is the glory to which she can justly lay claim. For she has, first of all, conceived the true ideal of what sacred music is in itself. In the second place. her fostering care has, more than any other agency in the world, enabled the human race to reach as nearly as possible to that true ideal by the progress of the art in past centuries. Finally, her highest title to praise and gratitude from all men lies in the grandeur of the end to which all her efforts in the domain of musical art have always been and are ever still directed.

In the first place, we claim for the Catholic Church the especial glory that she has conceived the ideal of what sacred music is in itself. Together with the Church, and, as its natural utterance, there came into being a new, unapproachably beautiful style of music, a grave, pathetic, and soothing chant full of expression and life. This style of music is known as the Gregorian Chant because of the zeal and success with which that illustrious Pontiff, St. Gregory, developed and moulded into a regular system those precious legacies of song which had been transmitted to succeeding ages from the very days of the Apostles. In fact, this venerable and time-honored form of music arose in the very days of the Apostles. the instinctive expression of the faith, hope, and charity of men who sang not merely for their personal delight but for the glory of God. Listen to the beautiful words of St. Ambrose in speaking of these church melodies: "Our liturgical chant is the chant of all nature: infants learn it

from their mothers' lips; young and old instinctively raise it in the house of prayer."

We are enabled thus to perceive the ideal of the art of music as conceived by the Catholic Church. She considers art as a servant of the Most High, as it really should be. For no branch of art exists for its own sake alone. Art is a servant, and must necessarily serve God or the world, either the eternal or the temporal, either the spirit or the flesh. Now, the idea of the art of music, as conceived by the Church from her very beginning, is that it must be made to serve the God who inspired it. The Church employs the art of music, as well as painting, sculpture, and architecture, not merely to decorate, to adorn, and to embellish her offices of worship, but above all to edify, to instruct and to inspire her children in the service and worship of their God. Sacred music grew up from within the very heart and soul of the Church. It is the breathing of her inmost spirit. As her kingdom is not of this world but of the next, so also her tones seem to be borrowed from another, a higher and better world. They are the expression of that profound faith, that religious contemplation, whereby the Christian realizes the thrilling nearness of heavenly things. The effect of Catholic worship is to withdraw the soul of the worshipper within that inner shrine where her God dwells, within that inner sanctuary of the heart enlightened by faith, purified by repentance, and inflamed by ardent charity, where, upheld by prayer and sanctified by love, the soul communes with the Divine, and is transported by glimpses of future This consciousness of the nearness and blessedness. reality of the invisible world lends a celestial beauty to those creations of Catholic genius which past ages have produced in every field of art. Many of the priceless treasures of Catholic art survive all the changes and vicissitudes of time, because they so directly symbolize that noble ideal which in the ages of faith was the guiding

principle of the lives and works of our Catholic ancestors. Works such as the Imitation of Christ, the Summa of St. Thomas, the Religious Exercises of St. Ignatius, the Divina Comedia of Dante, the Gothic sculptures of the twelfth and thirteenth turies, the works of the Missal Illuminators of the Middle Ages, the Paintings of Fra Angelico and Giotto, the Transfiguration of Raphael, the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome, the Cathedral of Cologne. works such as these can never perish. Side by side with them can be placed the church music of the Palestrina age. This music is indeed the most subtle and suggestive expression of the Spirit that guided and directed the lives and doings of our forefathers. Of the depth and earnestness of that spirit we can form but a most faint and imperfect idea in these days of skepticism and doubt and unbelief. The same contrast that exists between the worldly, calculating, selfish, and egotistic spirit of the present age on the one hand, and, on the other, the noble and Christian spirit which prevailed in the ages of faith, can also be found between modern church music and the heaven-inspired music of the Palestrina age.

This consideration brings us to the second claim which I have made on behalf of the Catholic Church as the patroness of the heavenly art of music. For if, in the first place, she has conceived the true ideal of what the art of music is in itself, no less true is it that her tostering care has, more than any other agency in the world, enabled the human race to reach as nearly as possible that true ideal by the progress of the art in the course of centuries.

Christian song never became entirely stationary, never showed a tendency to harden or contract. Slowly, for centuries, almost imperceptibly, it steadily expanded. It contained in itself the promise and potency of life. In the very nature of things, a new energy, a new vitality,

must enter the art of music when enlisted in the ministry of the religion of Christ. A new motive, a new spirit, unknown to Greek or Roman or Hebrew, took possession of the religious consciousness of the early Christians. The Christian felt himself the joint-heir of a risen and ascended Lord, who by His death and resurrection had brought to his disciples the guarantees of everlasting life. The Christian religion therefore was a religion of heavenly joy—a joy absorbing, completely satisfying all the deepest, innermost yearnings, and realizing all the loftiest hopes, that the human mind is able to entertain. heavenly joy was mingled, too, with a profound sense of personal unworthiness and the most solemn responsibilities, together with sentiments of awe and wonder in the presence of unfathomable mysteries. The manifestations of this joy in the tones of the church music were accordingly subdued by the spirit of the Church to a calmness and moderation admirably suited to express the depth and earnestness of this Christian faith and Christian hope. The art of music, when acted upon by ideas so sublime and penetrating as those of the Gospel, necessarily became transformed, and exhibited signs of a renewed and aspiring activity. The very essence of the divine revelation in Jesus Christ must strike a more thrilling note than tone had ever sounded before. The genius of Christianity opened up new soul-depths and quickened the higher possibilities of holiness in man. That same genius must therefore evoke larger manifestations of musical invention.

Thrilling indeed must have been the effect of the religious music of the early Church. "How I wept," says St. Augustine, "at thy hymns and canticles, O Lord, pierced to the quick by the voices of thy melodious Church! How sweetly those voices flowed into my ears, and how powerfully thy truth distilled into my heart! Thence there streamed forth a devout emotion, and from my eyes gushed forth a torrent of tears."

In his late encyclical on the complete restoration of true church music, Pope Pius reminds the faithful of the near approach of the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Gregory the Great. During the reign of that illustrious pontiff, which lasted from 590 to 604, that precious treasure of song known as the Gregorian chant, was classified, systematized, and perfected, so as to form thereafter the uniform chant of the Church all over Western Europe. Out of this Gregorian, or Plain, chant was developed in later centuries the a capella chorus by the zeal, energy, and skill of the musicians of the Middle Both these forms of music are indeed priceless blessings for which the world can never sufficiently repay the Church of God. They were divinely inspired in the very bosom of the Catholic Church—in the peaceful sanctuaries of piety and learning, the monasteries and cloisters of Mediaeval Europe - and these forms of music were developed as the purest expressions of the sentiment and motive of divine worship, that the world has ever known.

It was in the first six centuries that the final direction of the music of the church, as of all her art, was consciously taken. She rejected the use of instruments and developed an exclusively vocal art. In this absolute vocal melody, she found a new art principle, of which all the sacred music of modern times is the natural and glorious fruit. She proclaimed once for all the true ideal of church music. This ideal is found in the distinction of the church style from the secular style—the expression of the universal mood of prayer, rather than the expression of the fluctuating, passionate emotion of the individual worshipper; secular music deals with the latter. find in the ideal church music that rapt, pensive, exalted tone which makes no attempt at detailed painting of events or superficial and transitory conditions of the mind and heart. This mysterious tone seems rather to symbolize the fundamental sentiments of humility, awe, reverence, hope, and love, which mingle and merge all particular and personal experiences and feelings and emotions in the common offering that surges upward, like incense, from the heart of the church to the Lord and Master of all. The church style avoids an impassioned emphasis or portrayal of details. Her musical expression is drawn from the large, universal spirit of worship. Hereby she creates an atmosphere from which all worldly custom and association disappear. This large conception was early injected into the mind of the Church. It was the parent of all that has been most noble and edifying in the creations of ecclesiastical music.

How serene, how touching, how penetrating, are the melodies of the Gregorian chant! They carry us back to those early days of the Church—the days hallowed by the lives and sufferings of the Apostles and Martyrs of Christ. Amidst the total decay and ruin of so many other monuments of ancient times, how wonderful is the survival of these beautiful, heavenly, and inspired forms of music!

Out of these venerable melodies, whose celestial beauty and soul-penetrating tones have withstood the ravages of well-nigh twenty centuries, there was evolved, in the Middle Ages, a second form of ecclesiastical chant, known as the *a capella*, or contrapuntal, chorus. It was based on the Gregorian key and melodic system. Its style forms a sharp contrast with that of modern church music.

This period of sacred music is to the earnest student by far the most attractive of all. For this choral song was developed in the ages of faith. It was the realization, in tonal and vocal art in its fullest attainable perfection, of the true ideal of sacred music as conceived by the Catholic Church. Compare it with modern church music. The latter, by virtue of its variety, splendor, and dramatic pathos, will be found to be finged with those hues of earthliness which unmistakably show that it is to a great extent an intruder in strict ecclesiastical art. Modern church music partakes of the doubt and turmoil of the skeptical and rebellious age in which it came into being. In its expression of impassioned longing, in its dramatic portrayal of the soul's emotions, you find the echoes of worldly allurements more than the chastened tone and the inspired utterance of souls "whose conversation is in Heaven." On the other hand, the choral song developed in the ages of faith is in its very tone the expression of that calm ecstasy of trust, that celestial anticipation, which gives to all mediaeval art such an exquisite charm of naivete and sincerity. That exquisite charm, that naivete, that sincerity will probably never again be realized, because its pure, limpid source—that unquestioning simplicity of conviction produced by Christian faith—has passed away from the souls of men.

In the ages of faith, every prayer, every hymn, every Scripture lesson of the Catholic ritual, was invested by the musical craftsmen of the time with strains of unique beauty and tenderness. From the twelfth to the sixteenth century, the most extraordinary musical activity Thousands of cathedrals. prevailed in Western Europe. churches, chapels and convents were ever making fresh demands for new settings and arrangements in music of the various members of the Mass and Office. The deep religious enthusiasm and the extraordinary intellectual activity of that age were exercised in song, as well as in all the other branches of science and art. History assures us that the world has never witnessed a more absorbed devotion to a single artistic idea, nor has it ever found or conceived an art-form so lofty in expression and so perfect in workmanship as the polyphonic church chorus in its age of maturity. The compositions of such men as Joaquin de Près, Orlando di Lasso, Willaert, Palestrina, Vittoria, Gabrieli, are masterpieces not unworthy of comparison with those magnificent Gothic Cathedrals in whose epoch they were given to the world.

A reaction in favor of this beautiful choral music of

the ages of faith took place in the nineteenth century. And now, at the opening of the twentieth, our holy father, Pope Pius X., has raised his voice, and proclaimed to the world that he wishes to restore again to the Church the ancient distinction of style and loftiness of aim in church music. Those who work for this grand end must, in order to ensure success, imbibe the spirit of those consecrated musicians who practised their art, as Palestrina himself once said, "not merely to produce enjoyment, but to guide and transform the spirits of men."



The Bleeding=Beart.

'Tis but a faded lilac,
Still it recalls to me
The story of a wooing
Beneath a lilac tree.

A Daisy sweet and lovely, Smiled charmingly each day Upon all weary travellers That passed her on their way.

And once another Flower,
Of handsome, dark-red hue,
Came there and made his dwelling,
A dwelling made for two.

He met the pretty Daisy
Upon a summer's day;
And then he wooed and won her,
And stole her heart away.

Alas for earthly pleasures,
Scarce grasped before they fleet!
Her wedding dress was fated
To be her winding sheet.

Upon the wedding morning,
A storm came rushing past,
And 'neath his brutal footsteps,
The Daisy breathed her last.

Her lover gently placed her Beneath the lilac tree, And, bending o'er her casket, Wept long and bitterly.

His joy in life was ended,

His heart was broken, too,

And, drop by drop, his heart's blood

Spread o'er her grave like dew.

And at her side incessant

He stayed, and would not part.

This is the simple story

Of the lonely Bleeding-Heart.

M. J. RELIHAN, '04.



Schiller's Wilhelm Tell.

Few literary pieces have elicited so much comment and so much favorable and adverse criticism as Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. Immediately on its appearance, February 18, 1804, the critics were active. Praise and censure were liberally bestowed. In Germany, Goethe and Richter took opposite views; in England, Carlyle and Coleridge disagreed in their estimates. Coleridge did not consider Tell equal to Wallenstein, whilst Carlyle regarded it as "one of Schiller's very finest dramas, exhibiting some of the highest triumphs which his genius, combined with his art, ever realized."

It would be very presumptuous indeed on our part to undertake to contradict these masters of criticism or to judge between them. We shall content ourselves with giving the story of Tell, and setting down the impressions which the reading of it left on our minds.

The events of the play are laid in the year 1307; the scenes are in Switzerland among the Alps. Switzerland (that is, the German-speaking portions of it) was at that time a part of the German Empire and under the immediate control of the House of Hapsburg, the second scion of which, Albrecht, oppressed the liberty-loving mountaineers most grievously. "The opening of the first scene sets us down among the Alps. All is grand and beautiful; but it is the loveliness and grandeur of unpretending, unadulterated nature. " The characteristic occupations of the Swiss-fisting, cattle-raising, huntingare represented by Kuoni, Ruodi and Werni. In the very first scene, we get a glimpse of the oppression of this honest people, and learn to know Tell, their deliverer. Baumgarten kills the governor's bailiff in defense of his wife's outraged honor, and is rescued by Tell, who rows him across the storm-tossed lake in the face of his pursuers.

Gertrude, the wife of Stauffacher, gives the first impulse to the conspiracy of the Cantons, by urging her husband, who has been threatened by Gessler, to take counsel with his friends in Uri and Unterwalden, how best to throw off the hateful yoke of Austria and her governors.

Once more we see the oppression of the people. Zwing-Uri is built, the hat set up, to which all must "do reverence." Then comes another outrage, which fills the cup to the brim. For a trifling offense of his son, the aged Melchthal is fettered, blinded, his property confiscated. A universal cry of indignation goes up from every honest heart. Gertrude's plan is taken up. Representatives of the three Cantons or a compact, as a preliminary to the great confederacy which is to follow. Melchthal, the passionate youth, Stauffacher, the soberminded man, Walter Fuerst, the man of wisdom and years, are agreed that the tyranny of Austria is unbearable, and that a general insurrection will free their fatherland.

The Swiss nobility is next presented to us in the person of the Baron von Attinghausen. His nephew and heir, Ulrich von Rudenz, forms a strong contrast to him. He is another prodigal son, who, led on by a secret passion, spurns his paternal roof and its simple pleasures and, decked with purple mantle and the peacock's feather—Austria's color and emblem—goes forth to win his spurs in the service of his country's enemy, leaving the bereft old man to his useless regrets for the "good old times."

Then the poet takes us to the field of Rutli, the Swiss Runnymede, a sequestered Alpine meadow. It is night. The scene is entrancing. Silent figures are stealing down the mountain-sides. In the back-ground is the lake, over which a lunar rainbow is visible. High mountains, behind which rise up still higher icebergs, close the view. All is dark, only the lake and the white glaciers glisten in the moonlight. Here, surrounded by

the the mountains they loved so well, and fired by Stauffacher's masterly description of their former freedom and their present sufferings, the confederates bind themselves by oath on Christmas Day to rise up in arms against the oppressor and drive him forever out of the land.

"We swear we will be free as were our sires, And sooner die than live in slavery!"

Their only anxiety is as to who shall rid them of the tyrant Gessler. And, with this one cloud darkening the bright prospect of freedom, each goes home to bide his time.

To prepare us for the meeting between Tell and Gessler, and to explain the origin of their quarrel, Schiller takes us to Tell's home in the Schaechenthal. We learn to know his wife and children, and the deep affection which mutually binds them together. The scene is as idyllically beautiful as the opening scene. The children are playing and singing before the house. Hedwig laments over the dangers incident to the daring expeditions of the Alpine hunter. Tell makes light or these with the characteristic remark:

"The man that bears a quick and steady eye, And trusts to God and his own lusty sinews, Passes, with scarce a scar, through every danger. The mountain cannot ave the mountain child."

-ACT III., SC. 1.

But there is a greater danger than the Alpine torrent, the avalanche, or "the thunderbolt of snow." Tell is going to Altorf, the home of Gessler, whose ire he has repeatedly incurred. To show how little he fears the governor, Tell gives a graphic account of an unexpected meeting on a lonely mountain pass, where the trembling Gessler's life was in his hands. But this only confirms Hedwig's fears and suspicions:

[&]quot;You saw his weakness; that he'll ne'er forgive."

But Tell, regardless of her forebodings, sets out for Altorf with his little son, Walther.

Leaving Tell on his way to meet his destiny, we turn aside for a moment to follow the fortunes of Rudenz, who has deserted his country because he thinks his lady-love, Bertha, the rich heiress of Bruneck, cannot be won otherwise. He accidentally meets Bertha on a hunting party, and forthwith declares his love. But Bertha's nature is cast in nobler mold. She loves the youth but hates the traitor. She hurls his advances back at him with the stern rebuke:

"And dare you speak to me of love—of truth? You, that are faithless to your nearest ties! Think you to find me in the traitor's ranks? Now, as I live, I'd rather give my hand To Gessler's self, all despot though he be, Than to the Switzer who forgets his birth And stoops to be the minion of a tyrant."

The eyes of the youth are opened and he repents of the error of his ways. Thus the love that had drawn him away from himself, from his better feelings, brings the prodigal back to himself and to his country.

In the meantime, Tell and his little son have arrived in Altorf. They approach the open place where the landwogt's hat, guarded by two soldiers, is set up. Walther Tell is prattling away and putting all sorts of innocent questions to his father. Leuthold and Friesshardt are joking about their guard of honor before the hat:

LEUTH.—"Hark ye, companion, I've a shrewd suspicion,
Our post's no better than the pillory
To do obeisance to a cap, too! Faith,
I never heard an order so absurd!"

FRIESS.—"Why not, an't please thee, to an empty cap?

Thou'st duck'd, I'm sure, to many an empty sconce."

ACT III., Sc. 3. (Martin's Trans.)

Tell has reached the hat and passes by without seeming to notice it. Friesshardt immediately arrests him.

A crowd gathers, and some make a show to rescue Tell. The hireling gives the alarm, and, to the horror of all, Gessler himself with a large following appears on the scene. He takes Tell to account for his disobedience and disloyalty, and commands him in punishment for his crime to shoot an apple from off his own boy's head at eighty paces. The entreaties of Tell, the intercession of Fuerst, Stauffacher and Bertha, and the bold protest of Rudenz, cannot turn the governor from his unnatural purpose. Tell even offers to forfeit his own life rather than endanger that of his child. But all in vain. Gessler's answer is the cruel threat:

"Thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy."

Little Walther alone in his innocent confidence in his father's skill, defies the tyrant and bids his father shoot.

"Come, father, shoot!" he cries, "I'm not afraid."

Whilst Gessler is still lost in wonder at Rudenz's sudden change of front, a shout is raised: "The apple is hit!" "The boy lives!" "That was a shot indeed!"

"This feat of Tell, the archer, will be told While yonder mountains stand upon their base."

They are about to lead Tell away in triumph when he is suddenly stopped by Gessler.

GESS .- "A word, Tell."

TELL.— "Sir, your pleasure?"

GESS.—

"Thou didst place
A second arrow in thy belt—nay, nay!

I saw it well—what was thy purpose with it?"

TELL (confused) — "It is a custom with all archers, Sir."

GESS.— "No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.

There was some other motive, well I know.

Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth;—

What e'er it be, I promise thee thy life.

Wherefore the second arrow?"

TELL.—

"Well, my lord,
Since you have promised not to take my life,
I will, without reserve, declare the truth,"

[He draws the arrow from his belt, and fixes his eyes
sternly upon the governor.]

"If that my hand had struck my darling child,
This second arrow I had aimed at you,
And, be assured, I should not then have missed."

ESS.—"Well, Tell, I promised thou shouldst have thy life;
I gave my knightly word, and I will keep it,
Yet, as I know the malice of thy thoughts,
I will remove thee hence to sure confinement,
Where neither sun nor moon shall reach thine eyes.
Thus from thy arrows I shall be secure.

Seize on him, guards, and bind him !"

ACT III., Sc. 3. (Martin's Trans.)

Standing on the rugged weather-beaten shore of Lake Lucerne, Ruodi, the fisherman, hears of Tell's fate and . Attinghausen's impending death. He gives utterance to expressions of the wildest despair, to which the terrific storm, the angry swelling of the waters, the rain, hail, thunder and lightning are a fitting accompaniment. Suddenly a ship heaves in sight—the governor's own with Tell enchained on board. We tremble with the honest fisherman for Tell, who is at the mercy of the elements. But lo and behold! Tell himself appears with his cross-bow slung over his shoulder, free. He looks wildly around, and shows the most violent agitation. With hands up-lifted to Heaven, he thanks God for his deliverance. It is with difficulty that the anxious inquiries of the fisherman draw from him the story of his escape, "how he lay bound hand and foot on board the governor's ship, on the way to his living grave; how, suddenly overtaken by a hurricane, the boat, now beyond the control of the panic-stricken crew, lay tossing on the surging waves, when the governor, sore-distressed, ordered him to be unbound and put to the helm; how, steering his course cautiously along the dangerous crags, he brought the stern close to the shore, and, watching his opportunity, with one bound, swung himself on the ledge of a rock, at the same time pushing the boat back into

the breakers. "Suddenly, as if he had tarried too long, he asks:

"Which is the nearest way to to Arth and Kuessnacht?"

And with the Fisher-boy for guide, hastily departs, with the words
"You'll hear further news of me ere long."

The Baron von Attinghausen lies dying in his chamber. He is apprised of the meeting on the Rütli and of his nephew's conversion. In touching strains, he prophesies his country's glorious future, entreats his sorrowing friends to "hold fast together," falls back on the pillow and "sleeps the sleep of the just."

Rudenz enters, too late to say: "Father, I have sinned;" too late to hear the parting words of forgiveness, but he swears on the cross hilt of his sword to fight for his country's freedom, and, if need be, shed his lifeblood in her cause.

Whilst the castle bell of Attinghausen is tolling the death of the Baron, Tell is hastening to Kuessnacht. He pauses in a narrow defile. "Former scenes, "says Carlyle, "had shown us Tell under many amiable and attractive aspects; we knew that he was tender as well as brave, that he loved to haunt the mountain tops, and inhale in silent dreams the influence of their wild and magnificent beauty: we had seen him the most manly and warm-hearted of fathers and husbands; intrepid, modest, venturing his life to bring help to the oppressed. But here his mind is exalted into stern solemnity; its principles of action come before us with greater clearness, in this its fiery contest. The name of murder strikes a damp across his frank and fearless spirit; while the recollection of his children and their mother proclaims emphatically that there is no remedy. Gessler must perish: Tell swore it darkly in his secret soul, when the monster forced him to aim at the head of his boy; and he will keep his oath. The free and peaceful mountaineer is to become a shedder of blood; woe to them that have made him so!

"Travellers come along the pass; the unconcern of their everyday existence is strikingly contrasted with the dark and fateful purposes of Tell." A wedding company crosses the scene. "There will be mirth and wassail down at Kuessnacht" says the garrulous Stuessi to Tell. "Oftentimes a bridal leads to a burial," is Tell's significant answer. Armgart's Wife, with her children, appears, and places herself at the entrance of the Pass. Tell hides among the rocks just as Gessler and his company appear at the top of the Pass. Armgart's Wife throws herself at the governor's feet and craves justice for her imprisoned husband. He spurns her haughtily, and threatens to crush her underneath his horse's hoofs and cries:

"I've been too mild a ruler to this people.
...... This shall be altered!

I will break that stubborn humor; Freedom
With its pert vauntings shall no more be heard of:
I will enforce a new law in these lands;
There shall not———"

He will never finish his haughty menace. An arrow pierces him through the heart.

"' Tis Tell's arrow," he says, and sinks into the arms of his attendants. At the same instant, Tell appears on the point of a rock and cries:

"Thou hast found the Archer:

Seek no other. Free are the cottages, Secure is innocence from thee; thou wilt Torment the land no more.?

The sublime funeral dirge of the Friars of Mercy, as they bear away the body of Gessler, forms a fitting close to this impressive scene:

"With noiseless tread death comes on man,
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From midst of busy life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand, it severs him:
And ready or not ready,—no delay,
Forth to his Judge's bar he must away!
—(Carlyle's Trans.)

Tell's deed is the signal for a general uprising, and the people forthwith destroy the castles which had been erected to keep them in subjection.

As they are deliberating how best to ward off the impending vengeance of the emperor, they are informed that he has been murdered by his brother. The Emperor's widow sends a messenger reminding them of their oath of fealty, but they answer that the ancient bonds of allegiance are broken. They then go to Tell's house to greet him as the saviour of the country.

In the meanwhile Tell has arrived home and is joyfully welcomed by his wife and children. A stranger, wearing the garb of a monk, comes upon this happy scene. Tell soon discovers that it is John of Suabia, the murderer of the Emperor. Horror-struck at finding himself face to face with such a man, and repudiating all comparison with his deed and the murder of the emperor, Tell urges him to go to the Pope and ask pardon for his crime. Then Tell goes to meet his countrymen, and is greeted as liberator of the land. The Bertha and Rudenz episode, too, is brought to a happy end.

It is not hard to understand why this play is so popular. It lies in the theme itself, for it is an ode to freedom. One of the greatest beauties of the play is its simplicity. It contains no intricate plot, no court intrigues, and no confusion of conflicting interests. Its subject-matter, in style and in conception, is popular, Volkstuemlich, as the Germans call it. What Schiller treats of is intelligible to everyone whose sympathies are human and whose head is on the right spot. Schiller himself, in his dedicatory lines to the Prince-Elector Dalberg, says: "To sing the praises and recount the deeds of a nation which, oppressed beyond endurance, rises up and throws off the disgraceful yoke, is worthy of the pen of any poet."

Schiller once made the statement that general rules must be accommodated to particular cases. Such a general

rule is the law of the dramatic unities, especially the unity of action, or, as it is sometimes styled, the unity of Now even the most superficial reading of Tell shows that there are two actions in it, which are interwoven: the conspiracy of the Swiss people and the fortunes of Tell. Hence we must admit two heroes: the title-hero and the Swiss people. This has been considered by some to be a great defect; but we can easily see that both these actions are necessary, and in the end are really Tell always has the interests of the Swiss people at heart, and works for their deliverance. Force of circumstances prevents his presence at the meeting on the Rütli, but he accomplishes the object of that meeting. It was absolutely necessary for the success of the plot that Gessler be put out of the way; and it was also necessary, or at least expedient, that one man should do this. himself kills Gessler, the oppressor of the land, and paves the way for the general uprising. In the end, the Swiss people, too, praise him and hail him as their liberator. Thus we see that the two-fold action resolves itself in the end into a kind of higher unity.

To those who have had the happiness of enjoying the Alpine beauties, Schiller's faithful picture of Swiss scenery and Swiss life is indeed a subject of wonder. He himself never saw the scene of the play; but his diligence and fertility of conception easily overcame this obstacle. Whether he is describing mountain or mountaineer, scenery or stirring events, Gessler's tyranny or Tell's revenge,—his poetic genius brings everything before us in its true form.

Schiller excels, not only in descriptions of scenery, but also in character portraying. The mass-scene on the Rütli, where the thirty-three sturdy confederates meet, is most minutely described, and is one of the grandest creations known to the stage. There is a very great number of characters in the play, some of whom are traditional or historical, and others are inventions of

Schiller's fertile brain. Indeed, it is disputed whether Tell himself was a real character, and the famous appleshot authentic. But neither is of great importance to the intrinsic merit of the drama, for we consider the work and the characters only as Schiller has depicted them.

The language is one of the finest points of Wilhelm Tell. There is an abundance of poetry poured out over the work, for which the perfect diction forms a splendid setting. The pathetic words of Melchthal when he bewails the fate of his father; the fiery speeches of Stauffacher when he exhorts the people at the meeting on the Rütli to free themselves; the soliloguy of Tell when he is resolutely waiting in the mountain pass to avenge himself and his country on Gessler-are all masterpieces and have been excelled by few writers in any language. Considered as a whole, simplicity and naivitè are the distinguishing characteristics of the style of Wilhelm Tell. Many archaisms and Swiss expressions, borrowed mostly from Tschudi, fit in perfectly. A contemporary of Schiller said: "The language and the versification of Tell can not be praised too highly. In this respect, if not in all respects, it is Schiller's finest production. " Many sayings, placed as a rule in Tell's mouth, have become familiar proverbs, and already existing ones have been clothed in the new and attractive garbs which they still wear.

Whatever adverse criticisms may be passed on the dramatic construction of *Tell*, there rests a magic on the separate scenes which cannot be described in words. We read and reread them, and our wonder grows apace. The play may apparently want unity of action; but, in spite of this, we may justly claim that it is among the very best, if not the master-piece, of Schiller. The play, too, was not without effect on Germany. For it did much to rouse the German nation from its lethargy and to throw off the yoke of Napoleon. In those days of need and national degradation, it awakened the patriotism, in-

flamed the courage, and steeled the heart, of every true German. The closing words of Rösselmann, the priest, at the meeting on the Rütli, expressed the sentiments which possessed the entire nation:

"We swear to be a nation of true brothers, Never to part in danger or in death! We swear we will be free, as were our sires, And sooner die than live in slavery! We swear to put our trust in God Most High, And not to quail before the might of man!"

R. L. HAYES, '05.



EXCHANGES.

Our sanctum and reading room have been brightened with the pages of the following Exchanges during the month of March:—

Loretto Magazine, Pittsburg High School Journal, Dial, St. Joseph's Collegian, Fordham Monthly, Abbey Student, Holv Cross Purple, Transylvanian, Agnetian Monthly, Young Catholic Messenger, Notre Dame Scholastic, Ave Maria, Viatorian, Spectator, Central College Magazine, Western University Courant, Fleur-de-Lis, Victorian, Carmelite Review, Josephite, Loretto Magazine, Xavier, Kalamazoo Augustinian, Rayen Record, Weilkopolanian, Institute Echoes, Petit Messager du T. S. Sacrament, Xaverian, Waynesburg Collegian, Messager du St. Esprit, Exponent, St. Anthony's Monthly.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, M. J. RELIHAN, '04. ASSISTANT EDITOR, C. M. KEANE, '05.

EXCHANGES, . J. F. MALLOY, '04. LOCALS, . . J. A. NELSON, '04.

SOCIETIES, P. G. MISKLOW, '07.

SOCIETIES, T. F. RYAN, '08.

CONCERTS, E. B. YELLY

BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06.

F. X. ROEHRIG, '07.

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1904.

No. 7.

EDITORIAL.

Will Political Corruption Destroy Niagara's Grandeur?

Through crude and barbarous commercialism, aided by political bribery, we are in a fair way of losing for ourselves and succeeding generations an endowment of magnificence, a work of wonders, a bounteous gift of Nature, prized by all America as a precious possession, and by the universal world as a place of pilgrimage for the lovers of the sublime and beautiful.

Not many weeks ago, the New York Legislature was considering a bill brought before it, whereby a Power-Company sought the right to divert the course of the Niagara river, to be used for purely individual commercial purposes. Two companies are at the present time procuring their power from this source, and it is figured that these, with the contemplated additional diversion, which promises to be more extensive, will, as the *New York Times* justly remarks, leave the wonders and beauties of Niagara Falls a pile of dry rocks.

That a State Legislature should even consider a matter of this kind, gives us an insight into the extent of prevailing political corruption. To destroy a work of Nature such as no man's skill could approach for beauty and grandeur, is a disgrace to America, and a sin that is worthy of our and our children's condemnation. But political bribery and confiscation know no bounds. The "Almighty Dollar" is of more value and interest to a shrewd politician, than is the welfare and interest of the people whom he represents, and who have chosen him in good faith to fulfil the duties of his office properly and conscientiously.



An Appeal from East India.

From far India comes a cry of distress, which will no doubt strike a responsive chord in the heart of every true lover of Christ. During passiontide and Holy Week, we all meditated on the crowning work of the Redemption—the death of the Son of God. In our own poor way we formed an estimate of the price of a human soul. heard the dying cry of the Saviour: "I thirst." He thirsted for souls to come to the knowledge of the truth, to come to the fountains of life, to come to His divine embrace. There are over 295 millions of benighted heathens in India for whom Christ shed His precious blood on Calvary. These countless souls are asking for the bread of life, and there is no one to break it for them. Heroic efforts have been put forth by the missionaries, and, with the generous aid of Catholics the world over, much has already been accomplished; but

much more remains to be done. A word from a zealous missionary will perhaps awaken the interest of American Catholics in the great struggle—much more momentous and interesting than the Russo-Japanese war—in which the Church is engaged in the far East.

We quote the following from a letter of Rev. Father Paulus, Secretary of the Catholic Missions of St. Francis, Nagpur, East India:

"The Church has been spreading her doctrine and fortifying herself in this diocese. But there are still millions to be converted, who are awaiting the glad message of the gospel. Therefore, dear friends, help us and gain new benefactors for our cause.

"Of the heathen children that were baptised in the previous year, and who are now visiting our schools, there are 235 to whom no godfather has given his name or donated a baptismal garment; they are still waiting for this privilege. Some 320 others, children and adults, will be baptised soon, but for these also we have no sponsors, no name, no baptisimal dress, and no present for their day of rejoicing.

"Tell your friends of our trials and needs; induce them to participate in our work for the spread of the doctrine of Holy Church by their alms, and secure for yourselves a lenient sentence on the Day of Judgment, when you shall hear the words: 'I was hungry and you fed Me; I was naked and you clothed Me—for whatsoever you have done unto the lowest among you, that you have done unto Me.'"

No doubt, those of our readers who are blessed with this world's goods will not let slip this opportunity of laying up for themselves "treasures in Heaven," by helping the poor, abandoned heathen children of India.

Contributions for these missions may be forwarded to Nicholas Gonner, Editor, care Catholic Printing Co., Dubuque, Iowa.



ALUMNI.

Rev. Joseph A. Callahan, C. S. Sp., and Rev. Charles Rudolph, C. S. Sp., both of Cornwells, Pa., were ordained priests by the Right Rev. Regis Canevin, D. D., at St. Vincent's Abbey, on February 27.

A. E. Hufnagel is assistant-superintendent of the East Liberty post office.

Charles A. Gast, a young graduate of last year, is individual book-keeper in the United States National Bank, Market Street, near Fifth Avenue.

W. D. Ruh is head book-keeper in the establishment of Joseph Horne Co., Penn and Fifth Avenues.

Fred. Turnblacer has been elected president of the Blairsville Lumber Company.

Edward B. Coll is cashier, Farmers' Deposit Savings Bank of Pittsburg, Fifth Avenue and Wood Street.

Joseph A. Grimaldi, of Detriot, Mich., favored us with a visit in the latter part of February. He is travelling sales' agent for Frederick F. Ingram & Co., Manufacturing Pharmacists and Perfumers. After some five or six months spent in Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and New York, and a short summer vacation, he will go to Mexico for six months in the interests of the firm. We hope that his success elsewhere will be as great as it has been in Pittsburg.

The following members of the Alumni Association met in the College on the evening of March 21: Rev L. A. O'Connell, president, J. Cawley, J. V. Dunlevy, C. A. Gibney, J. E. Kane, J. P. Kelly, A. M. Kossler, F. T. Lauinger and G. H. Roehrig. They decided to hold the annual banquet in the Monongahela House on Tuesday, April 19. They decided also to hold another meeting on March 29, to perfect arrangements to make the occasion a more brilliant success than any of its predecessors.

LOCALS.

On February 1st, nine young aspirants to religious life were received into the order of the Holy Ghost by the Very Rev. Provincial, Father Zielenbach—A. A. Aretz, of Tarentum, Pa.; T. A. Calnan, Washington, D. C.; P. J. Dooley, Tipperary, Ireland; C. B. Hannigan, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. G. Johns, Chippewa Falls, Wis.; E. M. Morales, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. X. Roehrig, Detroit, Mich.; A. Wingendorf, Rhine Province, Germany; and L. J. Zindler, Detroit, Mich. All are members of the Freshman or Sophomore class.

Religious persecution in France has closed several colleges and scattered the teachers over the civilized world. It has been instrumental in strengthening our staff by sending us Fathers Leroux and Descours. Both taught in Blackrock College, Ireland, for several years: they are now deeply interested in the classes confided to them. Rev. C. Wilhelm, for five years engaged in Trinidad, B. W. I., and subsequently dean of studies in Knechtsteden, Germany, is another valuable acquisition. Mr. Patrick Cronin is giving the Academic classes the benefit of his several years' practical experience as a teacher in the South.

The Forty Hours' Devotion began in the college on the first day of March, and closed on the first Friday of the month. All the students assisted at Holy Mass each morning, and approached the Sacraments of Confession and Communion. Donations of candles and flowers were received from Mrs. M. Breen, Mrs. J. C. Duffy, Mrs. A. Taufkirch, R. L. Connor, E. H. Kempf, A. Kramer, J. H. McGraw, and F. Sauer, to each and all of whom we beg to convey our sincere thanks.

An entertainment, partly dramatic and partly gymnastic, will be given by the students in the Duquesne Theatre on May 6 and 7. Professor Chambers is engaged

in coaching the actors; Professor Weis is preparing an elaborate musical programme, and Professor O'Neil is training selected students from the various gymnastic classes.

The third term examinations began on March 24; they were written in all subjects and oral in mathematics and sciences. The results will be published April 6.

One on you, John:

It happened that our wizard went To see the dead unknown, And recognized the face of one That ran away from home.

Straightway to the post-office with A special note he sped,

To tell the father that his boy

Was numbered with the dead.

"Dear Sir," he wrote, "excuse the grief That I must cause to you. Your long-lost son lies in the Morgue A corpse; 'tis sad but true.

"I recognized him at a glance:
There can be no mistake.
Take out the permit for his grave,
Arrange all for his wake.

"Select his friends to bear the pall And chant his Requiem.
With sympathy sincere, I am
Yours truly, J. J. M ——."

Next morning came the mourning sire

To bring his dead one home.

Alas that dreams romantic had

Induced him e'er to roam!

John met him at the train and sought Some solace to bestow; His tearful voice, pathetic look Are comforting in woe.

At length the father reached the Morgue And found to his great joy, But much to John's embarrassment, 'Twas some one else's boy.

During one of the Sunday evening concerts early in February, a scream was heard in the corridor adjoining the college hall. Investigation of the cause disclosed the fact that a mouse had crept up Charlie Cummings' pants. Somewhat later on in the evening, the following amusing incident occurred, and excited no little amusement among the crowd of boys who had gathered on the spot:

A cry was heard outside the hall—
A cry of fright and pain;
'Twas such as might be heard amidst
The dying and the slain.

A rush was made unto the spot
From which the cry arose.

'Twas found that Charlie Cummings felt
A mouse run down his hose.

"I feel it creeping down my leg,
I feel it bite and gnaw.

Ah, me! I fear that I shall die
A victim of locked-jaw."

With nervous haste, the willing hands
Of Ammon, foe of mice,
Untied the lace, pulled off the shoe
And stocking in a trice.

While boys stood 'round with ready clubs
That mouse to circumvent,
He shook the stocking—and out rolled
A solitary cent!

Next day, the following brief conversation might have been heard in the store of the Ohio & Pittsburg Milk Co.:

CHARLIE CUMMINGS.—"Say, Mister, have you any cheese in your store?"

CLERK.—"Yes, we have a large supply, which I can strongly recommend. It was made under our own directions, in our own dairy, from pure Ohio milk, and is of a mild and pleasant flavor. How much will you have, my boy?"

CHARLIE.—"Enough to bait a mouse trap with."



CONCERTS.

After the fatigue of the week the Sunday evening concerts are found most refreshing, and make a pleasant break in the monotonous round of school life. The audience enjoy them most thoroughly, and the participants prize them as a valuable means for perfecting themselves vocally and instrumentally. The debaters develop a fluency of speech that will serve them well in later life, and obtain a wealth of knowledge on various subjects of national and literary interest, which they impart, after careful preparation, in presence of the resident students and many members of the Faculty.

The Programmes of last month:—
MARCH 6.

March . Recitation Song .	The Messenger Boy (Anstead) . Warren's Address . Hush, Baby Mine (Oehmler)	. Orchestra C. A Harrington R. T. Ennis
Violin Solo Recitation Vocal Duet	. 5th Air Varie (Dancla) . Gertrude Von der Wart . Nava-Jo	. J. P. Gwyer . R. J. Moroney { F. A. Neilan M. J. Relihan

Debate, Resolved, That Hamlet was deficient in will-power;
Chairman, C. A. Keane;
Affirmative, J. F. Malloy;
Negative, J. A. Nelson.

MARCH 13.

Debate, Resolved, That the Anglican Church is veering to Catholicity;

Chairman, B. A. Briggs; Affirmative, P. J. Dooley, L. J. Zindler; Negative, G. C. Carr, D. P. Murphy.

MARCH 20.

MarchDeiner Kohen (Henry)OrchestraRecitationDownfall of PolandM. BandykPiano SoloA Short StoryM. PeyronnySongDown in the DeepJ. V. ConnollyViolin SoloMidnight Fire AlarmJ. M. GeierRecitationUncle JoeT. KellermannSongThe Tramp's DreamT. A. KuhnRecitationOur Own Dear LandH. M. GaspardFinaleThe New-Mown Hay (Matthews)Orchestra

Debate, Resolved, That Negro suffrage in the South be restricted;

Chairman, F. S. Szumierski; Affirmative, M. J. Relihan, S. J. Kolipinski; Negative, S. A. Dura, F. A. Neilan.





BASE BALL.

Chats about the 'Varsity Team.

The many base ball enthusiasts of the College are jubilant over the return of spring and the early advent of the national game. More than the trees around the Campus are beginning to "put forth their tender shoots." Vandal hands, itching for destruction, are mercilessly leveling to the ground that venerable landmark, the scene of many a "rough time," the "cage" in which the young aspirants to high flights in the realm of base ball were wont to exercise their wings—our Gymnasium. We are sorry to see it go; but a new one, phoenix-like, will rise up out of the ashes of the old.

There is an unusual amount of interest shown in every thing connected with the coming base ball season, except the disposing of the season tickets. This is causing the management no little anxiety. Last year, a preparatory school of our city used a similar expedient to meet the necessary expenses of the season, and, within a very few weeks, every boy and girl had responded with something more substantial than promises. Are we going to let ourselves be put to shame by a prep. school?

The management has arranged for 25 games with the best college and amateur teams in Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia. More college teams will appear on our Campus this year than have been seen here before.

The call for candidates was answered by more than twenty eager young athletes. Six of last year's great team were in evidence again—Davin (Capt.), Duffy, Hayes, Keating, Kilgallen, Pietrzycki. The new applicants are: pitchers, Collins, Kummer; catchers, Murray, Slater; third base, Dougherty, Whelan, Howard;

fielders, Gaynor, Ott, Rutledge, Relihan, Spengler, Neilan. Gapen, our old standby, is not in the line-up this year; neither is Archie Frankenberry, the wonderful little catcher of the past two seasons. Both are greatly missed, but Captain Davin is confident that their places will be ably filled by Collins and Kummer in the box, and Tom Murray behind the bat. Kilgallen, of course, will put some slow ones over to puzzle the heavy hitters. He is studying the science of angles, curves, parabolas, etc., at present; he promises to give us the practice very soon. We all hope so. The complete schedule of games follows:

April 14, Pittsburg High School, College Campus 16, St. Joseph's Casino, 66 66 66 19, East Liberty Academy, 66 66 66 23, Mohawk A. C., 26, Pittsburg High School, Friendship Park 46 30, Indiana Normal, Indiana, Pa. May 3, California Normal, College Campus 66 7, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. 66 10, Homestead L. A. C., College Campus 66 12, East Liberty Academy, Wilkinsburg, Pa. 66 14, Geneva College, College Campus 66 18, Westminster College, College Campus 66 20, Johnstown, Johnstown, Pa. " 21, 66 23, St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa. 66 26, Allegheny College, College Campus 66 30, Rochester (two games), Rochester, Pa. June 3, W. Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. 66 4, Point Marion, Point Marion, Pa. 11, Manor, Manor, Pa. " 13, Beaver College, College Campus " " Beaver, Pa. 16. 66 18, California Normal, California, Pa. " 22. St. Vincent College, College Campus

THE RESERVES.

The call for candidates by Manager T. A. Wrenn resulted in twenty-two applications for positions on the Reserve Team. New uniforms will be purchased, and it

is expected that we shall have a Reserve team to be proud of.

THE THIRD TEAM.

The Third Team expects to have a very successful season under the reliable management of Rev. Thos. Giblin. The candidates are McGeehin, Staib, Baum, Moroney, V. P. Gleeson, Arens, Brady, Munhall, Stehle, C. Hatton, Schulz, McLaughlin, Laux, Snee, Peters, Millard, Blayney and Rheinbold. With such material to draw upon, Captain McGeehin may look forward to a winning team.

THE JUNIORS.

The Juniors, always among the first in everything, have already organized. Mr. J. A. Riley, who managed their foot-ball and basket-ball teams so successfully, will also take charge of the base-ball nine. The applicants are: Carraher, McGladrigan, McNally, Joyce, Fay, Cain, Puhl, Lawlor, Zimmer, McNulty, Lally, Franz, Daly, Creighton, Gallagher, O'Connor, McKnight, O'Hara and Sweeney.

BASKET BALL.

The Juniors met the strongest teams in their class, and, out of ten games played, lost only two. Following is the record of goals made by the individual players in each game, those from fouls being placed in parentheses:—

TEAM	Joyce	Fay	McNally	Zimmer	Cain	Franz	Publ	Total
Duquesne School,	3	(1)	9	(2)	3			35
Marquette III.,	4	1 (15)	$\frac{9}{2}$	1 `	1	***	•••	33
Lincoln,	3	1(1)		2	1			15
Kunkler,	8	***	3	2(1)		•••		27
S. S. H. S. II.,	6			(3)	1	****		17
Manch Midgets,	2	****	2	••••	1	3	••••	17
"	3(1)	****	2	••••	1	3(1)	••••	20
Lyceum III.,	9	****	****	5(1)	****	2		33
Commercials,	1	(1)	1	1(1)		****	1	10
66	2	2 (2)	4	2 (1)	****	1	••••	25
Totals,	41 (1)	4 (20)	23	13 (8)	8	9 (1)	1	232
Opponents,								130

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X. Pittsb

Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1904.

No. 8.

Love of the House of God.

PSALM XXV.

I love, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, Thine own abode.

Where 'I hou dost dwell to be our guide along life's weary road;

Where sick and sorrowing hearts will find the solace that they crave,

And sore-tried souls gain strength to stem the tide of passion's wave.

I love the hallowed place where dwells the glory earth can give

To Thee, our Eucharistic King, who deign'st with us to live—

The lofty pier and column that of hope aspiring speak;
The swelling dome, like gen'rous hearts that all to compass seek.

I love the graven flowers that 'neath leaf and petal fair Enclose the saint's Laudate or the sinner's humble prayer. I love the angel faces that from wall and window gaze In adoration towards Thy throne, or lift their voice in praise.

And when I kneel here at Thy feet, amid the mystic gloom,

I love the sacred silence where sweet flow'rs the air perfume:

In that still hour no sound doth fall upon the list'ning ear,

But in my heart Thy gentle words of hope and strength

What is the charm of painted wall, and arch's light up-spring,

Of carven altar, pictured saint, and sculptured angel's wing?

'Tis not alone the grace of form and hue on wall and dome,

But 'tis the beauty of Thy house, the glory of Thy home!

-John F. Malloy, '04.



Letter From Rome.

American College, Rome, March 25, 1904.

My dear Father McDermott:

To continue the narration of some of the "first impressions" described in my last letter, I might add that to an American the map of Rome is an enigma. Most of us are familiar with the long, straight, broad avenues of New York City, which intersect each other at right angles, forming equi-distant squares, so that from the very name or number of the street one can determine with precision just how many miles he is from any given point. Taking this as a type of the average American city, a stranger in Rome becomes amazed at the intricate network of thoroughfares which appear to lead everywhere and arrive nowhere. Instead of the wide avenues to which he is accustomed, he contemptuously styles many of the principal thoroughfares "alleys"; and whereas in America the fundamental

idea is to have streets extend in a straight line from one end of the city to the other, until heaven and earth seem to meet, as for instance in Broad Street, Phildelphia, it is only occasionally in Rome that one can see a few hundred yards ahead of him, by reason of the never-ending turns.

The Romans, with that artistic sense peculiar to the Italians, have seized upon the very irregularities of their city to convert what to an American would appear defects into such perfections as would be simply out of the question in a city laid out with mathematical exactness.

Under the Popes, every large open space, and there were many of them, was turned into a beauty spot, and thus, as you walk along what you consider to be a narrow alley, the music of falling waters greets your ears, and you find yourself, for instance, in the Piazza Navona, a long open square, about 200x600 feet in size, containing three fountains adorned with numerous statues. Or, perhaps, if you cross the Tiber seeking the world's cathedral, you wonder if that famous temple can be so splendid after all, since it is approached by such narrow, gloomy streets. Your reflections are interrupted by the sudden bursting into view of a sight that will be graven on your memory till you die. It is a sunlit piazza a thousand feet long, with an obelisk in its center, and two of the loveliest fountains imaginable at either side, forming rainbows as their spray catches up and reflects the sunbeams. colonnades which encircle the Piazza, with their wide embracing arms, lead the gaze onward to the immense facade of St. Peter's, which in its turn causes the eye to travel upwards, until it rests upon the cross crowning the glorious dome, 468 feet in the air.

Instances such as these could easily be multiplied, so much so that the stranger is surprised at almost every turn by the unexpected delight thrust upon him.

There is, however, a number of straight streets in Rome, even though they be few, and the Popes, with that facility which seems to attach to the Papacy, have converted these hard straight lines into what may be called magnificent distances. These straight avenues usually have a piazza at each end, and almost every piazza is adorned with either a fountain, a group of statues, a column, an obelisk, some of the numerous city gates, a church, palace, or public building; and these works of art which face each other and can be seen from any part of the street, vary what might otherwise become a tedious and uninteresting prospect.

An illustration of this treatment may be had from the Via del Babuino, which leads from the Flaminian Gate. In front of that arch is the large Elliptical Piazza del Popolo, containing an obelisk and three fountains. The other extremity of the street is occupied by the Piazza di Spagna, beautified by a fountain and a splendid group of statues erected by Pius IX. to commemorate the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, the piazza terminating in the immense structure known as the Propaganda.

The large open space in front of many of the most important churches is called a piazza. This piazza, as well as the street which leads from it, takes its name from the church. Thus it happens that a large percentage of of the streets of Rome are named after saints, a striking proof of the practical piety of the people.

There is still another feature which to a visitor seems to substantiate the claim of Rome to be called the center of Catholicity. It is the innumerable shrines found on the street corners, and in niches let into the walls of the houses. Frequently these are quite large and elaborate, and consist of statues or of angels supporting a picture or a painting or fresco of the crucificion or some other religious group.

The same silent witness of the faith of the people is not confined merely to the outside of their houses, or to the exterior of their dwellings, but they carry their devotion into their very places of business, and you find religious statues and pictures in book stores, in the grocer's, in the druggist's, nay even in the blacksmith shops, being attracted to them by means of the light, occasionally electricity, more often gas, but usually oil lamps, kept constantly burning before these shrines.

If one turns his attention from the inanimate objects to the living beings seen on the streets, the panorama which passes before him is quite as full of variety and interest. He becomes surprised at the multitude of men in ecclesiastical costume, ranging from the solemn equipages of the cardinals, clothed in the "royal dye of empire and of martyrdom," the Archbishops, Bishops and Monsignori, in their purple, down to the priests in their simple black cassocks.

The several thousand students at the various colleges and universities are classified according to the religious order to which they belong, or to the nation they represent, and each has a distinctive costume. Thus we find Trappists entirely in white, Dominicans and Trinitarians in white and black, barefoot Franciscans and Carmelites in brown, the Scotch in purple, the Greeks in blue, the Poles in black and green, the Armenians in black and red, the Americans in red, white and blue, and so on until the limit seems to be reached in the flaming red of the Germans.

Descending from generalities to particulars, there is a still further source of attraction in what may be called the shadow of a great name.

Frequently, when weary after the day's work, if you go to the Pincio Gardens to hear the band concert, or to enjoy a walk in that terrestrial paradise, you see approaching you the spare form of a man about forty years of age, clothed in the habit of a Servite monk. It is Professor Lepicier, Cardinal Satolli's successor to the Chair of Higher Dogma at the Propaganda, and one of the lecturers at the St. Thomas Academy. Born in France, educated in England and in other parts of Europe, he speaks half

a dozen European languages with ease and perfection, while his Latinity is admirable. He is also the Procurator General of his Order, and in spite of the heavy demands which his duties entail upon him, he nevertheless publishes on an average two books every year on Philosophical and Theological subjects. In him one becomes astonished at the limits to which the human mind can be pushed.

Or perhaps when visiting St. Paul's you see a figure all in black bowed in devotion before the Blessed Sacrament. His scarlet zucchetto, however, takes your eye, and you await his departure. As he passes you in the portico you note his commanding and majestic stature, his lustrous black eyes, and his strong, manly features, which seem to speak of great vigor and resource of intellect united to that dignified repose so characteristic of the really great. His bearing is easy and graceful, his countenance grave and thoughtful, and while his appearance indicates irresistible energy, yet there is about him the air of one who proceeds steadily, surely, silently, like the calm of great forces. As he bows in response to your salutation, you immediately recognize him. It is Cardinal Rampolla.

I now release you from the fatigue of following me further on this ramble through the Eternal City, and with the assurance of my high regard for yourself, all the Professors and the students of the College, I am,

Sincerely yours,

T. F. COAKLEY, '03.



Eagle Locks' Revenge.

I was in the spring of 1704 that the incidents which I am about to relate were enacted. For many weeks before the story opens, the Indians had been terrorizing the scattered settlers occupying the eastern part of Ohio. They would suddenly swoop down and fire the pioneer towns that dotted this section of the State, and, whilst the flames devasted the village, they would cruelly massacre the fleeing villagers with knife and tomahawk. In this manner the incursions continued until May of the same year, when the inhabitants succeeded in mobilizing a force amounting to something like two hundred fighting men. This band was under the leadership of Canton Kenyon, an experienced and intrepid Indian fighter; and it was due to his bravery and strategy that the Indians suffered many a disastrous defeat.

In one of these border battles, Kenyon succeeded in inflicting a severe wound upon the person of Eagle Locks, the head chief and bravest warrior that ever donned the fighting plumes of the Shawnees. Eagle Locks recognized his assailant, and the fierce gleam of hatred that flashed from his eyes gave emphasis to the terrible vow of vengeance he registered against Kenyon, together with his kith and kin.

Canton Kenyon was married and had a beautiful daughter, Marie, aged eighteen. Marie was the darling, the idol of her father's heart; he loved her only too well, and he often remarked to his wife and friends that if fate should despoil him of his daughter, he, too, would quickly follow in her wake. Marie was a flower of the wilderness. She was tall and lithe in stature, graceful as only a forest maid can be, with a face strikingly beautiful, eyes blue and tender, and flowing curls of mellow gold. Her disposition was sunny and equable even under trying circumstances; and her merry ringing laugh awoke a

responsive echo in the hearts of the saddest. Many a suitor had she, many an open avowal of love; all however without discrimination had met with a mild but firm refusal. She lived for her parents alone; they were to her as she was to them, the sunshine of existence.

Six months had rolled by since Eagle Locks had registered his terrible vow; spring had ripened into summer, summer had mellowed into autumn, and still the threatened stroke had not fallen. Canton Kenyon and the villagers had forgotten all about it, but the heart of Eagle Locks still cherished the desire of vengeance. An Indian never forgets a blow struck, or the hand that struck it; nor can time ever efface the memory of an injury done. The Chief of the Shawnees calmly bode his time, confident that an opportunity would not be wanting.

One morning in the early part of November, the village in which the Kenyons resided was startled by the report that Marie was missing, and could not be found. It appeared that she had left her home the afternoon before, to visit May Carew, a friend who resided on the outskirts of the settlement; when she did not return at nightfall, her parents were not in the least alarmed at her absence, for they presumed that she had remained over night with her friend, as she had frequently done before.

Canton Kenyon left home early that morning for a day's pleasure in the woods, and, as his way led past the Carew homestead, he decided that he would stop and have a few minutes' conversation with his daughter. As he drew near the place, he saw May standing alone on the path in front of the house. A feeling of anxious dread unnerved him. Had some terrible accident befallen his beloved child? When he asked May where Marie was, she replied, that his daughter had left their house the evening before at dusk for home. This answer startled Canton considerably, and it was only with the utmost effort that he was able to control his feelings. In order

not to alarm May, he explained to her that the evening before, he had left the village in company with a party of possum hunters, and was now on his way back. As he supposed that Marie had remained all night, he had stopped in order to accompany her home if she was still there. After bidding May good morning, with a rapid pace and a heavy heart, he made his way homeward, meditating deeply, as he drew near the house, how best he could acquaint his wife of the facts connected with the mysterious disappearance of Marie, without alarming her unduly.

Another surprise was in store for him. arrived in sight of his dwelling, he saw a group of men standing before it gesticulating wildly, as if laboring under great mental excitement; but when they spied Canton approaching, their conversation ceased and one of the party advanced towards him. Canton immediately recognized him as Joe Gleeson, one of the members of the party who had gone hunting the evening before. It may be well to state here that Joe was an ardent admirer of Marie; and he it was that always accompanied her on rides through the forest, and to the various social gatherings held in the village from time to time. Joe was a stalwart, handsome youth of twenty, with dark eyes, and raven locks falling to his shoulders, a dead shot with the rifle or revolver, and brave and fearless as a lion. His first exclamation on reaching the side of Canton was: "Eagle Locks has carried off Marie, and has taken her to Bald Knob. " Bald Knob was one of the highest bluffs or knobs overlooking the Ohio: on three sides its precipitous heights were unscalable; on the fourth side, parallel with the west bank of the river, a zig-zag path wound its circuitous way to the summit. Thither it was that the Indian chieftain had borne his fair captive; and it was here that he intended to execute his fiendish plot of vengeance.

Gleeson now proceeded to acquaint Canton with the

details of the affair. He said that the hunting party had left the village early in the evening, and were making their way through the forest to a place known as Possum Hollow; they had almost reached their destination when the sharp hoof-falls of a rapidly approaching horse broke upon their ears. In an instant a horse and rider were upon them; they were soon able to discern the swarthy visage of an Indian, and by his head-dress of eagle quills they recognized the famous chief, Eagle Locks. They saw, moreover, that the horse was bearing a double burden, for across the pommel of the saddle lay the inanimate form of a girl. As the horseman rode by, he shouted to the hunting party in broken English: "Tell medicine man, Kenyon, Eagle Locks has papoose; he see her again at Bald Knob, next sun!" All this happened so quickly that the party was taken completely by surprise, and Eagle Locks was out of range by the time that their rifles were unslung and ready for action. A council was quickly called; one-half volunteered to start in pursuit of the Indian and his captive, and the others were to retrace their steps to the village and make known to Canton the abduction of his daughter.

Kenyon's fear and anxiety now gave way to an intense rage, and he resolved that the life of Eagle Locks should atone for this crime. But he was greatly perplexed by the import of the chieftain's message. What did he contemplate when he said that Canton would see her again on the morrow, and at Bald Knob? What fiendish plot had the crafty redskin planned to perform at this place? What was his object in sending the message? Canton now turned to Gleeson and told him to collect all the men and boys available in the village, and start at once on the trail to Bald Knob, while he hastened home to break the news to his wife. Mrs. Kenyon bore her grief with fortitude, as was the custom among these hardy pioneer mothers who had been

schooled from their infancy to bear all manner of sufferings and hardships without flinching.

After wishing Canton a successful journey, and embracing him fondly, with an inward prayer that her daughter would be restored to her unharmed before the setting of the sun, she allowed her husband to depart on his mission. Canton rode rapidly through the forest, and, when he reached the open plains beyond, he was able to see his comrades in the distance. He soon overtook them, and all rode silently in the direction of Bald Knob, whose base and precipitous sides were now plainly visible.

As soon as they reached the foot of the knob, they were met by the party that had left in pursuit of the Indian chief the night before. According to their statement, the knob and its environs were destitute of all human presence, and all trace of Eagle Locks and his fair captive had vanished ere they reached the cliff. A consultation was now held by the older members of the party, in order to ascertain if possible the safest and best means to effect the rescue of the maid without the shedding of blood. Whilst this discussion was in progress, a shrill whistle rent the air. It appeared to come from the summit of the knob. All eves turned in that direction. There stood Eagle Locks with his tomahawk poised in his right hand, over the drooping head of Marie, who was kneeling on a rock upon the edge of the cliff, retained in this kneeling posture by the vise-like grip of the swarthy redskin's muscular left. One move on the part of the chief would plunge the fair maid over the precipice to a most horrible death upon the rocks below. Kenyon's anger and indignation were beyond human suppression; in the wild frenzy of his passion, he raised his gun and fired at the Indian as he stood exulting in his menacing attitude. Ere his companions could stay his hand, the bullet had sped on its fatal errand. Canton's aim, notwithstanding his great mental excitement, was

true, and Eagle Locks was seen to place his hand quickly on his side, and then plunge headlong over the cliff. But, alas! as he fell, he drew also with him the fair Marie. A heartrending shriek pierced the air, and the brave men below quailed beneath the anguish of its tone. Canton Kenyon was too dazed by this terrible tragedy wrought by his own hand to move from the spot. He stood a picture of despair. At length a number of the party mustered sufficient courage to approach the place where the bodies lay. There, side by side, sleeping their last sleep, were the inanimate and mangled forms of Eagle Locks—his face still wearing its last look of fiendish triumph—and, close by, the beautiful Marie, her fair countenance distorted with a look of indescribable horror.

As the villagers were gazing intently upon the faces of the dead, the profound silence was broken by the blood-curdling war-whoop of a hundred Shawnee warriors bearing down upon them. Rifles were unslung and brought into action, but the impetuosity of the Indians' attack and the late tragedy they had witnessed had completely unnerved them. One brave villager after another fell beneath a Shawnee's hand. Canton and Gleeson fought desperately side by side, and many a redskin fell before their well-directed shots. Numbers at length overpowered them, and Canton and his daughter were reunited after a brief, but oh! how sad, a separation.

It was a mournful cortège that wound its way into the village the following day, bearing the bodies of Kenyon and his daughter, together with his brave comrades. Within a churchyard in a thriving and populous city on the banks of the majestic Ohio, may be seen three mounds of green, with simple headstones marking the last resting place of this pioneer family, and telling the pathetic story of that tragedy of other days.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
ASSISTANT EDITOR,
EXCHANGES,
LOCALS,
THE STATE LO

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1904.

No. 8.

EDITORIAL.

Our Bishop's Jubilee.

"When the Prince of pastors shall appear, you shall receive a never-fading crown of glory."—(I. PETER. V., 4)

Bishop Phelan's approaching jubilee is being welcomed with elaborate preparations of three months' duration on the part of a clerical committee assisted by the Catholic Federation of Western Pennsylvania. Three principal features will mark the event—the Pontifical High Mass, the Banquet, and the Reception. The first will certainly be enhanced by splendid solemnity, where the Master of Ceremonies will find ample scope for his talent: the occasion will be graced by the distinguished presence of Cardinal Gibbons, three archbishops—our

own Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia officiating,—ten bishops, Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of Washington University, the secular clergy of the diocese and a representation from seven Religious Orders. The second feature occurs at the Schenley, and will doubtless not be lacking in sacerdotal fraternity and oratorical effusion, but the set programme of eloquence and music is outlined for the evening assemblage in Carnegie Library Hall and Art Gallery.

Evidently from the preliminaries, the jubilee will be conducted on a scale worthy of this large and prosperous diocese. A peculiar and happy coincidence lies herein that, at this period, numerous parishes or churches celebrate the jubilees of their foundation. Indeed, no matter how eminent the personal qualities of any jubilarian in the Hierarchy, the rejoicing of Catholicity envisages firstly the good and glory of Holy Church. We cannot logically salute the Episcopacy without recalling the Apostolic College, yea, even Christ Himself. "He gave some Apostles, and some Prophets, and other some Evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ: until we all meet in the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ."—(EP. IV., 11-13)

This diocese, keeping pace with the civil and commercial advance of Pittsburg, has rapidly grown, especially during Bishop Phelan's administration: he was consecrated August 2, '85. We now number 300,000 faithful, with nearly 250 churches—over 60 of them in Pittsburg and Allegheny. The actual Bishop's incumbency is rendered notable also by the transfer of the Cathedral from the center of business to the center of culture, where a still nobler edifice than old St. Paul's is in course of erection. The successful establishment of a commodious orphanage, is another most commendable

work-long known to have been one of the most cherished projects of our venerable bishop. Further, we remark valuable progress in organization; we see the appointment of a Coadjutor whose zeal is unsurpassed: we observe how that appointment, as also the projected celebration, is characterized by direct antithesis to the scenes now and then enacted on our political arena; we admire the able management of the Pittsburg Catholic and of a new and strongly Religious weekly, the Observer: we imbibe enthusiasm from the Catholic Federation, the Catholic Truth Society, the Ladies' Catholic League and all the minor organizations; we take no small confidence from the steady financial status of church property, from the faith, loyalty and generosity of the people--even from the financial and political prominence of individuals among the fold and the decay of prejudice which was not unknown in Pittsburg years ago. It can scarcely be amiss to add that the efforts of our Catholic College has already produced a very creditable alumni, among whom it numbers over seventy priests.

These popular celebrations are public demonstrations of love for the Church, and cannot but import immense edification. Of course, it is a Sacerdotal jubilee we celebrate, but Episcopacy is the crown of priesthood, and our beloved bishop has spent nigh upon a score of years wearing that spiritual crown. We shall not cease to gaze exultingly upon its halo till the Prince of Peace brighten it with the breath of eternity.



OBITUARY.

RAOUL E. BORDE, Died April 6, 1904.

It is our sad duty to chronicle in this issue of the BULLETIN the first death amongst the resident students. Raoul E. Borde died on the morning of April 6th in the Mercy Hospital after a short illness of one week.

Raoul E. Borde was born seventeen years ago in Trinidad, British West India Islands. Having contracted malarial fever and rheumatism, his parents sent him at the suggestion of their medical advisers to London, England, where he studied in St. Joseph's College for When at home last summer vacation, malaria once more manifested itself, and it was thought that the colder climate of the United States would effect improvement if not a permanent cure. Having consulted the Holy Ghost Fathers in Port-of-Spain, his parents decided to send him to Pittsburg College under the care of Mr. W. Scott Kernahan, attorney for their estate. Accordingly he arrived here in September, and quickly found himself in congenial surroundings. His cheerful disposition, skill in sports, and social accomplishments gained him lasting friends amongst the students, while his polite, respectful behaviour, his attention to studies, and observance of the college rules elicited the unqualified praise of his masters.

On Holy Thursday, after the reception of the sacraments, he felt so unwell that he was obliged to take to bed. Doctor Moyer visited him daily, and on Easter Monday recommended his removal to the hospital, where he could have constant medical attendance. He was immediately taken there, and received all possible attention. Though rheumatism had set in in the chest

causing him much pain, no danger was expected; even when the Very Rev. President called to see him on Tuesday evening, the resident physician stated that no alarming symptoms had been observed. Early the following morning, however, his heart became affected. Father Ward was summoned, and administered to him the last sacraments, which he received in the best of dispositions. All that medical skill could do for him was done, but, at seven o'clock, he breathed his last. The body was at once embalmed, and taken to the college on Friday morning for the funeral services, the pall-bearers being Paul J. Blayney, Frank G. Cawley, Bernard G. Mc-Guigan, Colomb A. McKenna, Harry N. Niehoff, and Albert J. Wurzel. The clergy and students walked in procession to the chapel, where solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. T. A. Giblin, with Rev. C. A. Leroux as deacon, and Rev. J. B. Descours sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the Very Reverend President. After the mass, all took a last fond look at the remains. The sad and solemn procession was once more formed, and the Miserere was chanted. The body, enclosed in a beautiful casket, was vaulted, pending its transfer to New York and thence by the S. S. Grenada to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, on April 30.

The fact that our former classmate died far away from home, from his loving parents, sister and brothers, and the cherished companions of his boyhood days, threw a deeper gloom of sadness around his early and unexpected death and the last solemn rites of Holy Church. His desk in the Commercial Department is still draped in mourning.

To all his relatives we beg to convey the expression of our sincere and lasting sympathy with them in their bereavement.

Sermon by the Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President:—

"He has been taken away lest wickedness should

alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul." —wisdom iv., 11.

Dear Brethren: We have just assisted at the solemn rite recommended by holy Church for her departed children. We all experience a feeling of sadness whenever we assist at a mass of requiem or the absolution at a funeral. It reminds us of a separation that has taken place between us and a friend or a dear companion present occasion offers more reasons for sadness than most others, for to-day we mourn the death of one of your fellow-students, a young boy who has died far away from his home, from his country, and the dear ones The apparent suddenness, or at least the unexpectedness, of his death, adds its additional tint of sadness. Scarcely a week has elapsed since he was in class with you. It is just a week since he took part in your games. We all feel that we have lost a companion, a brother. Some of us feel it more profoundly- our feelings are deep as those of bereaved parents. No more will be join you in the labors of the class-room; no more will he take part in your innocent sports; no longer will he be seen at his place in the chapel, at prayer and holy mass. shall all miss him; we shall all miss the innocent smile with which he greeted us, the gentle voice with which he saluted his companions and his masters.

However, our holy mother the Church does not encourage unreasonable sadness. Whilst permitting natural grief, she suggests to the bereaved many reasons for consolation. We Catholics look on death as a passage unto life eternal. In Catholic families, parents delight to speak of the good qualities of their departed children. So we also may be consoled by thinking of the good qualities of the companion whom God has called from your midst. You all knew him for the past six months that he has been with us. Perhaps some of you knew him better than I did. But we all had reason to admire this young boy, his amiable disposition, his docility to his teachers,

his studious habits. In this respect he was a model; I have no recollection of a single complaint from his professors. We admired him above all because he was a pious boy-in short, he possessed all the qualities of a good boy. It is a consolation to his parents and to us to know that he was a good boy. Another reason for consolation is that all that was possible was done for him during his last sickness, and I am sure his parents could not have done more than was done. Every day the doctor visited him-one of our very best city physicians. The brother infirmarian took care of him as well as any mother could have done. Even when he was not seriously indisposed, the good brother visited him several times each night to ask what he might want. When his disease took a serious turn, he was taken to one of the best hospitals in the city. Last Tuesday evening I visited him, and great was his joy at seeing some one from the College. From this visit he seemed to derive great courage. Everything was done for him; nothing was left undone. We should be especially consoled to think that he was fortified by the sacraments of Holy Church. It is only two weeks since he received in this chapel the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. Wednesday last, when the rheumatic affection seemed to have settled in his heart, he received the last sacraments with great piety. This is above all a source of consolation to us and to his parents.

Another consoling thought is that suggested by my text. It may seem strange to some of you, but it is true. He has been taken away lest malice should alter his understanding or deception beguile his soul. It frequently happens that Almighty God takes away young boys that are especially dear to him, lest, living, they should turn away from Him to evil ways. Young people do not like the thought of death; but many a parent, in grief at the ruin of a son, has cried out: "Oh! if he had only died when he was young and pure!" And we priests

often see depraved young men, and think how much better it would be for them to have died in their boyhood whilst they were yet at school or college. Yes, Almighty God in His wisdom takes away youths lest they may afterwards succumb to strong temptations.

Is there a lesson for us to be drawn from the early death of this companion of yours? There is, my dear boys. Death is hanging over each one of us. Job says: "My days have been swifter than a post." And in the book of Kings we read: "There is but one step between Me and death." St. Luke says: "Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee, and whose shall those goods be, which thou hast provided?" Our reason, moreover, tells us that we are composed of perishable matter, and that our life hangs on a single thread which is quickly burst asunder. Then, we are exposed to many dangers. Daily experience tells us that changes are taking place each moment around us. Just now winter is slowly breaking up, and spring is taking its place. Soon the flowers will sprout and bloom. During the summer and early autumn they will flourish; and then with the leaves they will wither and fall, and another change in nature will have taken place. One who has traversed the ocean has seen the waves ascend and descend, and finally be lost in the abyss. Almighty God, reason, and experience teach us the same salutary lesson, that death is imminent, that death is near to the youngest and strongest of us. Our dear companion has already stood before the judgment-seat; he has already heard the final sentence. Let us hope it was a favorable one: we have every reason for such a hope. But if he could speak to us now, what would he say? He would tell us to be always ready; for death comes like a thief in the night, when we least expect it. He would tell you, his companions, to lead good lives-to avoid mortal sinto frequent the holy sacraments—to keep your souls pure and spotless. Represent him to yourselves as speaking

to you now in the words of holy Job: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me." Perhaps some venial sin unatoned for still taints his soul; perhaps he is detained in Purgatory, and begs you to show him compassion. Do not turn a deaf ear to his cry. Have pity on him! You have assisted at holy mass offered for him. You are his friends. Show your friendship in behalf of his soul. Let us all exercise our friendship towards him. Let us all join in prayer for his deliverance. Let us offer our good works for his repose, so that, if he is still in Purgatory, God may release him and bring him unto eternal bliss. Amen.

Alumni Banquet.

The annual Alumni Banquet was held in the Monongahela House, on Tuesday, April 19th. It was a brilliant affair and highly enjoyable. The past students first held an informal reunion in the reception rooms, and renewed old friendships. The banquet hall was handsomely decorated with flags, the colors of the college, and a profusion of cut flowers and palms. The three tables, extending the full length and breadth of the room, were arranged in the form of the letter "U." An elaborate card was served, the menu being a very attractive booklet tied with red and blue ribbons. A number of popular airs was played by the orchestra, and more than one hundred lusty voices joined in the choruses. After the dinner had been served, J. V. Dunlevy, Esq., Vice-President of the Association, cleverly introduced the several speakers. Mr. Frank P. Smith, associate-editor of the Pittsburg Catholic, eulogized "Fraternity;" Rev. Charles J. Coyne, of McKee's Rocks, dilated on the duties of the "The Catholic Citizen;" Edward L. Kearns, Esq., told a number of witty stories "In the Name of the

Law; "Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College, reviewed the services to education rendered by his institution since its foundation a quarter of a century ago; and Rev. L. A. O'Connell, President of the Association, dwelt on the many advantages to be derived from "Union."

Those present were: -L. P. Blanchard, J. L. Benitz, S. L. Benz, C. M. Buerkle, J. J. Burns, W. Burns, J. J. Carney, J. F. Casey, D. C. Cawley, F. B. Cawley, J. Cawley, E. B. Coll, W. J. Corcoran, T. F. Coyle, Rev. C. J. Coyne, Rev. J. Danner, F. H. Diebold, C. A. Dillon, P. C. Dunlevy, Rev. P. J. Dooley, W. J. Dowling, J. V. Dunlevy, Rev. W. Drum, Rev. J. Enright, H. C. Evert, Rev. C. A. Fallon, R. A. Franz, H. A. Friday, F. V. Ganter, Rev. J. Garrigan, C. J. Geary, C. A. Gibney, G. J. Giel, Rev. T. A. Giblin, A. A. Gillespie, Dr. W. A. Glynn, Rev. H. J. Goebel, F. H. Good, Rev. J. Griffin, P. C. Gillespie, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, J. R. Hermes, Rev. P. Hesson, L. M. Heyl, A. E. Hufnagel, J. D. Hughes, B. J. Jonston, J. S. Johnston, J. E. Kane, L. Keane, E. L. Kearns, F. A. Keating, J. P. Kelly, E. H. Kempf, A. M. Kossler, W. J. Lamb, F. J. Lauinger, Rev. J. J. Laux, J. B. Limpert, C. J. Limpert, W. J. Loefler, A. J. Loefler, F. G. McAninch, F. H. McCarthy, M. H. McClafferty, W. H. McClafferty, Rev. H. J. McDermott, Rev. M. A. McGarev, Dr. E. J. McGraw, G. McNulty, L. V. McTighe, E. V. Madden, Rev. P. E. Maher, R. J. Maloney, J. Meighan, Rev. L. L. Meyer, E. W. Mihm, C. E. Mitchell, Dr. Fr. Murto, W. Murphy, W. K. Naulty, Rev. L. A. O'Connell, Rev. J. A. O'Neil, V. J. Oldshue, A. X. Phelan, W. Rathbun, E. S. Reilly, J. B. Reilly, G. H. Roehrig, Rev. J. J. Schroeffel, E. W. Seibert, C. Seibert, C. C. Shanahan, Rev. M. J. Sonnefeld, E. A. Smith, F. P. Smith, J. E. Stack, F. Toohill, J. B. Topham, C. A. Turnblacer, C. E. Urben, J. P. Wall, J. L. Walsh, Dr. E. A. Weisser, Rev. A. J. Wigley and L. S. Zahronsky.

Our Coming Entertainment.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Every school-boy is familiar with the story of the friendship of Damon and Pythias—a friendship unexampled in history, which displayed itself in deeds of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of both. But the Irish poet who, eighty years ago, dramatized the story, John Banim, has invested it with many features that enhance the already great interest it inspires. The fact that it is founded on history lends an additional charm. The events happened in 405 B. C. at Syracuse, in Sicily, shortly after the annihilation of the Athenian fleet under Nicias in the bay of Ortygia.

On the evenings of May 6 and 7, the students aided by Professor Chambers will give a rendition of this thoroughly interesting play in the Duquesne Theatre.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Damon		. A Senator Professor J. Chambers
Pythias		. A Soldier Hubert E. Gaynor
Calanthe		Betrothed of Pythias . Richard T. Ennis
Hermion		Wife of Damon, . Richard J. Fitzgerald
Dascon		. Child of Damon Marcel Peyronney
Dionysius		. Tyrant of Syracuse John F. Malloy
Damocles		Tool of Dionysius . Edward B. Knaebel
Procles		Captain of the Guard . Joseph L. Jaworski
Philisthius		. President of the Senate . Percy A. Tull
Lucullus		Freedman of Damon John B. McKavney
Clearcleus		. A Senator Thomas A. Calnan
Aristippus		" Patrick J. Dooley
Xenias		Joseph A. Pobleschek
Naxillus		"Chester A. Sierakowski
Petus		"Francis S. Szumierski

SOLDIERS Andrew C. Bejenkowski, William F. Merz, Francis X. Roehrig, Joseph N. Whalen, AugustWingendorf, Leo J. Zindler.

After the play, the gymnastic classes will give an exhibition of their skill.





THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE 'VARSITY TEAM.

Some few weeks ago when Old Sol was smiling benignly on the College campus, the votaries of the bat and ball smiled too, and cried out in rapture:

"Solvitur acris hiems, grata vice veris et Favoni."

But alas! how soon they changed their tune and echoed in full accord the plaint of the Poet:

"Jam satis terris nivis, atque dirae Grandinis misit Pater."

In spite of the inclement weather, the ball has been kept rolling, and the showing made thus far is quite encouraging. The make-up of the team is as follows: Murray, c.—Collins, Kilgallen, Kummer, p.—Duffy, 1—Davin, captain and 2—Dougherty, 3—Hayes, s—Keating, l.—Pietrzycki, m.—Howard, r.—Manager Relihan, being a good in and out-fielder, is ready to fill any vacancy. Captain Davin is confident that the team will make as good a record as any that ever represented the College. He is giving the men daily hard batting and fielding practice. This accounts for the excellent form they showed in the two games played thus far.

APRIL 16. P. C., 5; St. Joseph's Casino, 0.

Collins was invincible, having perfect control. Murray seconded him ably behind the bat, and all the others followed the good example, as will be seen from a study of the box score.

P. COL'E.	R.	\mathbf{H}	. P.	. A.	E.	CASINO. R. H. P. A. E.
Davin, 2	0	1	0	3	0	G. Gaus, m 0 1 0 0 1
Keating, 1	1	1	0	0	0	Bender, s 0 0 1 1 0
Murray, c						Bloom, 1 0 0 10 0 0
Duffy, 1	1	1	7	1	0	Lauer, 2 0 0 1 2 0
Kummer, m	1	2	1	0	0	Mangold, 1 0 2 1 0 0
Dougherty, 3	1	1	0	3	2	H. Gaus, r 0 1 1 0 0
Hayes, s						Jahn, p 0 0 0 6 0
Howard, r	0	1	0	0	0	Carney, 3 0 0 3 2 2
Collins, p	0	0	1	2	0	Draher, c 0 0 4 1 1
Totals	5	8	24	10	2	Totals 0 4 21 12 4
Pittsburg College						0 0 5 0 0 0 0 *5
						0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two-base hit—Davin. Passed balls—Murray, Draher. Bases on balls—Off Jahn, 1. Hit by pitcher—Collins. Struck out—By Collins, 12; by Jahn, 3. Time of game—1:30. Umpire—McCambridge.

APRIL 23. P. C., 5; MOHAWK A. C., 4.

The Mohawks came to the College Campus on April 23, bent on taking the Collegians' scalps, but they left theirs behind instead. Duffy, Hayes and Davin wielded their bats with great effect, and Collins incidentally fanned ten visitors. That's how we won. The score:

PITTSBURG COLLEGE	MOHAWK A. C.
Players. R. H. P. A. E.	Players. R. H. P. A. E.
Davin, 2 0 3 3 3 2	McDade, s 1 1 4 0 1
Keating, 1 1 0 0 0 0	Protheroe, 1 0 0 0 0 0
Murray, c 0 0 11 1 0	Butch, 3 1 2 1 2 0
Duffy, 1 1 3 9 1 0	Upperman, m 0 2 1 0 0
Kummer, m 0 0 0 0 0	Rogan, 2 0 0 1 2 0
Dougherty, 3 0 1 0 3 1	Griffiths, 1 0 0 12 0 0
Hayes, s 2 3 3 2 0	Seamon, r 1 0 2 0 0
Collins, p 0 0 0 3 0	Kelley, c 0 0 3 2 1
Pietrzycki, r 1 0 1 0 6	Verner, p 1 0 0 4 1
Totals 5 10 27 13 3	Totals 4 5 24 10 3
Pittsburg College	1 1 1 0 0 0 2 0 *5
Mohawk A. C	

Two-base hits—Duffy 2, Hayes 2, Davin, McDade. Sacrifice hits—Keating, Kummer. Double plays—Hayes, Davis and Duffy; Murray and Duffy; Kelly and Griffiths. Bases on Balls—By Collins, 4; by Verner, 2. Struck out—By Collins, 10; by Verner, 4. Wild pitch—Verner. Passed balls—Kelly, Murray. Umpire—Anderson.

Rain has thus far prevented Kilgallon and Kummer from pitching, but they will be heard from soon.

THE RESERVES.

The probable make-up of the Reserves will be as follows: Slater, c; Fitzgerald and Wiegel, p; Barum, 1; Kvatsak, 2; Neylon, 3; Arens, s; Schramm, l; Rutledge, c; Whelan, r. New uniforms have been purchased, and the Reserves will make their bow in them on April 30, against the Manchester A. A. A successful season is predicted by the management.

THE JUNIORS.

As usual, the Juniors, under the supervision of Mr. J. A. Riley, were among the first to come to the front, and they are already begining to show their mettle. New uniforms have been purchased, and the lads not only play a great article of ball but also present a neat appearance on the field. Two games have already been played and won, one against the South Side High School Reserves, 13-3, on April 20; and the other against the Marquette Juniors, 11-6, on April 23. McKnight and Carraher pitched good games, and all acquitted themselves with credit.

List of Passes and Distinctions

AT THE

THIRD TERM EXAMINATIONS.

HELD IN

MARCH, 1904.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

Grammar Class.

DIVISION B.

DRAKE, L. F.-P., Rel., Pen., Eng. D., Arith., Draw.

DIGNAN, W. J.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.,

Knowlson, W. P.-P., Draw., Pen. D., Arith.

LAUER, W. J.-P., B. Hist., Hist., Eng., Draw., Pen.

Schneider, L. A.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

Doris, G. Mc. C .- P., Rel., Draw., Pen.

GANS, W.-P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen.

MAHER, J. W.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., Eng.

PATYKOWSKI, V. M.-P., Eng., Pen.

D., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith.

PARKER, G.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Arith., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw.

DIVISION A.

Blundon, E.-P., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Pen.

Briggs, W. A.—P., Hist., Geog., B. Hist., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., Arith.

Cummings, C.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Hist., Eng.

DALY, M. J .- P., Draw., Arith., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., B. Hist., Eng.

DRAKE, F. G.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., B. Hist., Eng., Arith. D., Draw., Pen.

DRAKE, R. J .-- P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw.

HERMANOWICZ, A.-P., B. Hist., Draw., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.

LANGDON, T. W.-P., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Pen. D., Draw.

PEYBONNY, M.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., B. Hist., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Arith.

PICARD, N. J.—P., Hist., Geog., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Draw.

SAUER, F.-P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Eng.

Fourth Academic.

BANDYK, M .- P., Arith.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pol., Alg., Fr., Zo., Pen.

BARTOSIK, W.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Zo.

DUGAN, P. A .- P., Lat., Arith., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Zo.

Dunin, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Alg., Zo., Pen.

GRIFFITH, F.-P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Zo.

HEANEY, J. R .- P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg., Zo.

HARMAN, C. E.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen. D., Arith., Alg., Zo.

Hock, H. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Alg.

KAUTZ, C. S.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Ger., Arith., Alg. D., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.

KELLERMANN, T .- P., Ger.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Fr., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

LALLY, M. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Zo.

LHOTA, J. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo., Pen.

McGary, E. S.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo.

MALBURG, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Pen. D., Arith., Alg., Zo.

MERTZ, E. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Zo., Pen.

D., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg.

McNally, C. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen., Zo. D., Arith., Alg.

PLEINS, H. J.-P., Eng., Pen.

ROMANOWSKI, J.-P., Pen.

Samson, V.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen. D., Zo.

SCHULTZ, T. J.-P., Eng., Hist., Geog.

D., Rel., Lat., Pol., Fr., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

Schmitt, H. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Alg. D., Arith., Zo., Pen.

SCHNEIDER, B. F.-P., Eng., Lat., Alg., Zo.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith.

TUGMAN, J. L.—P., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Rel., Alg., Zo., Pen. ZEPFEL, E. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Lat., Zo.

ZIMMER, H. J.-P., Lat.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

Third Academic.

DIVISION B.

Beran, E. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

CAREY, W. F .- P., Bot., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg.

CONNOR, R. S.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Alg.

CONTI, J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. Geier, J. M.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

D., Lat.

DALY, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Pen.

FLANIGAN, E. P.—P., Bot.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen.

Kramer, A. L.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Alg., Bot. D., Lat., Arith., Pen.

Lang, F. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Lat.

MANSMANN, R. P.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Bot.

McCANN, A. R.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

NEWELL, J. A.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen.

McCullough, C.—P., Alg., Bot., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith.

O'REILLY, M. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

PURCELL, T. E.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg. D., Hist., Geog., Pen.

REPPERMUND, L. S.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

- SAWYER, J. N.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.
- Schneider, A. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Lat.
- SWEENEY, T. P.—P., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat.
- SWINDELL, H. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.
- STAIB, J. E.—P., Rel., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.
- WACKERMAN, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Lat.

DIVISION A.

- CALLAHAN, L. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk., Fr., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Arith.
- CONWAY, W. R.—P., Hist., Geog, Eng., Ger., Alg., Grk., Lat. D., Rel., Arith., Bot., Pen.
- DZMURA, A. P.-P., Arith., Pen.
 - D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk., Alg., Bot.
- GALLAGHER, J. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Eng., Lat., Grk., Bot.
- GLOECKLER, W. E.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Pen. D., Alg., Bot.
- GRYNIA, W.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Grk., Fr., Bot.
- HABROWSKI, J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pol., Grk., Arith.,
 Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Pen.
- HALEY, C. E.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Lat., Grk.
- JOYCE, T. B.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Bot.
- JONES, T. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Bot., Pen. D., Alg.
- Lutz, C. J.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Bot.
- LAUER, C. F.—P., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Grk.
- Munhall, H. N.—P., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr.
- MARTIN, M. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk., Arith., Hist., Geog. D., Rel., Alg., Bot., Pen.
- MALONE, J. P.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

McDermott, P. L.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Lat.

McGary, W. H.-P., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Arith.

McGBAW, J. H.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Pen. D., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot.

McGrail, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel.

McGeehin, J. H.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg. Bot., Pen.

McKnight, E. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel.

McNulty, J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

Noonan, T. W.—P., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel.

O'CONNOR, M.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk., Fr., Alg., Bot., Pen.

Puhl, C. W.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Lat.

SHANAHAN, T. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk., Alg., Arith., Bot. D., Pen.

SHANNON, E. J.—P., Pen. D., Arith., Alg., Bot.

SNEE, J. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Arith.

UNGERMAN, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Grk.

Second Academic.

BAUM, C. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Lat., Grk., Geog.

Brady, E. F.—P., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot., Pen., Rel. D., Hist., Geog.

Brown, P., Rel., Arith., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Alg., Bot., Geom.

Bullion, G. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Rel.

CAIN, J. J.—P., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg.

CONNOLLY, J. V.—P., Grk., Fr., Alg., Bot.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Pen.

CONWAY, R. V.—P., Rel., Lat., Grk., Fr., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Geom.

DOUGHERTY, D. B.-P., Lat. D., Rel., Hist., Eng.

DOYLE, J. J.—P., Grk. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Fr., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen.

DUFFY, C. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Alg., Geom.

DUNN, T. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Geom.

FAY, W.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Bot.

Kehoe, E. H.—P., Lat. Grk., Fr., Ger., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Bot., Geom., Pen.

Kuhn, T. J.—P., Lat. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Fr., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen., Grk.

MAYER, C.—P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Geom., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Grk., Ger., Alg., Bot.

McCullough, J. A.-P., Eng., Fr. D., Rel., Hist.

McElroy, J.—P., Rel., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Alg., Geom.

McGuigan, B. G.—P., Rel., Lat., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Hist., Geom., Eng.

McMahon, J.—P., Eng., Lat., Fr., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Geom.

MORONEY, R. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Bot., Pen. MILLARD, J. J.—P., Rel., Lat., Grk., Bot., Geom., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.

TAUFKIRCH, W. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Pen. D., Eng. WHALEN, J. N.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Eng.

First Academic.

Breen, M. J.-P., Hist., Lat., Grk., Alg. D., Rel., Eng.

Brennan, M. J.—P., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng.

BUERKLE, J. J.—P., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel, Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng., Ger.

CARRAHER, S. F.—P., Hist., Lat., Grk., Alg., Geom. D., Rel., Eng.

CARROLL, J. A.—P., Fr., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Alg.

CARLOS, J. A.—P., Lat. D., Rel., Hist., Grk., Eng.

Ennis, R. T.—P., Hist., Lat., Grk. D., Rel., Eng.

GASPARD, H. N.—P., Lat., Grk., Fr., Alg., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Eng., Ger.

HAYES, A. J.-P., Lat., Grk., Eng., Ger., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Fr., Geom.

McAffee, F. L.-D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng., Alg.

McLaughlin, J. F .- P., Lat., Grk., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Eng.

Rossenbach, J. A.-P., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng., Geom., Fr.

RYAN, T. F.—P., Lat., Grk., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Eng.

TOOHILL, F. J.-P., Lat., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Grk., Eng., Alg.

ZAREMBA, J. M.—P., Lat., Grk., Eng. D., Rel., Hist., Pol.

Preparatory Course.

Division A.

AARON, A. H .- P., Rel., Eng., Arith.

BISHOP, L. C.-P., Rel.

CREIGHTON, J. J.—P., Rel., B-K., Pen., Civ. G.

D., Eng., Arith.

DIETERLE, G. A.—P., Pen.

DIETERLE, R. J.-P., Eng., Pen., Arith., Hist., Geog.

GAST, F. J.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen.

GLEESON, V. P.-P., Arith., Typ-W.

GOODYEAR, E. G.—P., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

HARNEY, F. M .-- P., Rel., Eng.

HATTON, C. H.-P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Civ. G., Span. D., Arith.

HATTON, R. H.—P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Typ-W.

D., Arith, Hist., Geog.

JEFFREYS, W. R.-P., Eng., Pen., Hist., Geog., Typ-W.

KENNELLY, E. A.-P., Rel., Arith.

LAWLOR, M. J.-P., Rel., Eng., Pen., Hist., Geog.

McGannon, J. P.—P., Civ. G. D., Rel., B-K.

McGovern, J. L.-P., B-K., Typ-W. D., Arith., Rel.

MALONEY, J. J.-P., Rel., Typ-W.

MILLER, H. C.—P., Rel., Arith., Typ-W.

O'CONNOR, H. F.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G. D., Arith.

O'HARA, W. B.—P., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

PIECZYNSKI, W. J.—P., Arith., Pen., Typ-W.

REBEL, L. P.-P., Arith., Pen.

REINBOLD, J. R.-P., Eng., Pen., Hist., Geog.

SCHAEFER, H. J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog. D., Arith.

TURNBLACER, F. E.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith.

DIVISION B.

HAWKS, J. J.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Civ. G., Typ-W.

LAUX, S.-P., Eng., Pen., Geog., Hist. D., Rel., Arith., Ger.

LYNN, J. E .- P., Eng., Arith., Pen.

OLEJNICZAK, L.-P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

D., Rel., Arith.

RANDIG, E. M.-P., Eng., Arith., Pen.

RATAJCZAK, V.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen.

SCHMITZ, P. H.—P., Arith., Pen., Typ-W.

SWEENEY, N. C.-P., Pen., Hist., Geog.

Tysarczyk, J. J.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Hist., Geog.

Business Course.

Division B.

FITZGERALD, R. J.-D., Short-H.

CAWLEY, F. G.—P., Pen., Law, Short-H., Typ-W.

D., Arith., B-K.

CURRAN, T. A.—P., Pen., Short-H., Typ-W. D., B-K.

FRANZ. M. V.—P., Eng., Pen., Law, Civ. G. Short-H., Typ-W. D., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K.

SLATER, H. A.—P., Pen., Typ-W.

D., Eng., B-K., Law, Civ. G.

WURZELL, A. J.-P., Pen., Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Civ. G.

YELLIG, E. B.-P., Pen., Law, Short-H. D., B-K., Typ-W.

ZIMMERMANN, J. P.—P., Eng., Pen., Law, Civ. G., Short-H., Typ-W. D., Rel., Arith., B-K.

DIVISION C.

ARTHO, J. A.-P., Pen., Law, Short-H.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

BLAYNEY, P.-P., Eng., Arith, Pen., Law. D., Rel., Civ. G.

CHARLES, J. A.-P., Pen., Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Law, Civ. G.

CURTIN, T. B.-P., Eng., Pen., Civ. G., Typ-W. D., Rel.

ELMORE, J. J.—P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G.

ENRIGHT, C. J.—P., Eng., Arith. D., Rel., B-K., Civ. G.

GLOCK. A. J.—P., Rel. D., B-K.

HEILMAN, C. A.—P., Rel., Arith., B-K. KRIEGER, A. G.—P., Arith., Pen., Law, Short-H.

D., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G.

LIEB, G. P.—P., Pen. D., B-K.

MADDEN, P. J.-P., Eng., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Arith., Civ. G.

McCormick, C. J.-P., Eng., Law.

McDermott, C. R.—P., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., B-K., Civ. G.

McKenna, C. A .- P., Eng., B-K., Law.

D., Rel., Arith., Civ. G.

MURPHY, J. A.-P., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

NIEHOFF, H. N.-P., B-K., Pen., Law, Short-H., Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

OBER, E. C.-P., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G.

OTT, A. W.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith. D., B-K.

Peters, S.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Pen., Hist., Geog. D., B-K.

RANKIN, C. R.-P., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Civ. G.

RUTLEDGE, R. J .- P., Eng., Pen., Civ. G.

D., Rel., B-K., Typ-W.

SCHLERNITZAUER, P. A.-P., B-K., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

SCHULTZ, H. J.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen. D., Rel., Arith., Civ. G.

SCHUSTER, A. C .- P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

SPENGLER, R. J.—P., Eng., Short-H. D., Rel., B-K., Civ. G.

Todd, R. L.-P., Arith., B-K. D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

DIVISION D.

BURG, J. A.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen.

ETHIER, E. F.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

FERRY, E. J.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Civ. G.

GRIMES, F. D.—P., Pen., Law. D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

HARRINGTON, C. A.—P., Typ-W. D., Rel., B-K.

HICKEL, A. J.-P., Eng., Arith, B-K., Pen., Civ. G. D., Rel.

NICKEL, G. B.-P., Eng., Pen., Civ. G. D., Rel., Arith., B-K.

RUTLEDGE, F. I.—P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law.

D., Rel., Civ. G. SCHERER, A. P.—P., Rel., Eng., Pen.

STEHLE, J. F.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen. D., Arith., Civ. G.

TEEMER, W. J.-P., Rel., Arith., Pen. D., Eng.

Woistman, J. H.-P., Rel., B-K., Typ-W.

Freshman.

ARETZ, A. A.-P., Fr., Trig.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Alg., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Geom., Chem.

ARENZ, F. H.-P., Lat.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Grk., Span., Geom.

BRIGGS, B. C.—P., Lat., Eng., Fr., Geom., Trig., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Grk.

Calnan, T. A.—P., Fr., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Geom., Trig., Chem., Eng.

CARR, G. J.—P., Eng., Grk., Ger. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Lat. Cox, J. P.—P., Lat., Ger., Fr., Trig., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

Dooley, P. J.-P., Grk., Fr., Trig., Alg.

D, Lat., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Geom.

FEHRENBACH, C. F.—P., Grk., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Geom., Chem.

HOWARD, F. M .- P., Ger., Fr., Geom.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Trig., Chem., Alg.

JOHNS, A. G.—P., Fr., Geom., Trig. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Chem., Alg.

KEATING, J. B.—P., Lat., Grk., Ger., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

MISKLOW, P. G.—P., Grk., Ger., Trig., Chem., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Geom.

ROEHRIG, F. X.—P., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg.

TULL, P. A.-P., Grk., Geom.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Trig., Alg.

WINGENDORF, A. F-P., Trig., Alg.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Span., Fr., Geom., Chem.

ZINDLER, L. J.-P., Ger., Fr., Chem., Alg.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Geom., Trig.

Sophomore.

Dekowski, J. A.—P., Eng., Fr., Trig. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Geom., Chem.

JAWORSKI, J. P.—P., Eng., Grk., Fr., Geom., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Lat., Ger.

MORALES, E. M.—P., Eng., Fr., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Geom., Trig., Chem.

MURPHY, D. P.-P., Eng., Grk., Alg., Geom.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Lat., Fr.

McCambridge, C. S.—P., Grk., Alg., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Geom.

McGuigan, E. A.—P., Ger., Fr., Alg.

D, Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Geom., Trig., Chem.

McKavney, J. B.—P., Eng., Lat., Fr., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem.
D., Ch. Hist., Hist.

SIEBAKOWSKI, C.—P., Eng., Lat., Grk., Geom., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Ger.

Junior.

BEJENKOWSKI, A. C.-P., Phil., Lat., Phy., Trig., Mech., Alg. D., Script., Eng., Ger., Hist.

GWYER, C. F.—P., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Fr., Ger., Trig., Mech., Alg. D., Phy., Hist.

HAYES, R. L.—P., Trig. D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk.

HAYES, R. L.—P., Trig. D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Ger., Fr., Phy., Mech., Alg., Hist.

Keane, C. M.—D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Mech., Hist.,

Phv.

KILGALLEN, J. M.-P., Script., Phil., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech.,

Alg. D., Lat., Eng., Hist. KOLIPINSKI, S. J.—P., Eng., Trig., Alg. D., Script., Phil.,

Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Phy., Mech., Hist.

Merz, W. F.—P., Script., Phil., Eng., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech.,

Alg. D., Lat., Hist.

Neilan, F. A.—P., Phil., Grk., Phy.

D., Script., Lat., Eng., Fr., Ger., Trig., Mech., Alg., Hist. O'SHEA, T. F.-D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Phy., Trig., Mech., Alg., Hist.

POBLESCHEK, J, A.—P., Phil., Phy., Alg.
D., Script., Lat., Eng., Grk., Fr., Ger., Trig., Mech., Hist.
Schwab, F. A.—P., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Fr., Phy.,
Trig., Mech.
D., Ger., Hist.
SIMON, J. C.—P., Eng., Grk., Trig., Alg.
D., Script., Phil., Lat., Fr., Phy., Mech., Hist.
SZUMJESKI, F. S.—P. Alg.
D. Script. Phil. Lat. Eng.

SZUMIERSKI, F. S.-P., Alg. D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Grk., Fr., Ger., Phy., Trig., Mech., Hist.

N. B.—The names of students of the Senior Class, of those who were absent from the examinations or failed to pass, are not given in the above list.

Why not earn \$300

during the vacation season?

VER fifty college and seminary students will be in the field for us the coming summer. They learned of the great success of Joseph Herman and others last year. Mr. Herman is a student at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, and in six weeks he earned over \$250. If you want to do profitable work that will be an education in itself write us. Give particulars as to whether you desire to do work in your home territory or to travel. We are now reserving territory for vacation workers. Send today for particulars.

> Don't delay until vacation time, but write now so that all arrangements may be made beforehand. This is an especially good opportunity for seminarians, college students and teachers.

MEN AND WOMEN is the great National Catholic Home Journal.

THE MEN AND WOMEN PUBLISHING CO., 111 to 117 Longworth St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X.

Pittsburg, Pa., June, 1904.

No. 9.

Only Once!

But once you walk the path of life
With steady, onward tread,
But once you enter in the strife
And fall among the dead.

When once from dawn to darkest night
The sands of life have run,
You then no more can set aright
The misdeeds you have done.

Be kind to all while yet you may;
Do good to friend and foe:
'Tis only once you pass this way,
Remember as you go.

Edward B. Knaebel, '04.



Ancient-Egyptian and Modern Education Compared.

P DUCATION is one of man's necessities, and must, therefore, have been coeval with man. The first man and woman were Heaven-taught. God Himself instructed them in all that they should know, and since then the tradition of education from generation to generation has been unbroken. The child of a Twentieth Century Savant stands as sorely in need of teaching as did the swarthy Egyptian boy in the days of the first dynasty. If this be so, if education goes hand in hand with humanity, it will perhaps be a useful task to compare our present educational methods with those of remote antiquity. We shall confine ourselves to the Egyptians, as they were perhaps the first civilized nation of the world. Before the modern nations had even begun to exist. Egypt had already lost her independence. She who had once been mistress of the earth, teacher of the nations, has been for over two thousand years the plaything of conquerors. Her people have forgotten the religion, the language, the customs, the civilization, of their fathers, and to-day move about under the monuments of their ancestors, whose significance is hidden from them, whose inscriptions they cannot read, like dwarfs on the ruins of a giant-world. How poor and puny do the Copts appear to-day where their forefathers led captive kings in triumph! How literally has the old prophecy been fulfilled: "Chemi, Chemi, of all thy knowledge and thy glory nothing shall remain except thy memorials hewn in stone!" But these are so grand that the nation which erected them even now excites our admiration and invites our study.

But to return to our subject. By education we here mean school education, training of children in reading,

writing, arithmetic, and whatever other branches may fit them for their life work. In order to understand fully the progress of the ancient Egyptians in these elementary branches, we should know more of their history and literature. But our knowledge of these is mainly based on what the many monuments, papyri, and inscriptions have revealed to us. These portray, often most vividly, the life and manners of the inhabitants of the Nile Valley. Educational topics are frequently touched on. For instance, among the papyri that have been translated are school books, school exercises, corrections by teachers, even a few problems, and other facts showing the progress which had been made in systematic school-training four thousand years ago.

Strange to say, our own system of schools seems to be only a reproduction—on a grander and more perfect scale, of course—of that which obtained in the Kingdom of the Pharaohs. Like ourselves, the Egyptians had both elementary and higher, or temple, schools. One historian even tells us that district, or as we should call them, ward, schools, were scattered over the principal cities. Let us see what the Egyptologists tell us about school life and school work, scholars and teachers. Only boys frequented the schools, girls were never sent. They had to learn many household duties, and that at an early age too, because they were frequently married before they reached the age of fourteen.

In school, the boys were first taught to read. But to do this was no simple matter. Unlike our tots in the A B C class, they had to distinguish between several hundred signs as their alphabet. Some of these stood for single letters, some for syllables, some for whole words, and some were not to be read at all, but were used as indicators of the words after them. They were next taught to write. In the primary schools they were taught the demotic, a simplification of the hieratic, which in turn

was a simplification of the hieroglyphic. The school boy wrote with a reed or painted with a brush on a thin wooden tablet, covered with white or red stucco. A few of these tablets are still preserved in the museums of London and New York. Our slates are a slight improvement judging from these relics. After he had made reasonable progress, the little Egyptian was permitted to write on papyrus with black or red ink, just as our school youth is allowed the use of pen and ink after the novitiate of slate and wiper.

The Egyptian school boy had next to wrestle with arithmetic. Although it seems improbable for such early times, we are assured that the Egyptians had a decimal system of notation, with symbols for 10, 100, 1,000, up to 1,000,000. From the inscriptions, we learn that they ciphered with the aid of their fingers and little pebbles. It would seem that some old Egyptian pedagogue, and not Froebel, invented the Kindergarten. Perhaps the German educator stumbled across his idea in some old manuscript or papyrus. At any rate, the Egyptians invented systems of calculation for the children, so that they might study arithmetic as a pleasure and an amusement, and not as a task. Plato describes this mode of teaching as follows: "In Egypt, systems of calculation have actually been invented for the use of children, which they learn as a pleasure and an amusement. They have to distribute apples and garlands, adapting the same number, either to a larger or smaller number of persons, and they distribute pugilists and wrestlers, as they follow one another, or pair together by lot. Another mode of amusing them is by taking vessels of gold and brass and silver and mingling them, or distributing them without mingling; as I was saying, they adapt to their amusement the numbers in common use, and in this way make more intelligible to their pupils the arrangements and movements of armies and expeditions; and in the

management of a household, they make people more useful to themselves and more wide-awake; again in the measurement of things, which have length and breadth and depth, they free us from that ludicrous and disgraceful ignorance of all these things, which is natural to man." This elementary course lasted for about three or four years.

Amongst us the position of teacher or professor is an honorable one; it was no less so, if not more so, amongst the Egyptians. The teachers were scribes generally well advanced in years. Their education had to be more than ordinary; besides the common school education, they must have mastered correspondence and accounts. This position was considered one of the hig est distinctions in the land. Poor people, the sons of governors, princes, and even the Pharaoh's own children, were proud of the scribeship. When this had once been obtained, the Egyptian strove to transmit its advantages to his own children. There were two roads leading to this scribeship—the temple schools and private instruction.

This leads us to a consideration of the famous temple schools, and here we meet with more analogies. temple schools were so called, because they were generally to be found within the temple enclosures. They included an elementary course, where reading and writing were taught. At the end of this course, the student underwent a rigid examination, and, if he passed successfully, he took up the higher studies. It may be remarked by the way that examinations, against which numerous crusades have been started in this country, have stood the test of four thousand years, and so are not to be lightly discarded. There are still a few books extant which show to what perfection reading and writing were carried in the temple schools. One of these, "The Precepts of Ptahhotep," a part of the oldest book in the world, was written by a governor of Thebes, during the fifth dynasty.

for the purpose of instructing posterity in the wisdom of the ancients. It contains some of the highest moral principles of antiquity. The necessity of obedience is inculcated; rules for the guidance of children and subordinates in their relations to their parents and masters are laid down; stealing and intemperance, hypocrisy and lying, are scathingly condemned. "Knowledge," he says "is power. Knowledge is a treasure, imperishable, and greater than any ornament."

In the temple schools, the young men also wrote original compositions. These were duly criticized and examined. There was nothing the Egyptian student cared for so much as to have his work criticised by the master. In this way he learned to rectify his mistakes. If the teacher failed in criticism, he was not respected, and was spoken of as being negligent. On the other hand, if the teacher was plain spoken and energetic with his pupils, he was not without honor or praise among them.

While the Egyptian schools furnished what must be admitted, in many respects, a very sound language instruction, including reading, composition, and style, grammar formed no part of the course. As far as we know at present, the Egyptians had not even the elements of grammar. This forms a strong contrast to our own, in which this branch is so much insisted on.

We have still another contrast. History is one of the chief subjects of study in all our schools, and rightly so, for history is the "mistress of life." Now, amongst the Egyptians, history was an unknown science. A record, and that not a very faithful one, of the rulers and dynasties, was indeed kept in the temple archives; but with this the pupils of the schools did not trouble themselves. Narratives, formerly regarded as historical, are now pronounced by all Egyptian scholars to be romance. But the teachers, desiring their pupils to have a neat style, did not fail to place before them models of narrative

composition. Having no history, they took instead the romances already mentioned, some of which have come down to us and are accessible in translations. We shall mention only three, the "Story of Cinderella and the Golden Slipper, " the "Story of Two Brothers," which is wonderfully like the Bible story of Joseph and his brothers, and the "Story of Saneha." The latter was undoubtedly used in the temple schools. The story tells of an Egyptian who, forced to flee from his country, like Moses, takes refuge with an Edomite chief. marries the Bedouin's daughter, and rises to great power. But he is so very desirous of returning to his native land that he determines to make the journey. The Pharaoh receives him into favor, and he lives to good old age in his own land. Such romances as these were well fitted to inspire the young Egyptians with a sincere love for home and country.

Poetry was by no means neglected in the temple schools. As amongst most nations, so also amongst the Egyptians lyric poetry held the first place. Perhaps the most famous of all the lyrics was the "Hymn to the Nile." It was written by a scribe called Ennanna, the same who wrote the "Story of the Two Brothers," and begins thus:

"Adoration to the Nile!
Hail to thee, O Nile!
Who manifested thyself over this land,
And comest to give life to Egypt!"

Didactic poetry ranked next to lyric. The Egyptians had a particular liking for this kind of poetry, and many specimens of it have come down to us. The most interesting, both from its intrinsic value and venerable antiquity (12th dynasty), is the "Praise of Learning," in which an old sage, who is about to place his son in a temple school, excites him to diligence in his studies by describing the miseries of other occupations. "I have

seen those who labor with the hand," he says; "there is nothing beyond letters. As men dive into the water, do thou plunge into the book of Ani. A single day gained in school, is gained for eternity. What is done in school is lasting as the hills."

Discipline was strictly enforced in the Egyptian schools. The rod was not spared. Masters used to scold then as they sometimes do now. To spare their pupils' feelings, their severest reproofs were usually conveyed by writing. Thus we read in a letter written by a master to a lazy scholar during the 19th dynasty: "You are like an ass that is beaten every day; you are like a stupid negro that is brought for tribute. The vulture is made to perch, the falcon taught to fly; I will make a man of you, you rascally scamp. Mark that."

With this sound admonition, we bring this paper to a close.

T. F. RYAN, '07.



The Will Power of Hamlet.

"Horatio I am dead.
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."—HAMLET V., 2.

In analyzing so multiform and complex a character as Hamlet's, the parallel of which can not be found in the whole range of art, formal critical laws have proved a hindrance rather than a guide, and have served rather to mystify than to approximate a solution worthy of the great Shakespeare. Some critics in subjecting Hamlet's personality to a microscopic scrutiny, have taken "the part for the whole," and of the numerous, apparently contradictory, elements worked into his character, have

singled out one or more of peculiar attractiveness, not heeding the pertinent advice of Pope:

"'Tis not an eye or ear we beauty call, But the joint force and full result of all."

Most commentators are of the opinion that in Hamlet's character, the great master invented a mirror, in which every man sees his own personality reflected; and hence it is that we find those critics that rely on mere textual evidence, evolving Hamlets which are direct representatives of their own abnormal ideals. With highsounding platitudes and glib quotation of isolated texts. they patch up hideous caricatures more suited to the levity of comedy than the stern fatality of tragedy, and with rare complacency attribute these emanations to the genius of Shakespeare, which held, "as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." A precious specimen of this class is cited by Clarke. An anonymous writer, under the caption of "A Celebrated Case," has severed the Gordon knot by textually demonstrating that Hamlet was afflicted with "spherical obesity," because "he raised a sigh so piteous and profound that it did seem to shatter all his bulk, " and, as the pitying Gertrude complained, "He's fat and scant of breath." Shakespeare, in consequence. has cast with a few bold strokes of the pen a mass of foul deformity, and our bright world of transcending intelligence and character is enveloped in earthy vileness.

To obviate any danger accruing from narrow views or biased feelings, this flesh and blood reality must be viewed from a point of vantage where due distance reconciles to grace and form, to the laws of art and nature. Hamlet is an extraordinary man in extraordinary circumstances. Evidently, then, to gage the intensity of his will power, conversancy with the circumstances that called forth that will power, is an absolute requisite; to know those circumstances fully, his mission, the exigencies of the situation and the social and political character in-

volved, must be duly considered. Hamlet is governed by a purpose which is the moral action of the play, and the conditions whereby it is accompanied give light and tone to his character. In consequence, to discard one or other of these lenses would seriously impair the medium through which we are to view him, and would give us a distorted image, a caricature.

The motive of the drama—revenge as a religious duty—may quite naturally be assigned to a stage of formation in which the traditions of barbarism are still operative and the precepts of Christianity are yet fixing roots. Historically, Denmark in the ninth century was steeped in the grossest barbarism. To transfuse in the composition of time and place a consistency with the other elements of the drama, Shakespeare has sacrificed historical truth and introduced anachronisms. This deviation is strictly admissable, since the duty of every poet is not so much to teach as to please.

He has blended so happily the pagan virtue of wreaking vengeance with the Christian obligation of parental obedience that they give a richer coloring and deeper complexity to the plot. Shakespeare would have his hero observe the Fourth Commandment, yet he shall destroy his father's murderer to the negation of the divine injunction, "vengeance is mine." In fact, so thoroughly is Hamlet indued with the righteousness of his mission, that he regards himself as a minister of justice, and trusts in "the cherub that sees" our purposes, for ways and means to compass this religious duty.

Critics judge the vital action of the play to rest on the apparition of the ghost and on the subsequent revelations, for these are closely interwoven throughout the woof of the drama. The spirit of Hamlet's father appears to him and commands him to avenge that "foul and most unnatural murder." Nevertheless, in the exercise of this deed, he must not stain his honor. Claudius had murdered his brother. Through this act of fratricide and regicide, he hewed his way to the Danish throne after seducing and corrupting the virtuous mother of Hamlet. Hamlet, therefore, must kill the apparently legitimate King of the Danes. The second injunction. that he stain not his soul, implies a twofold duty, a duty to his conscience and a duty to his honor, for conscience and honor are so closely akin that what is hurtful to the one, is detrimental to the other. Before he can kill the king, he must prove to his conscience the guilt of Claudius; and, in order to satisfy his honor, he must conclusively demonstrate the guilt of Claudius to the Danish subjects; for, as Hudson annotates, "the idea of religious revenge implies that the guilt of the criminal be so evident that the punishment shall stand to the heart of mankind as a solemn act of justice and not as a low personal revenge. "

Had Hamlet struck down the crowned fratricide at once, as some critics urge, the act would be a brutal revenge—a revenge inconsistent with the genius of the drama, a display of fury rather than of will power. Claudius is seemingly virtuous and innocent, and there is no voice to gainsay his kingly honor, for the ghost is "confined to fast in fires," and Hamlet is accounted a madman. Let Hamlet slay, and the public tribunal will condemn him for regicide. His hands are fettered, not through any defect of mind, but because "the time is out of joint." He must bide his time till the king's "occult guilt shall unkennel itself."

While some brand Hamlet with irresolution, others attribute his delay "to enormous intellectual activity which induces a proportionate aversion to real action." His analytical mind is so keen that it divides a hair between the north and northeast, and with large discourse looking before and after grasps the situation in all its entirety; and so equally balanced are the good and

evil of the deed that his will is loath to reduce itself to action. The ghost had solemnly enjoined on him to kill the usurper, but to effect it in such a way that it redound to his honor. Were he to kill Claudius in the present circumstances he would fulfill the first part of his sire's mandate and transgress the second part. Thus the evil accruing from the circumstances of the deed would destroy the good of the action itself. But evidently this dilemma is not the result of a preponderating mental activity, but arises from the very exigencies of the situation.

Hamlet is neither irresolute nor crippled by scrupulosity, which, after all when "quartered, hath but one part wisdom and ever three parts coward, " but he is the avenger of his father awaiting the fulness of time. Hence, there surges in his heart, at this delay, an agonizing conflict between the base and noble parts of his inner self. The foul murder of his father, the blighted virtue of his mother, the tragic woes of Ophelia, the king's attempt to assassinate him-these are so many incentives to a speedy revenge. Life was naught to him while the crowned prostitute lorded over Denmark. His home was wrecked, his life darkened, his mother tainted with a public sin, and yet this man of flesh and blood stays his hand because religion and honor must sit in judgment on his revenge. In his soliloquies, especially, he unveils his heart seething with pent-up emotions, and scathingly denounces his self-imputed cowardice. "My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth" rings through his heart, but his father's command, like a double-edged sword, reminds him of the stern reality. This selfrestraint is, in my mind, the clearest manifestation and highest exercise of Hamlet's will power. That he holds himself back from the deed to which his righteous passion for vengeance urges him, evidences in my mind, a superhuman amount of that quality which critics so strenuously deny him.

To confirm this conclusion, Shakespeare provides us with ample proofs, showing Hamlet to be possessed of abundant will power even in specific actions. What determination he manifested when he resolves to meet the ghost, courts "blasting," and holds colloquy with the spirit! What energetic action, when he foils and destroys the assassins sent by the king! How cool and calculating, when he forces the unwilling Claudius to give a mute acknowledgment of his guilt! What unwavering resolution, when he wrings from the fibres of his heart the love of twenty thousand brothers, his affection for the pure Ophelia! Here Hamlet's mental and physical powers range themselves under the leading of a vigorous and steady will, and produce actions that are strictly normal.

Moreover, Shakespeare had indespensable reasons of art for endowing Hamlet with a firm will so that by restraining his natural passions, he performed the right act at the right time. Hamlet is by nature impetuous, and even before he is acquainted with the manner of his father's death, he yearns for a revenge that brooks no delay:

"Haste me to know't that I, with wings as swift As meditation or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge."

"But," stipulates the ghost, "howsoever thou pursu'st this act, taint not thy mind." This is an epitomized code of the morality of the drama; and the strict adherence to it constitutes the enigma of the plot. Had Laertes been in the same strait with his allegiance consigned to hell; his vows, to the blackest devil; and conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit, doubtless, true to his word, he would have been most thoroughly revenged for his father. But Hamlet cannot execute such a monstrous act, trammeled as he is by most perplexing conditions. As the above-mentioned critic has admirably

stated it: "The very nature and idea of a proper tragic revenge require that the guilty be not put to death till their guilt has been proved; and so proved, that the killing of them shall be manifestly a righteous act-shall stand to the heart and conscience of mankind as an act of solemn and awful justice. To such a revenge, punishment is necessary; to punishment, justice is necessary; to justice, the vindication of it in the eyes, not merely of the theatre, but of those among whom the action takes place. So that if Shakespeare had made Hamlet kill Claudius one moment earlier than he does, he would have violated the whole moral law of his art: and in that case the tragic action, instead of appealing to their high and sacred sympathies with justice, would be a mere stroke of brutal violence; or, at best, an act of low, savage, personal revenge." In the bloom of his sins, in the full possession of his crown, his ambition and his queen, the base usurper is smitten from his throne and compelled to acknowledge his guilt "even to the teeth and forehead."

We may not "know the stops" of Hamlet; we may not, as a Horatio, tell his story with all its heart-rending woes, but we can and should forbid stigmatizing Hamlet with defects purely grotesque, and inflicting on his noble person superfluous deprecations. "The rest is silence;" and with the learned critics whom I have taken as my guides I reject the theory that Hamlet's arm refused to do what his head contrived, and he "like a neutral to his will and matter did nothing."

JOSEPH A. NELSON, '04.



The Role of the Ghost in Hamlet.

S HAKESPEARE lived at a time when the belief in the supernatural entered as a factor into men's everyday lives. For them, the spiritual world was as real as the material. The "Reformation" of Henry VIII. had left the doctrines of the Church almost intact. Thus it was that the audience that listened to the play of Hamlet found nothing incredible or incongruous in the return of a spirit from the realms of Purgatory. The existence of spirits and Purgatory were to them indisputable facts, and, when they considered the impossibility of the elder Hamlet's ever obtaining justice on earth in any other way, his midnight visits seemed to them quite eredible—nay, even necessitated by circumstances.

To the people of Denmark the apparition was not altogether unexpected. The mysterious taking off of their beloved monarch, the hasty marriage of his queen with her brother-in-law, the increasing melancholy of the younger Hamlet, the vague rumors of war everywhere afloat,—all these prepared men's minds for some strange event. Mystery was in the air. Even the stalwart soldiers that guarded the castle of Elsinore shared the general foreboding. A strange, undefined fear made Francisco "sick at heart;" for twice had he and Marcellus been startled by the appearance of a shadowy figure arrayed in all the accoutrements of war, that stalked silently by their watch. Bernardo, too, is under the spell, for when Francisco leaves him alone, he urges him

"If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste."

When the excitement has reached a high pitch, the ghost appears. He comes clad as a warrior king, to demand justice for sacrilege—the murder of one religiously annointed—peace for his kingdom, and the restoration of the lawful heir to his usurped throne. In his hideous fratricide, Claudius has struck down, at one below, religion, truth, loyalty—the very essence and flower of law and order. His was an abominable crime, and it was the sacred duty of the elder Hamlet to charge his son

with its punishment. Lest the sudden shock should be too much for the young prince's mind, already suffering under a great strain, he appears first to the friends of Hamlet, who will appraise him of the event. Horatio, bolder than the rest, conjures the ghost to divulge the reason of his nightly walk, and is about to receive an answer when, at the crowing of the cock, the spirit fades from human sight.

Hamlet, hearing from Horatio that his father's spirit had appeared in arms, at once suspects foul play. The explanation of the king's death had always seemed to him incomplete and unsatisfactory. He believes that the ghost wishes him to wreak merely a personal vengeance, not a vindication of the State. Horror-stricken, he listens to the fearful story of his father's murder, and to the commands laid upon him. His resolve is firmly taken; he will wipe all else from his memory, and retain only those burning words of parting,

"Adieu, Adieu! Remember me."

In a calmer mood the thought strikes him that this ghost might be a devil who takes advantage of his weakness and melancholy to bring him to ruin. He makes up his mind to be more certain of its reality before taking a step he might have cause to repent. Circumstances favor his project, and a band of strolling players are engaged to act a play before the royal couple, wherein he catches the conscience of both king and queen.

Hamlet is now assured of the truth of the ghost's story—of the guilt of his uncle and mother. We should suppose that he would take steps to wreak a speedy vengeance on the shameless fratricide; but, true to his character, he spends his energies in reflection. When he comes upon Claudius praying in his chamber, he lets slip the opportunity, not for the reason that his act would be unexplained to the world, but that he may send

him off

"When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage; At gaming, swearing; or about some act That has no relish of salvation in it,"

and he is off to his mother's room, to upbraid her with her guilt. As he waxes wroth, some one behind the arras calls for help. Believing it to be the king, he whips out his dagger, and kills the foolish old Polonius, caught eavesdropping once too often. The noble heart of the king cannot endure the reproaches heaped upon his faithless queen; once more he appears "in his habit as he lived" to remind Hamlet of the real purpose of his midnight interview, and to save his wife from distraction.

The anger of Laertes for the death of his father brings about the partial fulfilment of the ghost's mission. Hamlet should not only have killed his father's murderer, but he should have been placed upon the throne so foully wrested from him. But, acting only as the bereaved son, and not as the prince of Denmark, he kills the guilty Claudius with the poisoned sword that had already dealt him his death-blow.

J. F. MALLOY, '04.



PRUDENCE.

REATING the subject of prudence, we are immediately led to ask ourselves what is the real meaning of the word. At the outset, we discover that it bears a very close relation to the word wisdom; it is only after close observation, and after comparing the true meaning of the two words, that we are able to discern that there is quite a difference. Prudence implies caution in deliberating and consulting on the most suitable means to accomplish valuable purposes, and the exercise of

sagacity in discerning and selecting them. It differs from wisdom in this, that it implies more caution and reserve than wisdom, or is exercised more in foreseeing and avoiding evil than in devising and executing that which is good.

We see from the above that a prudent man must be very cautious in order to be prudent at all; and, at the same time, we know and have examples, too numerous to mention, of men who have displayed a vast amount of wisdom, and still can not be called prudent, for the simple reason that they lacked caution and reserve. Now, in what lies the secret of becoming a prudent man? If a man possesses sufficient wisdom to make himself honored and respected among his fellow-mortals as being capable of doing the proper thing at the proper time, or, as the saying goes, of having a place for everything and everything in its place; if he continues to do his various actions in a wise way and displays caution and reserve in so doing, it may be safely said that he merits the title of being a prudent man in every sense of the term.

"Prudence teaches us to speak every word and perform every action of life at a proper time, in a proper place, and toward the proper person." Our behavior towards others and the different relations in which we stand to them, may be used as a standard to judge the prudence we possess. If we are wanting in charity and generosity towards others, it may be easily seen that we are not prudent, because, when we lack charity, we show very plainly that there is a want of caution against enmities and a want of the desire to do unto others as we would have them do to us.

The rules of prudence are prohibitive, for their characteristic formulas begin "Thou shalt not."

Prudence often hinders a man from being so fortunate as he might be without it. For, if a man desires to accomplish something, and has his mind made up to do it, in the end, through want of tact, energy, and by rashness of manner, he often fails ignominiously, and shows himself very imprudent.

We have very many examples of high degrees of prudence displayed by our ancestors, especially by the warriors and statesmen of old. Those ancient Grecian law-givers, Solon and a host of others, have perhaps given the noblest examples of it. Of the many generals of ancient times whom we are inclined to class among the list of tyrants and semi-barbarians, we could point out hundreds who displayed prudence in an eminent degree.

If we have not a prudent determination in matters before us, if we do not look ahead and prepare for the future, we expose ourselves to falling always into errors. Now, instead of always being imprudent, especially in matters of vital importance, instead of wandering about aimlessly, is it not much better and more conducive to our well-being to be ever on the alert, and, instead of groping in the darkness, to tread the path of life enveloped in the light which we are able to shed about our path by prudence?

C. L. McCambridge, '06.



DECISION.

BY decision of character is meant the determination with which a person sets about the accomplishment of an undertaking. It is found in many phases among mankind. Some men are wont to perform all their actions without reflection. Others go to the other extreme, and deliberate for so long a time that, before they have begun, the opportunity is no longer at their disposal.

It is to this, as to all other traits of character, that

the phrase, in medio stat virtus, can be applied. The middle class are those whom success most often repays for their labors. It comprises those who "look before they leap," and hence are prepared to meet reverses, if reverses are to be their lot. They know how to treat an undertaking, being careful and wary up to a certain point, but, when the moment for action presents itself, they immediately recognize it, and, without further delay, make the best of the opportunity offered.

Those who are accustomed to "dive in head first," that is, to do everything on the impulse of the moment, very often, also, meet with success. However, reverses are not uncommon to these men, as is evidenced by the many fortunes that are wrecked almost daily in the Stock Exchanges of our large cities.

The brilliant successes achieved by seemingly too hasty men are found most conspicuous when one peruses the historic annals of the world. Many great victories and defeats often turn on minutes. Crises come, and were not able and decisive-minded men at hand to seize them at the opportune moment, ruin would follow in their wake. It was at such moments that the genius of Napoleon shone forth with the greatest lustre. He comprehended situation after situation with his rapid mind, and was thus able to turn many an apparent defeat into a most glorious and brilliant victory.

So much for the men who either succeed or fail by their rapidly developed decisions. Now let us hastily consider the results of procrastination. Thousands of men owe their failures simply to this procrastination. Sidney Smith has well said that "in order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can." Then he goes on to say that we have not the time the ancients had. They could take a century to produce

something of importance, and still live several centuries longer to reap the benefit of its success. We who are in a progressive age, and whose average life is about sixty-five years, must be of a more rapid determination. Thus can it be easily seen that if we consume our time in consulting friends for advice in undertaking anything, we shall not be able to put their practical advice into effect.

From this we again arrive at our former conclusion, that the best is found between the two extremes. If men who are rapid in drawing conclusions would deliberate for only a short time previous to launching some praiseworthy project into the ocean of activity, and if others, whose spirit of decision is allowed to lie dormant, would brace up and sally forth with their pet schemes, our great daily newspapers would not have so many failures to report; a smaller number of families would be broken up, and the general run of affairs would be much smoother.

Besides promptitude of decision, which I have advocated, tenacity of decision is also very important. On New Year's day, for instance, men are teeming with good resolutions. They soon are able to decide which resolution, or resolutions, when taken, will best make them better men morally; but nine times out of ten, the constancy requisite to make the resolution of any profit is wanting. Before ten days have elapsed, the good intentions of the New Year are forgotten, and they are again treading the beaten path to destruction.

'Tis true, not all of us have been endowed with perfect decision of character, but the germ of this quality has been infused into each and everyone of us, and it can be cultivated under favorable circumstances and through motives presented to the mind. Therefore, let us set about to cultivate whatever degree of decision we possess, and thus we will be the better able to bring about a most successful issue in our undertakings.

FRANK X. ROEHRIG, '07.

Fairy Frolics.

Hark to the dance of the rollicking fairies

That tread on the sward of the fort ever green!

Mark how their limbs are as nimble as aeries

Disporting their wings in the heavens serene.

Moon is their gaslight, and softly sweet numbers Entrancingly steal from their place of abode— Music not meant for the mortal that slumbers, But fairies to gambols its notes ever goad.

There can be seen in the midst of the dancers

A thousand wee leprecawns galloping wild,

Bearing their humps like the satchels of lancers,

To mark the dear love of the fairies beguiled.

Woe to the stranger they find on them glancing!

His back and his legs they will change in a trice;

Legs shall be swollen to bursting with dancing,

And neatly a hump for his back they'll devise.

Never then pass, while the full moon is shining,
A fort left alone to this merciless crew,
Or, 'neath a hump for ever repining,
Your visit unwelcome you'll certainly rue.

J. A. O'BRIEN.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. ASSISTANT EDITOR, C. M. KEANE, '05.

M. J. RELIHAN, '04.

EXCHANGES, . . J. F. MALLOY, '04.

LOCALS, . . J. A. NELSON, '04. ATHLETICS, ALUMNI, .

. . F. J. NEILAN, '05. . P. G. MISKLOW, '07.

SOCIETIES, T. F. RYAN, '08. CONCERTS, E. B. YELLIG, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06. F. X. ROEHRIG, '07,

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1904.

No. 9.

EDITORIAL.

Reform in Sacred Architecture.

The Literary Digest, reproducing the various comments, Catholic and non-Catholic, on the late Motu Proprio of our Holy Father, predicts the near approach of a golden age of sacred music. Pope Pius' recent departure from time-honored custom in assisting in state at the first production of Perosi's splendid oratorio, The Last Judgment, shows that he is a Maecenas, not in word only, but in deed. But church music is not the only Catholic art which sadly stands in need of reform, and in our country at least a return to sacred architecture ought to be preached as persistently as a return to sacred music.

Travelers and archaeologists tell us that the noblest ruins of antiquity, ruins which have resisted the vandal hands of Time for two or three thousand years, are invariably the ruins of temples. The greatest and grandest achievements of Egyptian art were the temples of Luxor and Ipsambul, whose colossal ruins are still the admiration of the pilgrim. The Temple of the Seven Spheres of Babylon, even in its decay, is one of the grandest and most impressive sights in all the East. Grecian art attained its zenith in the temple of Niké Apteros.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus was known far and wide as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. glory of the temple of Solomon filled all the earth. the Middle Ages, the rich stripped themselves of their wealth, and the poor impoverished themselves still more, to raise up edifices worthy to become the habitations of Architects pondered and studied for years to realize the ideal which hovered in their minds, and whose grandeur was such as almost to defy all attempts to fetter it in stone and mortar. To plan one cathedral or church was often the sole life-work of an architect. What a sad contrast do the churches of our day and especially of our land present to those of the past! Our public buildings, our court-houses, our post-offices, our State capitols, yea, our work-houses and prisons, are often things of beauty, works of art-of how many of our churches, can the same be said? And why is our church architecture so woefully fallen from its former high estate? The reasons are not far to seek. We are not living in an age of Faith. Men's minds are turned more towards the earthly than towards the heavenly. The contact between this world and the next does not seem to be realized by the men of this generation. Then there is such an endless variety in religious profession. The erection of a church is to-day of interest only to a very small body of citizens, and the means at the command of these are very limited. What

Catholic body in any of our large cities could now erect another Cathedral of Milan, a St. Sophia, or a Notre Dame?

The architects, too, are often to blame. They are very often not educated to design a house of God, or if they have the ability, they are not in the proper frame of mind. Very few make church architecture their sole lifework, for the very good reason, we presume, that it would not "pay."

And yet, how can a man who to-day plans a carbarn or a steel-frame hotel, to-morrow properly design a temple of the Most High?

Lastly, the fault is often to be put at the doors of our Catholics themselves. They are usually in too great a hurry to build a new church. None of the great churches and cathedrals of the world were the work of one generation. Some were building for centuries. Now six months or a year is the limit.

We earnestly hope that the Twentieth Century will mark a new era in ecclesiastical architecture, a return to the traditional, and therefore, true principles of church building. Perhaps when our Holy Father has reformed the sacred chant and taken this reproach from the Spouse of Christ, he will turn his attention to providing fitting dwelling places for our Emmanuel, dwelling places of which the Spirit Himself shall be able to say: "Ecce tabernaculum Dei cum hominibus" (APOC. XXI., 3).



WE call the attention of our readers who wish to occupy themselves usefully during the summer holidays, to the advertisement of *The Men and Women Publishing Company*, on page 326 of this issue.

OUR ENTERTAINMENT.

HE entertainment given by the students on the evenings of May 6 and 7 was a grand success, viewed in every light. The seating capacity of the Duquesne Theatre was taxed to its utmost on both occasions; the actors interpreted their rôles to the surprise of professional critics and won their marked commendation; the gymnastic exercises, under the direction of Professor O'Neil, were a revelation of grace and skill to the crowded house; and the music, directed by Father Griffin and Professor C. B. Weis, was up to the high standard of our best Pittsburg theatrical instrumentation. No weak spot was observable in the rendering of any part of the difficult programme. Praise on our part might be looked upon with suspicion: we shall therefore content ourselves with quoting from the columns of the daily and Sunday papers.

The Pittsburg Catholic.

"The star of the occasion was Mr. John F. Chambers, as Damon; his attitudes, gestures, expression and voice were of the gilt-edged order, and now and then reached the climax of dramatic force which evoked spontaneous and prolonged applause. Calanthe, as interpreted by Richard T. Ennis, was almost equally applauded, and certainly was a most trying rôle, acting and even rendering a flower-song in most lady-like fashion. Richard J. Fitzgerald also acted the lady, Hermion, in a manner that gave complete satisfaction. Damon's friend, Pythias, as represented by Hubert E. Gaynor, was very soldierly in bearing, and very natural in action. Dionysius was given able and dignified impersonation by John F. Malloy. Percy A. Tull was a good choice for the presidency of the senate as his pose was rigidly erect

and his articulation the most measured and distinct of the evening."

The Pittsburg Observer.

"'Damon and Pythias," the collegians favorite drama, as rendered at the Duquesne Theatre on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, by the Pittsburg College students, was in every respect a complete success. Before the curtain arose an aristrocratic audience had fully taxed the seating capacity of the building on each of the nights the play was presented. Professor Joseph O'Neil gave a gymnastic afterpiece of superior merit. He evidently merits the reputation he has brought from similar performances at Philadelphia. Boxes were occupied by Mrs. J. C. Reilly, Mr. J. Flannery, Mr. John Hermes, Mrs. D. J. Cullinan, Mr. Thomas A. Curran, Mr. R. A. Ennis, Mr. P. Schlereth, Mr. George J. Giel, Mr. Walter Corcoran, Mr. Edward J. Aul, Mr. Edward H. Kempf, and Mr. Ralph Hatton, and parties.

The Times.

"The play was handsomely mounted, the costuming was correct and picturesque and the whole performance was alive with the genuine enthusiasm with which the lads went to work. What it lacked in polish it made up in vigor.

"The rôles of 'Damon' and 'Pythias' were played by John F. Chambers and Hubert E. Gaynor, who carried them smoothly in the main. Some of their scenes were strong, notably that in which 'Pythias' took the place of his friend in prison, so that 'Damon' might have an opportunity to see his wife and child. The two female parts, those of 'Calanthe,' betrothed of 'Pythias,' and 'Hermion,' wife of 'Damon,' were really brilliant bits of character work. Richard T. Ennis, as 'Calanthe,' was excellent in make-up, voice and action, and showed

considerable dramatic ability, while Richard J. Fitzgerald, as the wife, was also capable. Little Marcel Peyronney, as 'Damon's' young son, did some effective acting. John F. Malloy, as 'Disnysius,' the tyrant, gave a good characterization, and John R. McKavney, in the part of a slave, also did well. The remainder of the cast filled in well and there were some stirring stage pictures.

"The play was followed by an athletic drill and exhibition with wands, Indian clubs, parallel bars, vaulting horse, spring-board, etc., the whole ending with Roman ladders. A specially amusing feature was the comic antics of five clowns, who kept the house in an uproar."

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

"The portrayal was so excellent, with appropriate costumes and evidences of artistic interpretation of the various parts, that the appreciation manifested by the audience was generous throughout the rendition of the play.

The work of John F. Chambers, as 'Damon,' was especially good, while 'Calanthe,' the betrothed of 'Pythias,' was superbly rendered by Richard T. Ennis, whose portrayal of a fair young woman was so deceptive that many in the audience could scarcely be convinced that the actor was not a woman. As 'Dionysius,' the tyrant, John F. Malloy was sufficiently stern to arouse the antipathy of the audience.''

The Pittsburg Post.

"'Damon and Pythias' attracted an overcrowded audience on each occasion, and kept the interest steadily sustained from the rising of the curtain until the last scene. The part of 'Damon,' as portrayed by John F. Chambers, was the most finished in dramatic rendition of

the entire evening's work. Several times the audience evinced its approval by prolonged applause. "

The Commercial Gazette.

"The play was handsomely staged and was acted by the cast with a grace and naturalness usually foreign to amateur performances. John F. Chambers was repeatedly encored for his portrayal of 'Damon', and Richard T. Ennis, as 'Calanthe', and Richard J. Fitzgerald, as 'Hermion', received well-earned applause in essaying rôles not only difficult because of their import, but because of the necessity of assuming the feminine gender."

When the last round of applause had died away, the curtain rose on a select team of youthful gymnasts keeping time to the music of the orchestra; after going through all the evolutions of a fancy drill, they won the admiration of the audience by their neatly-executed and well-timed movements in a series of wand exercises.

Parallel bar exercises followed. All showed excellent form, but several deserve special mention—Carraher, for his muscle balance; Cawley, for his short-arm balance; Charles, for his long-arm walk; Dieterle, for his side-and-scissors' balance; Dowling, for his kip exercise; Ralph Drake, for bending the crab and turning over on the bars; Joyce, for his shoulder balance; McDermott, for his side balance; Miller, for his bent-arm back balance; and Schmitz, for his long arm balance.

The Indian clubs were swung in a variety of movements, and in time to music.

All the exercises peculiar to the vaulting horse were gracefully performed. Flying somersaults from a low spring-board elicited much applause, Connolly, F. and R. Drake, Kehoe, McGuigan, Turnblacer, and Vislet clearing from eight to nine feet.

The performance concluded with a variety of pretty Roman ladder tableaux.

Cummings, L. Drake, Picard, Tugman, and Zaremba, as clowns, kept the audience in roars of laughter during all the gymnastic performances.

We append the names of those who comprised the gymnastic team:

F. X. Arens, C. J. Baum, J. J. Cain, T. A. Calnan, S. F. Carraher, F. G. Cawley, J. A. Charles, J. V. Connolly, J. J. Creighton, C. J. Cummings, R. H. Dieterle, R. D. Dowling, F. G. Drake, L. F. Drake, R. J. Drake, W. P. Fay, C. E. Haley, C. B. Hannigan, T. B. Joyce, E. H. Kehoe, F. A. Lang, M. Lawlor, C. F. McCambridge, C. R. McDermott, E. M. McGuigan, E. J. McKnight, J. McNulty, J. J. Maloney, R. P. Mansmann, H. F. Miller, R. J. Moroney, D. P. Murphy, H. F. O'Connor, W. B. O'Hara, M. C. O'Reilly, N. J. Picard, C. W. Puhl, F. X. Roehrig, R. J. Rutledge, F. A. Sauer, P. A. Schmitz, B. F. Schneider, A. C. Schuster, F. A. Schwab, R. J. Spengler, J. L. Tugman, F. Turnblacer, J. Zaremba, and H. J. Zimmer.

The remarkable efficiency of the gymnastic team is solely due to the untiring and painstaking efforts of Professor O'Neil. The success achieved is the best standard to judge of the suitability of his methods and course of training. We compliment him cordially on the excellence of the results he has attained.

The following musical programme was excellently rendered by the College orchestra:

Overture	. The Hope of Alsace		I	Herman
Gavotte	. Dance of the Honey Bees		Ric	chmond
Waltz .	Lazarre			Blanke
March	. The Pittsburg Gazette			Bruno
Selection	Il Trovatore			Verdi
Gavotte	Ethel .			Bruce
March	Sagamore .			Purdy
Waltz				Tilzer
Two-step	In Tokio .	•		Nirella

All those who were connected with the play desire to convey, through the medium of the Bulletin, their sincere thanks to the following ladies and gentlemen for the very great services they rendered in making up the actors: Mrs. J. C. Kober and daughter, Miss Bessie Bagnall, Mr. Walter J. Corcoran, Mr. J. F. Wilson, and his son, George.





FORTUNES OF THE 'VARSITY TEAM.

Some one must have shot the albatross or whatever bird of good omen it was that had followed our nine during the month of April. May opened with a rush of defeats—three in one week. California Normal, Indiana Normal, and Allegheny College took us into camp. Then Fortuna deigned to smile on us for a while, and the two Lyceums and the Anchorias were beaten in succession. The Johnstown trip proved disastrous, and was responsible for the poor showing the boys made against St. Vincent College on May 23. There is one consoling feature about these defeats--the boys are not disheartened by them, and the same teams will be met again, with different results, we hope. The pitching staff has been weakened. Since Kilgallen was injured in the game against California Normal, he has been practically out of the game. Collins is showing up remarkably well. He has won four games, and the three defeats registered against him were due to poor fielding and teamwork. He was at his best against Johnstown, whom he let down with four hits. Kummer has also pitched first-class ball.

He lost the game against the Normals owing chiefly to nine errors made behind him. He demonstrated his ability against the East End Lyceum and Johnstown. Hayes has been shifted to third base, and no 'Varsity man ever played the position better. Keating exchanged places with Captain David, and both are playing better ball in their new positions.

Hoban is a tower of strength in the mid-field. Harrell is still a little off in fielding, but batting hard and timely. Duffy is the heavy hitter of the team. He has already five two-base hits and a home run to his credit. Murray is a great catcher, as he showed at Johnstown. Dougherty and Relihan are playing the field very well, considering that they are new men in the positions. The great defects in this year's team seem to be the facility with which they collapse now and then, at critical stages, and their over-eagerness when on bases.

The following is the record of games played during the month of May:

- May 3. At Pittsburg—P. C., 4; California Normal, 11.
 - " 4. At Indiana, Pa.—P. C., 4; Indiana " 6.
 - '' 7. At Meadville, Pa.—P. C., 0; Allegheny College, 1.
 - " 10. At Pittsburg—P. C., 5; Allegheny Lyceum, 4 (11 innings).
 - " 12. At Pittsburg—P. C., 22; E. E. Lyceum, 0.
 - "17. At Pittsburg—P. C., 2; Anchoria A. C., 1 (10 innings).
 - " 20. At Johnstown, Pa.—P. C., 2; Johnstown, 5.
 - " 21. At Johnstown, Pa. P. C., 3; Johnstown, 10.
 - " 23. At St. Vincent's—P. C., 2; St. Vincent College, 13.
 - " 26. At Pittsburg—P. C., 8; Allegheny College, 7.

Rain prevented the games scheduled with Geneva and Westminster Colleges.

THE RESERVES.

The Reserves have been very successful up to the present in the winning of games. Although somewhat late in beginning the season, they have a very good schedule arranged. Of the five games played, four have The following players compose the resulted in victories. team: pitchers, Wiegel and Fitzgerald; catchers, Slater and Rutledge; short-stop, Bishop; first base, Baum; second base, Howard; third base, Nevlon. The outfield is well taken care of by Captain Whelan, Rankin, Arens, Kvatsak and Toohill. Slater and Rutledge have been playing a good game both at and behind the bat. The work of the infield and outfield is deserving of praise. Wiegel, who has pitched the majority of the games, can be depended on at all times. In the three games that he twirled, he has a record of striking out 38 batsmen, while only 15 hits were made off his delivery.

The record of the Reserves so far:

Wilkinsburg High School 4, Reserves 2; Lincoln A. C. 2, Reserves 17; Duquesne High School 5, Reserves 12; South Side High School 5, Reserves 6; Holy City A. C. 2, Reserves 10; Wilkinsburg High School 0, Reserves 9.

THE FRESHMAN TEAM.

Although rather late in organizing, the Freshman team is very strong, and has a good schedule arranged for the rest of the season. Their line-up is as follows:

Haley, c; Neilan, p and 3rd; Schramm, p and 3rd; Cawley, 1st; Rutledge, 2nd; Niehoff, s. s.; McDermott, left; Gleeson, middle; Moroney, right.

The only game played up to this was against Bellevue H. S., in which the latter was defeated 11-3. The fast team-work and scarcity of errors on the part of the Freshmen, together with their good batting against so

strong a team, lead us all to expect that they will make a very good record.

THE JUNIORS.

The College Juniors have played seven games since the opening of the season, all of which they have won.

In all of the games in which they have figured, the Juniors have shown up remarkably well, batting and fielding the ball like veterans. They encountered opponents worthy of teams much their senior, but, nevertheless, in each instance, by playing earnest, snappy ball from start to finish, they have come off victorious. Captain Joyce has his sturdy little team out for practice regularly; to his coaching, as well as to his individual playing at short, much of the Juniors' success is attributable. Carraher is the Juniors' star pitcher; with him on the firing line, the Juniors are a hard aggregation McKnight also pitches steady and effective ball. McNally, McGeehin and Cain, on the bases, may always be relied upon to accept everything that comes their way; while Brady, Zimmer, Sweeney and Franz, in the outfield, take care of flies in a masterly way. Mc-Nulty, as catcher, performs his duty in creditable style. O'Hara and Nickel can also be depended upon.

In the South Side High School Reserve game, the Juniors' met older opponents, but vanquished them by the score of 13-3. The Marquette Juniors, a crack little team of Hazelwood, were the next to bow down before the Juniors when they tallied 6 runs to the Juniors' 12. The Liberty High School boys, who, judging from their size, should have swamped the College lads, next fell victims to the Juniors' clever work by the score of 10-2. The Parkview A. C., of Oakland, next realized the mettle of the Juniors when they scored only 8 runs to the collegians' 24. The Liberty High School were again defeated by the score of 16-2, on their own grounds. The

game with the Bellevue Juniors was by far the best argument the Juniors have had thus far. The game was nip and tuck throughout, and when the Juniors went to the bat in the ninth the score stood 4-3 in their opponents' favor. But here the vanquishing spirit of the Juniors asserted itself, and by clever batting and base running, the necessary two runs were scored. The Juniors have yet a number of hard games to play, but they feel confident that in every case they will make their opponents hustle for victory.



ELOCUTIONARY AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

The annual Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests were held in the college hall on Sunday evening, May 29. Following is the programme:

Overture Knights of Pythias (Mason) College Orchestra
Division III.—Silver Medal.

Thomas P. Sweeney . The Legend of the Cross-bill Theodore J. Schultz . The Village Blacksmith Edward A. Zepfel . Little Will Michael Bandyk . The Baron's Last Banquet Song When I'm Big I'll be a Soldier George McC. Doris Waltz Hearts Courageous (Blanke) College Orchestra

Division II.—Silver Medal.

Joseph J. Creighton . . Rienzi's Address
Cornelius A. Harrington . . The Bridge
Thomas B. Curtin . . The Gambler's Wife
Richard J. Fitzgerald . . The Actor's Story
Song The Clang of the Forge Daniel B. Dougherty
Cornet Solo Bluebells of Scotland with Variations
John Dannhart

Division I.—Silver Medal.

Edward F. Jackson . . . King Karlay's Plea Henry N. Gaspard . . . After the Battle Joseph P. Jaworski . The Convict's Soliloquy John J. Cain . . The Minstrel's Curse Song . The Lost Chord . John F. Malloy March Uncle Sammy (Holzmann) College Orchestra

ORATORICAL CONTEST-Gold Medal.

Edward B. Knaebel . The Centenary of Gregory the Great

Edward L. Davin . The Dissolution of the Irish

Parliament

Percy A. Tull Erin Chester S. Sierakowski . The Future Glory of the

United States

Chorus Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep Select Choir Gavotte Dance of the Honey Bees (Richmond)

College Orchestra

Comege or

DECISIONS OF THE HONORABLE JUDGES.

Finale . Under the American Eagle (Ellis)

Collège Orchestra

What Are You Going To Do This Summer?

RECREATION DOES NOT MEAN IDLENESS.
IT MEANS A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

WE CAN give you this change and make it a matter of considerable profit to you in the bargain. College and Seminary students in all parts of the country will be at work for us this summer. They will earn enough money during July and August to pay their College expenses during the coming year. WHY SHOULD YOU NOT DO THE SAME?

Mr. Joseph Herman, a student of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, earned over \$250 in six weeks last summer. Many other students did equally as well and the same opportunity is offered you.

Everybody has heard of MEN AND WOMEN, the great National Catholic Home Journal, and thousands of its readers, including the foremost prelates of the Church, have given it the heartiest endorsement.

WRITE TO US NOW and we will send you the particulars of the most liberal offer ever made to students.

Address THE MEN AND WOMEN PUBLISHING CO.

111-117 LONGWORTH STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.





Pittsburg College Bulletin

Vol. X.

Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1904.

No. 10.

Erin.

Sweet land of virtue and ideals pure,
Hard pressed with woe, but scorning at despair,
E'en fost'ring mirth and song and wit most rare—
Whose sons are valiant and whose maids demure,
A wholesame race that must for aye endure,
Whose faith and hope and love the world might share
To aid devotion or diminish care—
To spread more bliss on earth and Heav'n secure!
'Tis Erin, beauteous home of genius bright,
Whose exiled children still patricians are,
Whose early hist'ry shows an arm of might,
But, guile oppressing, wisdom was her star!
Heroic honor brings serene delight
And constant zeal fair prospects naught can mar!

T. A. GIBLIN.



The Catholic Church, the Mother of the Arts.

UR age is one of boasting and self-complacency. We pride ourselves, not, indeed, without reason, on the huge strides that science and mechanical ingenuity have taken within the last few decades. We have encircled the world and conquered the forces of nature; in a word, we have accomplished prodigies of which our fathers never dreamed. In matters of taste we lay claim to a similar distinction. Never before, say the votaries of art, has the hand of man produced works of such consummate beauty. But, if we should take care to invéstigate, the pages of history would declare in no uncertain terms that, in many respects, modern art is inferior to that of by-gone ages, and that all we have of artistic beauty we owe to the fostering care of the Catholic Church. "In these days, art for the most part ministers to luxury, fashion, and sensuality, and her guerdon is gold. She has forgotten her native language and the glory of her youth; . . . but though her hand has not lost its cunning, her soul has lost its inspiration." * "Is it not" then "merely just for us to make due acknowldgment to those to whose ingenuity we owe the first introduction of every fine art, and to whose industry we are indebted for the abundant monuments of labor and skill by which we are now enabled to pepetuate it?" †

Catholic art is indeed a beautiful theme, and many men of massive minds and facile pens have sought, with eminent success, to do it justice. The literature which it has called forth would fill many volumes. I do not presume to treat the subject as it deserves, but I would briefly recall to your minds the intimate relations that subsist between the Church and the Arts.

Art was born with the human race. There is in the soul of man a craving to give outward expression to his

^{*} Peter L. Foy, Cath. Quarterly, July, 1888. † Card. Wiseman.

inward feelings. Worship is his first ideal utterance, and art is one medium of it. The Egyptians and Assyrians had their art, rude and unskilful though it was. In Greece and Rome ancient art reached its greatest excellence. All succeeding ages have admired the graceful proportions of the Grecian temples and the singular perfection of their sculpture. With the ascendancy of Roman power, all art, all science, all civization centered in Rome. But Roman art was like the Roman character-full of pomp and luxury; and, even at the zenith of her power, the forces of dissolution were already at work within her. She met her doom at the hands of the barbarian invaders. All, all went down before them-ancient society was overturned, ancient civilization was reduced to its first chaotic elements. One power alone withstood the tide, and that was the Catholic Church. With the strength that could endure three centuries of persecution, she met the torrent, and gradually received it into her wide embrace. One after another the rude, warlike tribes entered her ranks, and bowed their proud heads before the standard of the Cross.

From her divine Founder the Catholic Church had received the commission to teach all nations, to preach the Gospel to every creature. But among men there is a wide diversity of character, both in national and individual qualities. All must be taught in the most effective manner. The past, with its sublime lessons, must become a living present; the remote must be brought near. For this, speech is not enough; great as is its power, it appeals only to the limited number of hearers, and on many its effect is soon lost. We must place our hearers in an atmosphere that is favorable to religious feelings. We must use representations and symbols that appeal to the eye, and, through it, to the soul. As Cardinal Wiseman says, "it is to be desired and aimed at, that the beholder, antiquarian or simple, scholar or peasant, should at once feel himself penetrated with a sense of the beautifully holy,

be enamored of the virtues which beam from the face, and seem to clothe the form, of the figure before him; . . that he should at once weep or exult, be humble or gain confidence, as he gazes-not to study or criticise, but to feel." The ear, too, must be attracted: we must employ the mournful sounds of grief and compunction as well as the swelling cadences of jubilant praise. Therefore it was that from her very foundation the Church adopted the arts as her own. We might more properly say that her children spontaneously clothed their sentiments in artistic forms, and spontaneously raised their voices in devout song. In the dim recesses of the Catacombs they pictured the story of God's love for men, or carved the images of the martyrs there enshrined; and from time to time their pagan fellow-citizens were struck with awe by the solemn strains of their music that seemed to come from the bosom of the earth. When the flood of persecution had subsided, the Christians emerged from their subterranean temples. The great basilicas, formerly devoted to the administration of justice, were transformed into churches, and their walls were adorned with beautiful paintings. But, ere long, the incursions of the rude sons of the North arrested the natural progress of art; and it was only after several centuries, when the gentle influence of the Catholic missionaries had tamed these fiery spirits, that its march could be resumed.

Music was the first of the arts to assume a distinctively Christian form; for, even before St. Gregory's time, even from the days of the Apostles, there had existed a style of music of unrivaled beauty, grave, pathetic, and soul-stirring. As the truths of the Christian religion are most sublime and touching, of a like character was their natural utterance, the Gregorian chant. In plaintive tones it appeals to the Father of mercies; but it can rise "to demand, to jubilant thanksgiving, to glorious praise." Who can listen unmoved to the Stabat Mater, or the Dies Irae? Who can fail to echo the triumphant melody of

the Te Deum, or the glad praise of the Pange Lingua? These heavenly anthems carry us back in spirit to those ages of simple faith with which our own forms so sad a contrast. As time rolled on, Catholic piety evolved a new system, the polyphonic or contrapuntal, of which Palestrina was so illustrious a promoter. The subtle charm of these compositions, which moderns have in vain tried to imitate, results from the spirit of deep and ardent faith that prompted them—without which, true sacred music is impossible.

Perhaps the greatest artistic triumphs of the Church were realized in Architecture. Christian temples should surpass in beauty and grandeur those of the pagans as far as the worship of the true God exceeds the veneration of graven images and deified mortals. What wonder then if so much time and labor were expended in the perfecting of Christian architecture! What wonder that the planning of a single church became the life work of one man, and that its erection was spread over the long space of a century-nay, of several centuries! As I have said, the early Christians built their churches after Roman models; but they soon introduced many variations to suit the needs of the liturgy and the aspirations of piety; and thus was developed a new type, called the Romanesque style. In the north of Europe, civilization was supplanting the olden barbarism. The monasteries were schools of fine art, and the numerous monks were imbued with the spirit that makes religious artists. The twelfth century saw the rise of a style of architecture at once the most enduring, the most beautiful, and the most spiritual that human genius had ever devised. In every part of Europe were erected those massive Gothic cathedrals, which shall ever point to the Middle Ages as the golden age of the builder's craft. The temples of Greece and Rome were pagan in their inspiration and feeling; lowlying along the earth, they spoke of naught but earthly pleasure and earthly glory. The Gothic church, with its

slender pillars and soaring arches, bears the eye towards heaven, and fills the mind and heart with a feeling of expansive and aspiring love and faith. Unconsciously and almost in spite of himself, the worshiper is penetrated with a sense of elevation, a realization of limitless breadth, a feeling of the nearness of the Divinity. The dim twilight of the aisles bespeaks sweet silence and reverent meditation, and the soft brilliancy that streams through the painted windows reminds us of that light of glory where the saints "shine as stars unto all eternity." With what painstaking care the nameless sculptors have filled each open space with graceful ornamentation, embellished each capital with the forms of plants and flowers, and enriched every arch with delicate tracery! Nothing but love could have prompted ingenuity so various, and labor so minute. And we cannot doubt that it was solely for God's glory that those monastic architects worked, for no trace of a name have they left on wall or window, to be glorified by future ages. Of their exhaustless industry, Montalem-"Without arms and without treasure, with the bert says: sole resource of spontaneous gifts, and thanks to the sweat of their own brow, they have covered the world with gigantic edifices, which are left to the pickaxe of civilized vandals. They have achieved these works in the desert. without any of the powerful instruments of modern industry, but with an inexhaustible patience and constancy, and at the same time with a taste and discernment of the conditions of art, which all the academies might envy We say more-there is no society in the world which might not go to their school, to learn at the same time the laws of beauty and those of duration." *

Christian Sculpture has even been the handmaid of Christian architecture. Numerous statues of saints and angels were required for the beauty of the house of God, and forthwith appeared a band of devout and skilful sculptors. In the Gothic cathedral, workers in

^{*} Monks of the West, Introd. Chap. IV.

stone and brass and wood found ample scope for the exercise of their talents. Monumental sculpture also attained great excellence in the Church, which loves to perpetuate the memory of her departed children.

Without PAINTING, the Christian temple were incomplete. From the first, the faithful decorated their churches with scenes from Holy Writ and from the lives of the For a long time this painting, though equal to that of the ancients, was, to our modern eyes, imperfect in color and finish; but it always bore the stamp of true devotion. The real glory of painting began in the thirteenth century, when flourished Giotto, the Pisani, the Van Eycks, Memling, and Fra Angelico. This was the age when artists prayed at their work, and drew their inspiration from the meditation of heavenly truth. Hence it is not surprising that several painters of Italy and Spain have been raised to the honors of the altar. The pictures of Blessed Giovanni of Fiesoli (commonly called Fra Angelico) are pervaded with an indescribable spiritual beauty and grace, as are those of the Spaniard, Blessed Pedro Nicholas Factor. One of the early Spanish painters depicted the sufferings of Christ and His blessed Mother with such power and feeling as to merit the title of "the divine Morales." "The fresh morning prime" of these arrists passed on in due season into "the noontide splendor" of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Albrecht Dürer, and their equally celebrated contemporaries. As these men were all born before the "Reformation," the years preceding that upheaval were the golden age of Christian art. "Whether we look to fresco painting, panel painting, or sculpture," says a writer in the American Catholic Quarterly, "we see once more the themes that were handled with timidity in the catacombs, and nobly developed in the basilicas, now invested with the highest attributes of beauty and power; but, from the Madonna in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla . . . to the Raphael Madonna in Dresden, first and last they are all

conceived in the same spirit, and fulfill the same devotional purpose, for the fulfillment of which they were expressly designed and executed." *

This little sketch would not be complete without some reference to the influence of the so-called Reformation on Christian art. The reader of impartial history will readily admit that not only is Protestanism barren as to religious art-having rejected the truths which furnish its most beautiful themes—but its influence has been injurious even to Catholic art. The world of æsthetics, as well as the world of religion, suffered an irremediable loss when those fierce hordes of fanatics, led on by apostate priests and the cry of idolatry, ruthlessly demolished three-fourths of the olden splendors of architecture, sculpture, and painting, scattered so copiously over Europe. In the words of Father Burke. Protestantism weakened the Church's hold on society, and took from her the sole guidance of artand at once all art became of the earth, earthy. There were no more Heaven-soaring temples, no more Heaveninspired music, no more Heaven-leading paintings; but, as in pagan times, churches grovelled low on the earth, music suggested mere sensual pleasure, and painters went to mere nature for their highest inspiration.

But, if evil may for a time prevail, it cannot reign long; nobleness revolts against it sooner or later. In the Catholic Church, painting, music, and architecture are rising again to their former splendor. In Germany, at Düsseldorf, a school of truly Christian painting has existed for over half a century, with such men as Overbeck at its head. Many noble churches have sprung up, as, for instance, St. Patrick's at New York, Montmartre at Paris, and the new Westminster Cathedral. And, finally, it has fallen to the lot of our own day to see the revival of the grand old Gregorian music by our illustrious and well-beloved pontiff, Pius X.

All honor, then, to the Catholic Church, the Mother

^{*} Peter L. Foy, April, 1849.

and Inspiration of Art! To her alone is due the credit of preserving, through the darkness and turmoil of the early Middle Ages, what was beautiful in ancient art. To her belongs the glory of creating a new painting, a new music, and a new architecture. She alone can furnish and has furnished the themes, the models, and the saintly workmen, required for the perfection of sacred art, and she alone can give the inspiration which makes the beautiful a stepping-stone to Heaven. To the end of time she will continue, as she is now, the highest exponent of all that is best in art.

JOHN F. MALLOY, '04.



The Thirteenth Centenary of Gregory the Great.

THE human race in its weakness has always decreed the highest place in its admiration to conquerors, to governors of nations, to masters of the world, who have accomplished great things, but have accomplished them only by great means; who have triumphed by the sword of tyranny; who have marched to glory, while they trampled under foot the sacred laws of morality and justice. But, has the fame of these misconceived heroes endured? Where are their monuments now? Look for them along the broad avenues of the past. Into hopeless ruins have they crumbled; into oblivion they have sunk forever; they are no more, because they rested not on the foundation stone of true merit.

Quite other is the greatness of him whom the world now knows by the celebration of his thirteenth centenary. Quite other with the grandeur, the magnificence, which has rendered illustrious the name of Gregory the Great, and which has caused the splendor of his glory to shine with undiminished lustre throughout the long night of thirteen hundred years.

Born at Rome, in the year 540, of a patrician family of sterling worth and eminent piety, Gregory was endowed. even in his very cradle, with characteristics of greatness. His rare abilities, his manifold qualifications soon attracted the attention of Rome, who saw in him her future champion. Nor was her cherished hope far from being realized, when, at the death of his father, Gregory determined upon a new course of life. Behold him, as he then stood before the world! A Roman, in the fullness of manhood. possessed of all those qualities which tend to fascinate the human mind, glorious in ancestry, handsome in form, gifted with rare talents, rich in knowledge, heir of an immense fortune, with every prospect of the highest honors in the State. Thus he stood, as through the vista of the future he looked, and beheld all its possibilities of power and of happiness. "Would he then, conscious of the largeness of his sphere, the sovereignty of his choice, wed the low things of the world, and seek, with their emptiness, to fill his immortal desires?" Or, would he hesitate to snatch the glory that awaited him? Could he refuse to enjoy the lavish gift of fortune? Yes, there was a noble aspiration of his soul, a higher ambition of his life, which led him to choose the noble cause, the service and glory of his God. Well might he repeat the battlecry that once led the angel host to victory, "Who is like unto God!" Well did Rome stand in wondering admiration when she beheld her favored son reject the vain glittering of mundane pomp-when she saw him bestow his wealth upon the poor, turn his paternal palace into a monastery, bid farewell to the beckoning pleasures of life, and become a holy monk. Truly it was a grand conquest of a still grander soul.

We must leave untold the grandeur of his monastic retreat, and behold him again at the summons of obedience once more entering the arena of public life. A mind of such force and ability as Gregory's could not be permitted to slumber in the blessed solitude of a monastery. He was born for higher things. His was the rare destiny to start a new era in history. The hour has come. Pope Pelagius I. has expired. The chair of Peter is vacant. The moment for the exaltation of him who has humbled himself is at hand. There is need of a great mind, whose power will preserve all that is to survive the crumbling ruin of Roman civilization; and, in this crisis, Gregory is not forgotten. With one voice the clergy, the senate, and the people proclaim him Pope. And Rome, who would have heaped upon him the highest honors of the State, now rejoices to raise him to the sublime dignity of the Supreme Pontificate.

Great dignities bring with them corresponding difficulties and responsibilities. Thus, when Gregory assumed the guidance of the Bark of Peter, the horizon was darkened by a raging storm, and the angry billows of persecution, of contention, and of schism spent their fury on every side. But, with a man of Heaven's own choice at the helm, the storm-tossed bark must finally issue from that tempestuous sea to enter unshattered the tranquil waters of security and peace.

Personally, Gregory was a man of thought and study, of action and enthusiasm. A man convinced of the greatness of the mission he was destined to fulfil. He was a man without reproach, in whom there was nothing trivial, nothing unworthy of a patriot in the truest sense of the word, nothing unbecoming the dignity of a high priest of the Lord—nothing, but what was most refined, most noble, and most generous. What language can duly describe his boundless charity, his humble and inexhaustible tenderness of heart, his deep-rooted sympathy for human wants and miseries? Let Rome of the sixth century awake, let those who have been the happy objects of his solicitous and self-sacrificing benevolence, the children of misfortune, let them arise, and in grateful accents they

will proclaim the unparalleled charity of him whom they called, and did well to call, the Father of the Poor!

As Supreme Pontiff, Gregory stands out an unrivaled and everlasting monument of the Papacy. To his lively interest in the well-being of his fellow men, to his indomitable perseverance in the pursuit of justice. Rome owed her liberation from the desolating inroads of the Lombards, and Italy her freedom from the selfish aggressions of the Byzantine power. He, in truth, did show to the world how kingdoms are won, and how States are preserved, not by the sword or buckler, but by the peace of God. Such was his influence that he became the living soul which animated unto a new life the civil and spiritual decadence of his day. Such was his genius that he organized the temporal power of the Popes, and regulated their spiritual sovereignty. Such was his ardor for the glory of God's temple, such the ascendancy of his virtue that, in his unexcelled Gregorian chant, he has bequeathed to all times the cherished language of worshiping Christendom. Such was his Christ-like zeal for souls that he has merited for himself the glorious title of the Apostle of England. orator, a philosopher and a theologian, he is worthy, in the words of Montalembert, "to take his place by that triple title in the veneration of Christendom beside Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome, and to be ranked with them as the four great doctors of the Western Church."

On Gregory, whose constantly increasing power could alone counterbalance the growing force of barbarism, depended the life and death of Christian civilization. It is impossible to conceive what would have been the confusion, the lawlessness, the chaotic state of the Middle Ages, without the eventful pontificate of Gregorty the Great. He it was who fashioned the history of his own age. He it was who moulded the destinies of unborn peoples and unknown lands. To him we owe the glorious feat of building up Christian Society on the ruins of pagan customs. He, like Noe of Old, constructed another ark, the ark of





St. John's Hall for Roomers

Monasticism, which bore within it over the flood of time the "twin treasures of Christianity and Civilization."

But now we have come to the closing scene of that life of untiring activity, that life of marvelous achieve-In the thirteenth year of his pontificate, on March 12, 604, his unfettered soul escaped the prison of mortal flesh, to exchange the pains of exile for the lasting bliss of its own celestial country. He died, but his glory has lived after him. His mortal remains still rest in the city that gave him birth, amid the massive splendor of St. Peter's. Thither the Christian world of 1904 hastened on the occasion of the present centenary, to deck afresh his hallowed tomb with the fragrant garland of veneration and love, to demonstrate by a new manifestation of grateful homage the never-dying glory of a really great man-a man who alone of men has received by universal consent the double surname of Saint and Great. O glorious Pontiff, may thy memory live on in the hearts and minds of men! May the most perfect tribute of our admiration and of our appreciation of thy greatness be a faithful imitation of thy virtues, and an appropriation of thy just ideals! May subsequent ages look back with delight upon the celebration of thy thirteenth centenary and regard it as a new monument raised to thy glory!

EDWARD B. KNAEBEL, '04.



The Church and the Negro Problem.

ITH the progress of forty years of national life, problems of great pith and moment have agitated the Church and State, and they have yielded to the genius and religious zeal of American manhood. Leo XIII., as Head of society, had thundered condemnation on anarchy and socialism; as a democratic Pope, he had championed the rights of the laboring classes; as a Christian Teacher, he had fulminated his vetoes against the atheism of secular education. Society with its civil weapons has contested and is contesting the growing popularity of the divorce courts; the government, with its arms of war, has quelled race uprisings, and quartered the warlike Indians on the rocky reservations of the West, and public opinion has scathingly denounced the rank corruption of politics.

Despite these internal dissensions of forty years, the Ship of State has glided quickly onward, and our nation's prosperity has kept pace with its unrivaled increase in population. The tide of immigration, that prolific source of national growth, has been rolling on our shores, bearing on its bosom the varied elements of society. The desperate anarchist and the exile-patriot, the enterprising rich, and the starving poor throng to our shore, and are merged into a healthy, moral citizenship by our strong, national spirit.

Yet by a strange contradiction, for more than two centuries and a half, there has been a gentile people in the heart of a Christian people,—a people groveling in pagan crime and ignorance in the heart of a Christian republic,—a people vested with the rights of citizenship, yet isolated and estranged from the national spirit by race hatred. In the lurid glare mounting the sky from out the funeral pyres, there, darkly outlined on the horizon, loom up the menacing spectres of Anarchy and Socialism and down-

trodden Labor, the disgraceful forms of corrupted Citizenship and outraged Morality, there, 'midst the crackling of flames, the groaning of men, and the wailing of women droops a black, charred mass. That form is negro civilization; those spectres which darken the sun of national integrity and honor, are the evils of the negro problem which the Church and State must combat.

Forty years ago, the chains of slavery fell from the negro, and he received the impress of citizenship. Forty years ago, he leaped from barbarism into that civilization which was to elevate him by the sheer force of moral principle; into that society whose moral principles were to be inculcated by the example of his white brothers and citizens. What has been the result? Need we ask? Have we eyes, and see not the handwriting on the sand, a confession of the sins of the nation? The negro is licentious, yet the nation's standard of morality is trailing in the dust, borne down by the license of divorce courts. The negro is irreligious, yet he was reared in the public schools from which Christ has been banished; he was toved with by experimenting teachers, who poisoned his mind with contradictory doctrines. The negro is an anarchist bent on mob-riots and racial war, yet the hand that heaped the fagots around his body and the hand that applied the torch, were white. He is indolent and lazy, yet labor unions and unfair competition have crowded him to the wall, and, if he dare ask for redress, he is hunted out by the mob.

At his emancipation, theorizing masters led the negro from the cotton fields into the school-house; there he learned to scan the poets but not to earn his bread. They brought the negro to business; there he was trained in the functions of commercial life, yet the knowledge of the true God was withheld from him. They introduced the negro into society while the degrading passions of barbarism were still seething in his bosom; yet these same teachers failed to guide the untutored savage in the ways of Chris-

tian moderation. To-day, the false culture and idleness in the South are the result of this classical training. Materialism, that bane of intellectual life, is the logical consequence of this commercial training. The immoral and atrocious crimes that to-day rack the social body, may be traced to the false theories and experiments of the Reconstruction Period. To-day, after forty years of freedom, the condition of the negro is so helpless, his morals so depraved, his reformation so despaired of, that it is gravely proposed in the highest council-halls of the nation to detach him from the body politic and transplant him into Africa.

How futile has been the reign of the mob! The blackened corpses of the lynched victims mar and disfigure our land like ulcers on a diseased body. The barriers which centuries of civilization have erected between brute force and human right are being dismounted one by one. No power in the land can lash the negro into higher manhood or better citizenship! No State in the land can legislate morality into a race corrupted by centuries of revolting slavery. Rome of the Cæsars had wise laws, virtuous precepts, and terrible penal tortures, yet immorality and vice stalked through her halls, corrupted her institutions, and spread ruin and desolation throughout the land. Rome was crumbling, and, before order leaped from the chaos, the spirit of Christianity had to rise from the catacombs and brood over the ruins. It was Rome of Peter. and Rome of Peter only, that could draw the nations of the earth from aesthetic sensuality and could enthrone the gentle Christ and His Mother on the ruins of the Capitoline and the Parthenon.

During the long ages that have changed the political map of the world, when nations have risen and fallen and civilizations have been subverted; when the mightiest thrones in Europe have crumbled to dust, and when the most ancient lines of kings have flourished and decayed, despite persecution and bloodshed, hatred and oppression, the rock of Peter is still unshaken, the sanctity of the Catholic Church is unpolluted. All civilization, whether of the Old World or the New, was the outcome of this Church and her sublime doctrines, and its preservation is due to the unbounded zeal of her Gregorys and her Leos. What the Church has done for the white races since the foundation of Christianity, she shall do for the negro of to-day who has imbibed but the dregs of civilization. it was the church of the first centuries that checked the hordes of Attila, converted the barbarians of the frozen North, and civilized the roving tribes of Britain and Caledonia, so to-day the Church of Father Damien, Francis Xavier, and Father Isaac Jogues shall instill the principles of higher manhood and better citizenship into the downtrodden ex-slave of America. As it was the Church of the twelfth century that stemmed the tide of Albigensian heresy and purged the earth of a loathsome leprosy, so to-day the purity of the Catholic Church shall curb the licentious passions and the revolting lusts of the negro, and resuscitate the dry bones of negro civilization.

With the introduction of Catholicity among the negroes of the South, home-life, the greatest aegis that Christianity can cast over the people, shall flourish in all its native virtue and blessedness. The soul-stirring liturgy and magnificent ritual of the Church which, in days gone by, tamed the proud spirit of the Western barbarians and weaned them from the pagan customs of their forefathers, shall to-day lead the negro from the dangerous influence of false ethics to the knowledge of Christian morals and Christian art.

The negro religion of the day lacks the force, the vitalizing energy that elevates man. It was, indeed, a misfortune that, in the beginning, the negro came under the influence of false ethics. There had been too much appeal made to his animal nature—not enough to his reason. True religion is built upon reason. It is logically unassailable. The Catholic Church has this reason-

able body of doctrine, this same code of ethics eventuating into a healthy morality and a salutary standard of conduct. Religion, under whatsoever name, that does not result in upright conduct and sound morality, is a delusion, a mockery. Its theology may be beautiful in poetic conception, its oratory moving and enthusiastic, its ritual pleasing and captivating, but it does not satisfy.

But who shall say in the light of the history of nineteen hundred years that Christianity shall fail of her purpose? that Catholicity shall prove untrue to her mission? that the faith of the Gospel shall fail to pierce the Egyptian darkness that envelops the negro? In years to come, the Catholic Church shall exact from the negro, as she exacts from the Caucassian, the Malay, the Indian, and the Mongolian, a standard of morality like to the standard of the Cross.

Then shall the scoffers at religion be forced to exclaim with Julian, the apostate, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" Behold the power of faith! Yesterday, the Church took from the slums of civilization a benighted people, and to-day they are elevated to the Christian type of American manhood.

J. A. NELSON, '04.



The Story of the Old College Clock.

NE rainy evening several weeks ago, as I was sitting alone in my room studying, and listening to the lulling patter and swish of the elements without, and the steady, orderly ticking of the little clock on the mantel within, which, with my books, was my sole company in the silence and loneliness, I slowly became influenced by my surroundings, and fell to thinking and imagining all sorts of queer things, until, finally, resting my head on

the table before me a few moments, and having nodded and started up several times, I fell asleep.

In my sleep I began to dream, first, of one thing, and then of another, till on a sudden I found myself in what seemed to be a vast gloomy hall or meeting-chamber of some ancient people, possibly the senate-house of the Romans, I thought.

In the very centre of the spacious place was a broad platform or throne, with six or seven steps leading up to it, and huge blocks of stone all around, which were probably used as seats; and, besides these, there were great and lofty pillars reaching far up to the roof, which I could not see on account of the indistinctness and ghostly gloom of the place.

I wandered about this interesting but tomb-like structure, with its awesome and majestic columns, its deathlike silence and solitude and absence of life, the cold marble floor, which, when I moved about, set going a multitude of echoes that sounded and resounded through the dismal space like the hushed breaths and gentle sighings of whispering spirits in communication with each other.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I stood gazing about me with interest, yet with a feeling of awe and reverence for the famous men who I knew had been wont to assemble here; time and again I raised my eyes and peered forward, half expecting at each moment to hear myself addressed, or see some tall, grim old senator coming toward me.

Nothing like this occurred however: on the contrary, a wonderful change came over everything; the massive pillars faded away into dim shadows, the great blocks of stone and the kingly throne became faint and quickly vanished from my sight, and I found myself in another hall, unlike the first, in that there was something pleasantly familiar about it, a change, although not wholly reassuring and quieting, yet more agreeable and tolerable

than the oppression and tension I felt while in the old senate-house.

As I said before, there was something familiar about the place, and on looking around I at once recognized a corridor of the college, and while I stood gazing about me and wondering what move to make, I was startled at hearing a low, but distinct whisper coming from ahead of me, and a voice addressing me in these words:

"Come hither, boy, and have no fear, 'tis I, the old clock, who speak; come hither, I would have a talk with you."

Fearful and hesitating I approached, and there, forsooth, was the tall, old clock with his cold, glassy features vacant and expressionless, shining weird and melancholy in the dim shadowy light which pervaded the hall; for several moments there was deep silence, unbroken save for the almost inaudible sound made by the long pendulum in swinging slowly to and fro.

Standing silently by, I waited until he should address me again, which he did after a few moments' pause.

"My boy," said he, "I know you well; I have known you these three years, passing me as you have done every day, but this is the first opportunity I have had of speaking to you. I am glad you have paid me this visit to-night as I am lonely here during the long hours with no one to keep me company; besides, if you don't mind, I should like to repeat to you some of the things I have seen and heard during my stay in this corner."

Wishing to please the old fellow, and curious to know what he might have to tell, I readily agreed to listen.

"My son," he began, "I am an old man—a very old man, if you wish to designate me as such; the timber of which I am made is older, many years older, than you; it came from several trees which grew and blossomed in old New England many years before your parents' time.

After a number of years some woodmen came and cut down those trees, which were afterwards sawed and shaped into huge planks, and shipped by freight to a flourishing lumber firm in Massachusetts, and workmen then formed them into me.

"I was young at that time, my boy, or, as you might say, new, and shortly I was again shipped away, this time to a jewelry firm; there I remained, awaiting a purchaser ere I began my long career of usefulness, which, for the last twenty years has been here in this corner, where I have stood since my purchase by the brethren of your good teachers and directors.

"This is my personal history, which, after all, is the least important of the things I might tell you about.

"In considering everything carefully, my boy, this is rather a pleasant place in which to spend one's life; there are times when things are not as I should like them to be, but these are few when compared to the happy years I have passed. As the hours of night creep on, the house grows silent and still; all noises cease, and as I see each one slowly and gravely retiring, and while the sounds of the last soft footfalls are yet faintly expiring about me, I realize that I am all alone—the sole guardian and watcher in this great building; but,—as time wears on, and the first signs of approaching daylight appear, I hear a busy stir about me, and am again made joyful as I behold the light of the bright rising sun.

"There are two occasions, my boy, in the yearly round of college life which affect me most deeply. The one is at the beginning of the year when all is bustle and activity, with new faces just coming in and old ones returning for another year's hard study; on this occasion, all seem so happy as they shake hands and talk and ask each other many questions about the vacation just over, and the prospects of the new term, the professors, class-rooms and books. The other is at the end of the year when I see my old friends, whom I have

known so long, casting a last glance at me and bidding me a last farewell. As the commencement day comes and goes I become sad and lonely and long for the sight of the sedate older student, the sober scholastic and the mischievous younger boy whose shouts and laughter I like to hear so much."

As it uttered the last word, the clock on the mantel struck the hour of ten, and I awoke to find my allotted tasks for the following day unfinished.

JOHN A. CABLOS, '08.



Business Education.

THE time has come when Business Education is receiving the attention of both business men and educators the world over. Until very recently, the educational profession, as such, did not recognize business education. There were four professions open to the educated man: Law, the Army, Medicine, and the Church. The industries had not made such progress as to seem to require, in their management, the trained and cultured mind of the academic scholar. Those who had no taste, or failed to succeed in the professions, were sometimes compelled to go into business.

Business Education had its birth with the so-called Business Colleges of forty or fifty years ago. These institutions, while not offering an education in any real sense of the term, gave to the young people under their charge the training necessary to perform the routine duties of the counting-room, and thus enabled the young man, who otherwise would have to earn his bread on the farm, or in the workshop, to become the assistant to the business man of the day, and even with the knowledge of accounts and facilities in the transactions of business thus acquired, to

set up for himself. In this way, many of the successful business men of our day were able to make their first start that was to "Lead on to Fortune."

As the progress in the arts and sciences has kept pace with the giant strides of our commercial and industrial development and as our ever-expanding commercial and industrial activity has developed a place for the highly trained and educated scientist and thereby compelled the higher institutions of learning to recognize the needs of the times and to provide courses of study, in the arts and sciences that would give to the industrial world the highly trained scientists needed, so this same industrial and commercial development has demonstrated that the successful management of the mercantile, manufacturing and financial institutions of our day depend upon a knowledge of principles which amount to a science. has created a new profession. The manager of our commercial concerns is required to be highly trained, to possess as firm a grasp on as vast a body of knowledge and principle, as he who would achieve equal success in any of the older professions.

Before the foundation of law and medical schools, the young man desirous of entering either of these professions sought out a practitioner who would receive him into his office and guide him in his studies, generally in return for the performance of clerical or other duties. While this method still prevails to some extent and is very frequently advised to supplement work in a professional school, still the law and medical schools of to-day are training the lawyers and doctors of to-morrow, and the members of these professions accord the schools their approval and support.

Till now the business manager and man of affairs acquired his knowledge of the principles of finance and successful business management, in practically the same way as the lawyer or doctor of fifty years ago learned his profession.

At present, we find that the captains of industry and the kings of finance in looking about for competent assistants and in seeking a proper training for their heirs and successors in the management of the vast interests over which they preside, demand, that the same logic shall be applied to business science and that much the same methods should be pursued in training the novices of the new profession, as have already become established for the old.

The question now arises, "What should a business education comprise?" The answer to this question must depend upon whether the curriculum is supposed to supply all the preparation possible for entrance upon the new profession I have referred to, or whether it is to follow the plan of the old time business college and train a young man for clerical positions only, leaving him to acquire by experience the scientific principles of his profession. If we are to be governed by the evolution in the ideas of educating for the older professions, we shall be obliged to concede that as the institutions of higher education have established schools or departments for imparting the proper training to the youth aspiring to the practice of law or medicine, so their efforts in attempting to establish departments or schools for the training of the youthful aspirant to a business career, must needs meet with success.

Some people have an erroneous idea that to become a successful business man all that is required is that one be quick at figures and write a legible hand. It is now quite generally agreed that the broader the education the better the business man.

If, as is often the case, only a short time can be devoted to education, it should be given to these special requirements that will make a young man a good reader, a rapid calculator, a legible and rapid penman, and give him such a knowlege of grammar and orthography as to impart facility in correct composition. These acquirements, especially if we include shorthand, typewriting and a fair

course in practical, up-to-date bookkeeping, should assure him of sufficient education for a clerical position and a foundation that may enable him to rear, through private study in connection with his practical experience, a solid and substantial superstructure.

More time can profitably be devoted to acquiring a knowledge of business law, the science and practice of accounting, the different methods of banking, and other special and general subjects.

If one is to be a business man, he should know what statistics of his business will be of the most value to him. He should know how to govern his business by results shown in his books, how by lessening or eliminating certain expenses to diminish his losses and increase his gains, and by developing the most profitable feature of his business to further increase his prosperity.

Pittsburg's "Steel King" requires the superintendents of his plants to send him each day a statement of the output, expenses and cost; those having the largest output at the smallest cost were commended, and those whose expenses or costs were greater or output less were notified of that fact. This method may have caused dissatisfaction among the superintendents, but it accomplished the desired results. It made the men watch every penny. This gives us an idea of scientific management in production or manufacture.

A business man must also know how to distribute his product, to meet competition and if need be create a demand for his goods. He must know how to use advertising as a medium for marketing his product and to use it economically.

It would be a difficult matter to decide all that a business education should include, and in view of the fact that the leaders in the profession do not all agree upon the proper course of study, it would be presumptious for me to say more in this direction, than that it should include, time permitting, everything essential to enable one to take

a broad view of opportunities and to insure a comprehensive grasp of the difficulties of business management and a clear and accurate solution of its problems.

But when the last word has been said for business education and we are assured that a given course offers all the general and special knowledge required for a business success, we will be compelled to recognize that it is not a good business education that achieves lasting success. "Character achieves success: education, experience and opportunity are the instruments for its achievement."

The contention of every Catholic College is that education must be broad and thorough, that it must insure the union of "Sound mind and sound body," and that it must provide that the sound mind will be illuminated by the divine light of faith and guided by a well-ordered conscience. It this way only will any education and especially a "Business Education" lead to a solid and satisfying Success.

In conclusion, my fellow-students and myself, would like to say, that thanks to the efforts of our Director and his able assistants, we hope to show, as has been shown by the graduates of former years, who now hold responsible positions in this, and other prosperous cities, that the Pittsburg Catholic College is capable of giving a man the kind of a business education that helps to achieve that coveted goal: Success.

F. G. CAWLEY, '04.



Pittsburg College Bulletin

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION.

Address, Editors, Pittsburg College Bulletin, Pittsburg, Pa.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. M. J. RELIHAN. '04. ASSISTANT EDITOR, C. M. KEANE, '05. EXCHANGES, . . J. F. MALLOY, '04. LOCALS, . . . J. A. NELSON, '04. ATHLETICS, . . F. J. NEILAN, '05. ALUMNI, . . P. G. MISKLOW, '07. SOCIETIES, . T. F. RYAN, '08.
E. B. YELLIG, '04. CONCERTS. BUSINESS MANAGERS, C. F. McCambridge, '06. F. X. ROEHRIG. '07.

P. J. DOOLEY, '07.

PUBLISHED AT PITTSBURG COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at Pittsburg Postoffice.

VOL. X.

JULY, 1904.

No. 10.

EDITORIAL.

The Constitution of the American Federation of Catholic societies provides for the formation of State and County Federations as the logical divisions and subdivisions of the American Federation. Pennsylvania has had county federations for some time. It has also for years perfected a State union among the societies of German Catholics, but it was not till last summer that a general federation of all the Catholic societies of the State was projected. A preliminary meeting was held at Philadelphia, June 28 and 29; again, in August, immediately following the national convention in Atlantic City, a meeting of the state officers did effective work in state organization. Following is the list of officers:

STATE OFFICERS.

President, Walter George Smith, Philadelphia County; First Vice-President, Patrick H. McGuire, Allegheny County; Second Vice-President, Henry J. Fries, Erie County; Third Vice-President, Daniel Duffy, Schuylkill County; Secretary, Joseph A. Weber, Philadelphia County; Treasurer, Philip A. Hart, Montgomery County; Marshal, George H. Rowley, Mercer County.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Frederick S. Ball, Blair County; John I. Brown, Allegheny County; Philip M. Dollard, Philadelphia County; John H. McCann, Cambria County; Jacob Miller, Lehigh County; Charles W. Naulty, Philadelphia County; John W. Speckman, Philadelphia County.

The State Constitution and By-Laws are already published. Their fundamental principle is simply to render the Pennsylvania branches of the different Catholic societies capable of deciding and acting as a unit concerning questions which particularly interest Catholics in this State, in a manner consonant with the spirit and plans outlined by the Constitution of the A. F. C. S.

The objects of this Federation are the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and the Catholic societies of Pennsylvania; the fostering and protecting of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education and charity; the study of conditions in our social life; the dissemination of the truth; the encouragement and spread of Catholic literature, and the circulation of the Catholic press. In furthering the objects, the Federation shall not in any manner interfere with the government or disturb the autonomy of any organization or society affiliated with it; neither shall any organization or society be liable for any debt contracted by the National, State, or County Federation.

A State Convention will be held in Philadelphia, June 28 and 29, 1904. Owing to the importance of the socie-

ties in this State, it is quite natural that the State Federation will soon surpass some of those formed before it; and, as delegates are to be chosen for the National Convention at Detroit, Mich., in the next State Convention, it is important that men be sent there in such number and ability as may draw credit upon the Catholics of this State, and do efficient service in the grand work of the national body who represent over one-seventh of the population of the country.



A Retrospect.

Another successful and highly prosperous year of our college life has passed away. Our enrolment list numbers over three hundred and fifty students with fair expectations of a steady rise for some years to come. The boys were assuredly delighted at the opening to note how the interior of the building had during vacation been rejuvenated by a pair of very artistic French painters. They were further pleased to meet the most numerous Faculty ever assembled in the College. "It is an ill wind that blows nebody good," and the religious persecution of France has sent us some able and amiable professors: even the terrible catastrophe of ill-fated St. Pierre of Martinique has sent here the sole survivor of a noted Faculty on the island. As the year progressed, we have seen the students manifest remarkable zeal in the pursuit of learning and equally remarkable rivalry. Every boy felt that he could not honorably neglect his opportunities, the sacrifices made by his parents and the spirit of competition aroused among his associates. Few changes were made in the catalogue, as it has a very representative standard. A Fourth Academic Class has been inserted which gives means of education more proportionate to the different degrees of acquirement and a course which is really more complete, leaving no missing links: every class has an exact amount of matter to cover each term, and not only

are the rules touching promotion very severe, but even those regarding distinctions. It is customary to expect a few almost ungovernable boys enter a college each year. but the expectation this year was happily disappointed: not one case of dismissal occurred, rather did the young men take pride in good fellowship and gentlemanly behavior. The zest with which they entered into the regular college program of study and entertainment has done much to form a superior college spirit and culture. The debates were high class for such young men and evinced both ability and preparation. Now that a \$20,000 addition to the chapel likewise enlarges the hall beneath. measures may be taken to answer the wish of visitors who assisted at the debates and concerts on Sunday evenings. namely that a more extended welcome be offered to outsiders desirous of profiting of an intellectual program such as the students fill. Our special elocutionary and oratorical contest has been voted a treat by valuable criticism. Thanks to training in this respect, our graduates always find themselves greeted by large, enthusiastic audiences. It is universally agreed that Pittsburg has no other commencement exercises so entertaining and so orderly. The play of "Damon and Pythias" saw a crowded theatre on two evenings, and the newspaper comments quoted in the BULLETIN give us such praise as we are shy of repeating. It would be a grave mistake to omit mention of the fact that the orchestra has contributed much soul to all public programs and reflects honor upon the director. We had no Field Day this year as the boys gave a gymnastic program of merit sufficient to satisfy all admirers of our Field Day exercises about the same date as the latter usually occurs. We had a fairly good football team in season, but we have the best baseball team that ever stood under the Red and Blue. Instead of football. Lacrosse may be introduced next fall, but there is time yet to test the athletic pulse. Some expect a change would be even more interesting than was that made in the

BULLETIN itself this year. The College evidently strives with success to be up to date and give the best for muscle, brain and heart that can be produced in given conditions. As Bishop Canevin avowed in his remarks during the Commencement at the Bijou: "The Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost has the true system of Catholic education."



The Twenty-Sixth Annual Commencement.

THE Commencement Exercises, held in the Bijou Theatre, Friday afternoon, June 17, in presence of a very large attendance considering the time, were easily up to the high standard of past years. We quote the following very faithful account from the Pittsburg "Times" of June 18:

"Fully 1,000 persons attended the Twenty-Sixth Annual Commencement of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost, in the Bijou Theatre, yesterday afternoon, and witnessed the awarding of diplomas, medals, and the conferring of degrees.

"The exercises began at 3 o'clock, with an overture, "From Daylight to Twilight," by the College Orchestra, and the following program was rendered: Latin Salutatory, Carroll V. Halleran; Chorus, "Oft in der Stillen Nacht," College Glee Club and Orchestra; Oration, "Die Dreizehnte Jahrhundertfeier Gregors des Grossen," Edward B. Knaebel; Song, "The King's Highway," Daniel B. Dougherty; Pianoforte Duet, "Gallop di Bravura," Carroll V. Halleran and Edward B. Yellig; Song, "The Sailor's Grave," John F. Malloy; Oration, "Business Education," Francis G. Cawley; Vocal Duet, "Sunrise," John V. Connolly and Richard T. Ennis; Oration, "The Church and the Negro," Joseph A. Nelson; Sacred Chorus with Orchestra Accompaniment, "Beyond the Gates of Paradise," College Glee Club and Orchestra; Oration,

"The Catholic Church the Mother of Art," John F. Malloy; Grand Chorus with Orchestra Accompaniment, "Old Glory Leads the Way," College Glee Club and Orchestra. Michael J. Relihan delivered the Valedictory.

"In announcing the diplomas and class medals to be conferred, Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College, reviewed the work done by the College, and impressed upon his hearers the need of higher education of young men, and the claims of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost

upon Catholic people.

"Father Hehir, after announcing that the school year was a very successful one, as some 350 students had been enrolled, said: "To have 300 students in one College may appear a large number, but it does not seem to me to be sufficiently large for the Catholics of Western Pennsylvania. Scarcely a thousand young Catholic men in this section of the State are now receiving the benefits of a liberal and Catholic education in this and other Colleges. Evidently with such a state of things our Catholic people cannot expect that prominence in the business and professional world, nor in society, which they ought to hold. Allow me state that they do not fully appreciate the gifts they possess, nor the possibilities they may reach. With natural abilities equal to others and with the divine truth taught by the God-man completing and ennobling these natural gifts, there is no reason why they should not attain the highest ideals of which men are capable. But for this a higher education is a necessity. It is now generally admitted, and daily experience confirms the avowal, that it is a mistake for those who can afford a College course, to restrict themselves to the mere rudimentary knowledge required for the entrance examinations of law, medicine or the other professions.

"The commercial world to-day also seeks many-sided men, men who receive a general College education with a special training in the science of accounts. But the knowledge would be insufficient were they unfamiliar with the principles of justice, or deficient in manliness of character and moral courage, and all this supposes, not only a College, but also a good Christian education. Besides business colleges and technical schools which tend directly to prepare for office work and the trades, a growing city like Pittsburg, needs a college or several colleges where the higher intellectual life is cultivated, where a liberal and especially a sound Christian education is given, and this we maintain the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost has been doing, and is anxious to do, if properly encouraged and supported by those who have the obligation and the means to maintain all works of Christian education."

"Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, Coadjutor Bishop of the Pittsburg Diocese, delivered the address to the class. He said:

"On the present occasion I recall to mind a temperance meeting at which a colored delegate asked me to speak. I asked him, 'What kind of a speech do you wish me to deliver?' 'Oh,' said he, 'don't be long; I dislike long speeches.' His remark made me think that the negro is not hopeless. I am going to follow his advice now, and briefly put before you the work being done by the Reverend Fathers and Faculty of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost.

"The welfare of society, the justification of our hopes, the future of our country are almost entirely wrapped up in the question of the education of youth. Therefore it is of vast importance that this question be well settled. Pittsburg College has the true system. No matter how people may contend in the variety of religious tenets, none will deny that if men are to reach a high moral standard, Christianity must be the foundation, and our youth must be imbued with Christian principles. The Catholic Church never hesitates to take and hold this position.

"Although we are enjoying an agreeable entertainment, we must reflect that these young men are about to enter into the serious walks of life, and well is it for them to have been well equipped by Christian instruction. No man can ever hope to be successful in life unless he build upon the broad and changeless principles of Justice and Truth. Yet no man is building thus unless his mind be illumined by the principles of Christianity, by the light of the Holy Ghost."

"Following are the graduates: Commercial Department—Francis Grover Cawley, Henry Ross Slater, Edward Bowman Yellig, John Peter Zimmerman. Classical and Scientific Department—Special Certificates were awarded to Hubert Edward Gaynor and Francis Henry Pietrzycki; the Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Stanislaus Aloysius Dura, Carroll Vincent Halleran, Edward Bernard Knaebel, John Francis Malloy, Joseph Aloysius Nelson, and Michael James Relihan.

"The following medals were awarded: Undergraduates, silver medal, for Elocution, Division III., to Michael L. Bandyk; silver medal, for Elocution, Division II., to Joseph J. Creighton; silver medal, for Elocution, Division I., to Edward F. Jackson; gold medal, for Oratory, in the College Department, to Percy A. Tull; gold medal, for Chrictian Doctrine, in the Academic Classes, to Charles A. Mayer. Gold medals were awarded the following graduates: For Excellence in Commercial Department, Francis G. Cawley; for Bookkeeping, to Edward B. Yellig; for Mathematics and Science, to John F. Malloy; for Philosophy and Classics, to Joseph A. Nelson, and for Languages, to Edward B. Knaebel.

"The medals were donated by the Right Reverend R. Phelan, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg, Pa.; Very Rev. Francis L. Tobin, V. G., rector, St. Mary's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Francis Keane, rector, Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. John W. O'Connell, rector, St. Peter's Phurch, Allegheny, Pa.; Rev. Stephen J. Schramm, rector, St. George's Church, S. S., Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Thomas F. Walsh, rector, St. Mary of Mercy's, Pittshurg, P.; Rev. Joseph J. Vogt, rector, St. Joseph's Church, Verona, Pa.;

A. V. D. Watterson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Henry E. Seibert, Pittsburg, Pa.; James P. Wall, Allegheny, Pa.

"The musical program, under the direction of Rev. John J. Griffin and C. B. Weis, was all that could be desired. The three choruses by the College Glee Club and Orchestra were especially appreciated."



The presence of this large and splendid gathering, which the recurrence of the annual Commencement exercises has caused to assemble here this afternoon, brings to the mind of the graduate varied sentiments and emotions—emotions which only a graduate can experience. We, who are leaving our beloved Alma Mater to-day, are brought face to face with three especial thoughts—the realities of the past, the significance of the present, and the possibilities of the future.

Let us linger for a moment with the present and consider its importance. To a disinterested observer, the gathering here might be mistaken for a mirthful and festive one-a gathering assembled merely to seek an hour's pleasure. But do we, for whom it means so much, for whom it is the stepping-stone into a new and untried sphere of vital action—do we look upon it as an uneventful and commonplace occurrence, as a mere trivial happening? Have our numerous friends and acquaintances graced the theatre with their presence merely through idle curiosity? Far from it! We, who graduate to-day, are moved by a feeling which everyone must experience at some time or other—a feeling of sorrow and sadness and of approaching loneliness occasioned by our imminent separation from the scenes which have been the source of so many pleasant moments to us during our college years—a feeling which is strangely interwoven with the sentiment of pleasure and gladness most naturally consistent with our present position; while in our friends we have noted during the afternoon a lively interest—an interest which betrays the fact that they have been moved to attend our Commencemint, not through idle curiosity, but through motives of sincerity; and the appreciation which they have manifested for the efforts displayed by the graduates, causes the latter to feel a love and gratitude toward them to a hitherto unknown degree. For us, then, the present occasion is a most solemn one, contemplating at once, as we do, the completed work of the past and the cherished hopes of the future.

With reference to the past, these exercises mean for us the successful completion of our college course—thev represent the limit of much labor, of many sacrifices, of unceasing toil and discipline. Upon our studies has been imprinted the prudent approbation of our Alma Mater. She who has already sent so many well-trained youthful intellects into the world to tread the paths of every calling in a manner worthy of the instructions received at her hands, is to-day dispatching us on a like mission, and it is now our duty to abide by her teachings and to follow the example set by those who have preceded us, that we may bring to her the additional honors which she so well deserves. The present gathering brings to our minds, too, the remembrance of our entrance day into the college and of the varied changes that have since taken place within us. What were then but youthful caprices have steadily developed into the dispassionate thoughts of young men. Now it is that we realize how truly necessary it was for our instructors to enjoin upon us, as they did, such a firm but paternal discipline, so many arduous tasks and apparently useless restrictions, with which they guided us over the difficult streams of college life into the unnavigated ocean of life. May we not hope that these principles of our Alma Mater, which have so often before been the guiding star to success, will point out to us in the future the path to a like destination?

In its relationship to the future, the solemnity of these exercises becomes most marked; for it is the thought of the hidden future that causes the heart to throb with unwonted celerity, and dread and gloomy forebodings to arise. We are entering, as it were, an immense forest beset with innumerable intricate paths and dangerous by-ways which conceal many enemies, some of whom we must each day meet and combat; to do so properly we have only to follow conscientiously the teachings of our beloved Alma Mater—teachings such as have aided thousands upon thousands during the past nineteen hundred years to combat the enemy successfully, and to lead good, true, Christian lives.

And now to return to the present. To bid farewell to our Alma Mater is indeed a trying and distressing task. Our deep and lasting gratitude to her cannot be expressed now; let our actions in future years speak for us the appreciation which words cannot to-day convey. To you, well beloved professors, into whose care our education was judiciously entrusted, we extend a grateful farewell—grateful for the patience and steadfastness characteristic of your method of carrying out the task destined to bring the members of the class of 1904 to the coveted and honored position in which they find themselves to-day. Our sincerest wishes go with you in your work in future years, that you may never cease to enjoy the fullest fruition of your virtuous and unselfish labors.

And now, dear comrades, of our college days, it remains for me to bid you a long and fond farewell. The time at last has come when we must part. Though this separation is hard to bear, the memory of the happy days spent in your midst, of the pranks of youth, the sorrows shared, and joys enhanced by partnership, will accompany us through life, and edge with silver fringe the murkiest clouds that trials and disappointments may raise to darken our lives. Time, which changes all else—which wipes away our tears, which calms our passions, and erases

from our memories the thoughts of other joys, sheds an ever purer light around the friendships formed in the morning of life, when the fonts of affection were yet pure and undefiled. That we may be worthy of the affection you have unreservedly bestowed upon us, and that you may generously emulate our example in love and fidelity to our Alma Mater, is the fond hope we cherish in bidding you farewell.

M. J. RELIHAN, '04.



Annual Banquets.

'VARSITY TEAM'S BANQUET.

The Pittsburg *Post* of June 23, has the following to say on the 'Varsity banquet:

"The Pittsburg College Base-ball Team held its annual banquet last night at Newell's Hotel after the game with St. Vincents. Covers were laid for 21 and a good time was had by all present. After the inner man was satisfied the annual election of the team was held. It resulted in J. B. Keating, '07, of Arnold, Pa., being elected Manager for next year, and R. L. Hayes, '05, of Crafton, Captain. With the new officers elected last night there is no reason why the season of 1905 should not be highly satisfactory in its results to all those who have the interests of the team at heart."

"Mr. J. B. Topham was toast-master and acquitted himself in his usual brilliant and witty manner. Rev. Thos. Giblin responded to the toast, "Athletics and Intellect." Rev. J. J. Lawn reviewed the season of 1904. All the guests were called upon and responded handsomely, and were heartily cheered."

BOARDERS' BANQUET.

On Thursday, June 16, the annual banquet of the College boarders was the occasion for a very happy gathering in the College dining-hall, and marked a fitting close to a most successful year in the ranks of the resident students. The hall and tables were tastefully decorated with choice flowers and ferns, while the menu, including, as it did, some very palatable dishes, was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The College orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Weiss, rendered a very pleasing programme. The first notes of the popular airs were always the occasion for a jolly chorus among the





delighted students. Messrs. Wren, Riley, Baumgaertner, O'Neill, and Relihan, responded to calls for songs, and were heartily cheered and applauded.

The College Junior base-ball team occupied a table at this enjoyable affair, and were given three rousing cheers by the students.

PHI ALPHA.

Over forty of the old and new members of the Phi Alpha Society banqueted in the Boarders' dining-hatl, Tuesday evening, June 14. It was a most enjoyable affair; the speeches and the musical program were of a high order.



A CRANK'S COMMENTS ON THE SEASON OF 1904.

The 'Varsity team made a glorious finish by defeating their old rivals from Westmoreland County, on the College campus, June 22, before an immense crowd of rooters of both sides. "It was a famous victory." Our nine walloped St. Vincent to the tune of 5 to 1, and our rooters drowned the Beatty rooters to all sorts of tunes.

At the farewell banquet held at Newell's Hotel on June 22, the manager justly remarked that the season of 1904 had been the best in the base-ball history of the College. Of 20 games played 14 were victories; 6, shut-outs, and 8, successive triumphs.

The pitching of Collins and Kummer was perhaps the best amateur work in this end of the State. Collins never allowed more than seven hits, and only in two out of six games did Kummer allow more than six. Collins scored three shutouts and Kummer three. Kilgallon had an off-year, as he pitched only one game, but in that he showed his true mettle. "Tommy" Murray supported every pitcher in masterly style.

The stick-work of the team improved right along, until towards the middle of May every game was marked by a shower of big hits, of which every member of the team had his share.

During the early part of May, errors, and not a few of them, either, were the regular output; but during the last nine games misplays were the exception.

The batting and fielding averages of the team follow:

								1	Batting.	Fielding.
DAVIN, 2 & l., .									.200	.804
J. Collins, p.,									.231	.964
MURRAY, C., .									.235	.883
Kummer, p.,									.100	.833
KILGALLON, p.,									.200	.500
Duffy, 1 b.,										.959
H. Collins, 2 b.,		-							.437	.875
HAYES, 3 b.,									.315	.886
									.395	.764
Hoban, m.,									.344	.866
KEATING, 2 & r.,									.215	.857
DOUGHERTY, 3 &	r.,								.172	.772
RELIHAN, r., .									.241	.736

The Pittsburg *Post* for Sunday, June 18, reviewing the various College base-ball seasons, has this to say of our boys:

"The Bluffites made a good showing this year; in fact, an excellent showing under the circumstances. In considering the record of this, as well as all other teams, the rainy weather which predominated in April and the early part of May, must be taken into consideration. The College boys did not get going right until the middle of May, so that they only had one month in which to show their true form. Toward the latter part of May and up to the end, the improvement has been steady. This improvement was marked also at the bat, for the boys have been hitting like fiends in the last month, whereas before the middle of May they could do little execution with the stick. Collins made quite a record for himself by holding the Beaver College team down to 1 hit in nine innings last Monday. The Beaver boys had made a great record and were confident of having an easy time of it. Kummer and Kilgallon, both did excellent work for the College boys in the box this year, and should do better work next season."

The record of games played since the last issue of the Bulletin follows:

May 26—P. C., 8; Allegheny College, 7, at Pittsburg.

'' 28—P. C., 1; Wellsville, 0, at Wellsville.

June 3—P. C., 6; W. Va. U. 3, at Morgantown.

'' 4—P. C., 1; Pt. Marion, 0, at Pt. Marion.

'' 10—P. C., 14; E. E. Lyceum 4, at College.

'' 13—P. C., 8; Beaver College 0, at College.

'' 18—P. C., 5; Pittsburg Lyceum 0, at College.

'' 22—P. C., 5; St. Vincent 1, at College.

'' 25—P. C., 4; Turtle Creek Athletics 3, at Turtle Creek.

THE COLEEGE RESERVES.

The College Reserves had fiftteen games scheduled this past season, but rain interfered and only eight could be played, seven of which were victories. To each and everyone on the team the success of the season is due, for the fidelity manifested since the organization of the team. Weigle pitched the majority of the games and was well supported by Slater behind the bat. It is to be hoped that some of the members of this year's Reserves will be found on the 'Varsity team next season.

The following are the games that were played:

Reserves, 2; Wilkinsburg High School 4, at Wilkinsburg. Reserves, 17; Lincoln A. C. 2, at College. Reserves, 12; Duquesne High School 5, at Duquesne. Reserves, 6; South Side High School 5, at College. Reserves, 10; Holy City A. C. 2, at College.

Reserves, 9; Wilkinsburg High School 0, at College. Reserves, 11; Manchester Reserves 4, at College. Reserves, 15; Bellevue High School 7, at Bellevue.

THE FRESHMEN.

The manager of the Freshmen forgot to hand in the record of his team, so we cannot go into details. We can say that the Freshmen had a good season and were a likely lot of ball-tossers.

THE JUNIORS' GOOD RECORD.

Since the last issue of the BULLETIN the College Juniors have played and won six games.

26, P. C. Jrs., 9; Homestead H. S. 7, at Homestead.

26, F. C. Jrs., 9, Holliesteau H. S. 7, at Holliest
27, P. C. Jrs., 21; Bellevue Jrs. 8, at Bellevue.
30, P. C. Jrs., 5; Castalia A. C. 4, at Economy.
4, P. C. Jrs., 7; Parkview A. C. 1, at Oakland.
11, P. C. Jrs., 9; Trenton A. A. 4, at Oakland.
15, P. C. Jrs., 11; Kenwood 4, at College. June

Carraher and McKnight, the twirlers of the Juniors, have rendered an excellent account of themselves in all the games played. That the Juniors have a strong claim to the Junior championship of Western Pennsylvania can scarcely be questioned. Thirteen games were played with the best Junior teams in and around Pittsburg, who claimed the championship. In all of these contests, eight taking place away from home, the College boys came out victorious. So all praise and credit to Captain Joyce and the sturdy lads who composed the College Juniors' team of 1904.

OBITUARY.

JOHN I. COYLE,

Died May 30, 1904.

John I. Coyle died at White Haven Sanitarium on Monday, May 30th, after an illness of about five months.

Deceased was a member of the Scholasticate for two years and at the time of his death was in the Sophomore class. He was born in Philadelphia seventeen years ago, where he resided until he entered the College in the fall of 1901. He was a bright young man of a cheerful disposition and well liked by all who knew him. The news of his death came as a shock to his many friends in the College, for all entertained the hope of seeing him again at his studies in September, little thinking that the severe cold which he contracted last fall, and which caused him to cease studying and return to his native city, would prove fatal. He was sent to White Haven early in May but gradually grew worse until he finally passed calmly away after the last sacraments of the church had been administered.

To his bereaved parent and relatives we beg to convey the expression of our heartfelt sympathy in their sad affliction.

JOHN HUGHES,

Died June 12, 1904.

John Hughes died at his home, Forty-fifth street, on June 12, after a long and severe illness, "to try him and purify him for Heaven," as Very Rev. Father Tobin said in his funeral sermon. It was sad to see jolly, genial, playful "Jack," who, when at College, was the life of the class-room and the play-ground, gradually grow thinner, and paler, but not less gentle and cheerful, until the rheumatism laid siege of his manly heart and bruised it until it broke in death. We are confident that "he has won the crown, which was his aim," and if some little of the reckoning has still to be paid, his many friends are ready to assist him, for—

"Day by day for him from earth ascends,

As steam in Summer-even,

That speechless intercession of his friends,

Toward the azure heaven." —Newman.

To his father, brothers and sisters we extend our sincerest sympathy.

List of Passes and Distinctions

AT THE

FOURTH TERM EXAMINATIONS.

HELD IN

JUNE, 1904.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

Grammar Class.

DIVISION B.

DIGNAN, W. J.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen., Eng. D., Rel., Arith.

Doris, G. McC.-P., Draw., Pen.

DRAKE, L. F.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Pen., Eng. D., Rel., Draw.

LAUER, W. J.-P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen., Eng. D., Rel.

MAHER, J. W.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen., Eng.

PARKER, G. P.—P., Rel., Arith., Pen.

D., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Draw., Eng.

PATYKOWSKI, V. M.—P., Pen.

D., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Eng.

SCHNEIDER, L. A.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen., Eng. D., Rel.

DIVISION A.

BLUNDON, E.—P., B. Hist., Eng., Hist., Pen., Arith. D., Rel., Draw.

BRIGGS, W. A.—P., B. Hist., Arith., Hist., Draw., Pen. D., Rel. CUMMINGS, C.—P., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Hist.

DRAKE, F. G.—P., B. Hist., Eng., Hist., Arith. D., Rel., Draw., Pen. DRAKE, R. J.—P., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Hist. D., Rel., Draw., Pen.

HERMANOWICZ, A.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Pen.

D., Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw.

PEYBONNY, M.-P., Rel., B. Hist., Eng., Hist., Arith., Draw., Pen.

PICARD, N. J.-P., B. Hist., Hist., Eng., Arith.

D., Rel., Draw., Pen.

SAUER, F.-P., Rel., Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.

Fourth Academic.

BANDYK, M. L.—P., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Zo., Pen.

BARTOSIK, W.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Rel.

DUGAN, P. A .- P., Alg., Zo., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith.

DUNIN, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Pen.

GRIFFITH, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Zo.

HEANEY, J. R.-P., Eng., Zo., Pen.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg.

HARMAN, C. E.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Alg., Zo.

HOCK, H. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Rel.

KAUTZ, C. S.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Alg., Zo. D., Hist., Geog., Lat., Pen.

Kellerman, T.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Fr., Arith., Zo. D., Rel., Ger., Alg., Pen.

JOYCE, P.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Eng., Zo.

D., Arith., Alg., Pen.

LALLY, M. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Zo.

LHOTA, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Zo., Pen.

MALBURG, F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Alg.

MERTZ, E. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Ger., Zo.

D., Rel., Lat. Arith., Alg., Pen.

McGary, E. S.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo., Pen.

McNally, C. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Alg.

Samson, V.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen. D., Zo.

Schmitt, H. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.

SCHNEIDER, B. F.-P., Eng., Lat., Zo.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Pen.

SCHULTZ, T. J .-- P., Eng., Ger., Arith., Zo.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Fr., Alg., Pen.

SNEE, J. A .- P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat.

Tugman, J. L.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Zo. D., Lat., Alg., Pen.

ZEPFEL, E. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

ZIMMER, H. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg. D., Arith., Zo., Pen.

Third Academic.

DIVISION B.

BERAN, E. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Bot.

CAREY, W. F .- P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith.

D., Eng., Lat., Alg., Bot., Pen.

CONNOR, R. S.-P., Rel., Lat., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot.

CONTI, J.-P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Hist., Geog.,

DALY, J. M.-P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Hist., Geog., Pen.

FLANIGAN, E. P.-P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Bot.

D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Pen.

GEIER, J. M.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Pen.

KRAMER, A. L.-P., Rel., Lat., Ger. D., Arith., Pen.

McCullough, C.—P., Lat.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

MANSMAN, R. P.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith.

D., Hist., Geog., Pen.

NEWELL, J. A.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen.

O'REILLY, M. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Eng.

Purcell, T. E.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Alg., Bot. D., Eng., Arith., Pen.

Schneider, B. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel.

SWEENEY, T. P.-P., Lat., Ger., Alg., Bot.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen.

SWINDELL, H. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Pen.

WACKERMAN, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Bot., Pen.

REPPERMUND, L. S.-P., Lat., Arith., Pen.

STAIB, J. E.—P., Lat., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng. VISLET, V.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot.

D., Eng., Pen.

DIVISION A.

CALLAHAN, L. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Grk., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Eng., Pen.

CONWAY, W. R.—P., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Pen.

DZMURA, A. P.-P., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk., Arith., Bot., Pen.

GALLAGHER, J. J.-P., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot., Pen.

GLOECKLER, W. E.—P., Rel., Lat., Grk., Arith., Pen.

D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Bot.

GRYNIA, W.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Grk., Bot.

Habrowski, J.-P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Ger., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Lat., Bot., Pen.

JONES, T. C.—P., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg.

JOYCE, T. B.—P., Eng., Lat., Grk., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Pen.

LAUER, C. F.-P., Arith., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Bot., Pen.

MALONE, J. P.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel.

MARTIN, M. J.—P., Lat., Ger., Grk., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen.

MUNHALL, H. N.—P., Hist., Geog., Fr., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot.

MCDERMOTT, P. L.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Bot.

McGary, W. H.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen. D., Arith.

McGeehin, J. H.—P., Eng., Lat., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.

McGrail, F.—P., Lat., Grk., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng.

McGuire, C. J.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

McGraw, J. H.-P., Span., Grk., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Bot. McKnight, E. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Grk.

McNulty, J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Grk., Pen.

Noonan, T. W.—P., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Pen.

O'CONNOR, M.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Grk., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.

Puhl, C. W.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng, Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

Shanahan, T. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Arith. D., Rel., Lat., Bot., Pen.

SHANNON, E. J.—P., Geol., Pen. D., Arith., Alg., Bot.

UNGERMANN, F.—P., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Bot.

Second Academic.

BAUM, C. F.-P., Rel., Hist., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot., Pen.

Brady, E. F.—P., Rel., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Arith., Alg., Geom. D., Bot., Pen.

Brown, R.-P., Grk., Pen., Bot.

D., Rel., Lat., Eng., Hist., Arith., Alg., Geom.

Bullion, G. J.—P., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Arith., Bot., Geom., Eng. D., Rel., Hist., Alg., Pen.

CAIN, J. J.—P., Lat., Grk., Arith., Bot., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Pen.

CONNOLLY, J. V.-P., Fr., Ger., Alg.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Bot., Pen.

CONWAY, R. V.—P., Arith., Pen., Lat., Grk., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Alg., Bot.

Dougherty, D. B.—P., Eng., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Bot., Pen.

DOYLE, J. J.-P., Lat., Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Fr., Ger., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen.

DUFFY, C.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Bot., Geom., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Grk., Alg.

Dunn, T. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Geom., Bot. D., Hist., Geog., Grk., Pen.

KEHOE, E. H.—P., Lat., Grk., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Eng., Fr., Geom., Pen.

Kuhn, T. J.—P., Grk., Fr., Arith., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Ger., Bot., Geom.

KVATSAK, J. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Bot. D., Pen.

McElroy, J.-P., Lat., Arith.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Fr., Alg., Bot., Geom., Pen.

MAYER, C. A .- P., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Arith., Bot., Pen. MORONEY, R. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Grk., Bot., Pen.

TAUFKIRCH, W. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen.

WHALEN, J. N.-P., Rel., Eng., Grk., Alg., Bot., Lat.

D., Hist., Geog., Arith., Geom., Pen.

First Academic.

Breen, M. J.-P., Hist., Lat., Grk. D., Rel., Eng., Alg.

BRENNAN, M. J .- P., Hist., Geom.

D., Rel., Lat., Grk., Eng., Alg.

BUERKLE, J. L.-P., Alg., Geom., Hist.

D., Rel., Lat., Grk., Eng.

CARLOS, J. A.—P., Lat., Grk., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Eng.

CARRAHER, S. F.-P., Hist., Grk., Geom.

D., Lat., Rel., Eng., Alg.

CARROLL, J. F.—D., Rel., Lat., Grk., Eng., Ger., Fr., Alg., Geom., Hist.

ENNIS, R. T.—P., Hist., Lat. D., Rel., Eng.

GASPARD, H. N.-P., Lat., Fr., Alg., Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Eng., Ger.

HANNIGAN, C. B.-D., Fr., Alg., Geom., Ger.

HAYES, A. J.-P., Hist., Lat., Grk., Eng., Ger., Alg. D., Rel.

Kummer, A. M.—P., Hist., Grk., Eng. D., Rel.

McAffee, F. L.-D., Rel., Lat., Grk., Eng., Alg., Geom., Hist.

McLAUGHLIN, J. W.—P., Grk., Eng., Alg., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Lat.

ROSSENBACH, J. A .- P., Grk., Fr., Alg. Geom.

D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Eng., Ger.

RYAN, T. F.-D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Geom., Eng., Alg.

TOOHILL, F. J.-D., Rel., Hist., Lat., Grk., Geom., Eng., Alg.

ZAREMBA, J.—P., Lat., Eng., Alg. D., Rel., Ger.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. Preparatory Course.

AARON, A. H .- P., Arith., Hist., Geog.. Pen.

BISHOP, L. C .- P., Rel., B-K., Pen.

CREIGHTON, J. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G., Pen. D., B-K.

DIETERLE, G. A .- P., B-K., Pen.

DIETERLE, R. J.—P., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen. D., Rel., Arith.

GAST, F. J .- P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen.

GLEESON, V. P .- P., Rel., Pen.

HARNEY, F. M.-P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G., Pen., Law, Cor.

HATTON, C. H .- P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Civ. G., Pen.

HATTON, R. H.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen.

HAWKS, J. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen. D., Civ. G. LAUX, S.—P., Eng., Pen., Ger.

D., Rel., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog.

LAWLOR, M. J.-P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen.

LYNN, J. E .- P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen.

McGannon, J. P.-P., B-K., Civ. G., Pen. D., Rel.

McGovern, J. L.-P., Rel., Arith., Civ. G., Pen. D., B-K.

O'CONNOR, H. F.-P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Typ-W.

O'HARA, W. B.-P., Eng., Civ. G., Pen. D., Rel.

OLEJNICZAK, L.—P., Eng., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen. D., Rel., Arith.

PIECZYNSKI, W. J .-- P., B-K., Pen.

RANDIG, E. M .- P., Rel., B-K., Pen.

RATAJCZAK, V.-P., Rel., Arith., Hist., Geog., Pen. D., B-K.

REBEL, L .- P., B-K., Pen.

REINBOLD, J. R.-P., Eng., Arith., Hist., Geog.

SCHAEFER, H. J .- P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Pen.

SCHMITZ, P. H.-P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Pen.

SWEENEY, N. P.—P., Rel., Arith., Pen.

TURNBLACER, F. E.—P., Pen.

Tysarczyk, J. J.-P., Arith., B-K., Hist., Geog., Pen.

Business Course.

DIVISION B.

Curran, T. A.—P., Arith., B-K., Pen., Typ-W. D., Law, Cor. Franz, M. V.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Law., Cor., Short-H., Typ-W.

McKenna, C. A.-P., Arith., B-K., Law., Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Pen., Cor., Civ. G. NIEHOFF, H. N.—P., B-K., Law., Cor., Short-H.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Pen., Civ. G. Typ-W.

RUTLEDGE, R. J.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Cor., Civ. G. Short-H., Typ-W. D., Rel., Arith.

WURZELL, A. J.-P., B-K., Cor., Typ-W.

D., Rel., Eng., Pen., Civ. G.

DIVISION C.

ARTHO, J. A.—P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Cor., Short-H. BLAYNEY, P.—P., Pen., Law, Cor.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Civ. G.

CHARLES, J. A .- P., Pen., Cor.

D., Eng., Law, Civ. G., Rel., Typ-W.

CURTIN, T. B.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G., Cor. D., Rel.

DANHARDT, J. P .- P., B-K. D., Arith.

ELMORE, J. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Cor. D., Civ. G.

ENRIGHT, C. J.—P., Eng., Pen., Civ. G.

D., Arith., B-K., Rel.

GLOCK, A. J.—P., B-K., Pen. D., Rel.

GRIMES, F. D.-P., B-K., Pen., Law, Cor.

D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Civ. G.

HEILMAN, C. A.-P., Arith., Rel., B-K., Cor., Civ. G.

HICKEL, A. J.-P., Arith., Pen., Law, Civ. G., Cor. D., Rel.

KENNELLY, E. A.-P., Rel., Arith.

KRIEGER, A. G.—P., Arith., Pen., Law, Cor., Short-H. D., Rel., Eng., B-K., Civ. G.

McCormick, C. J .- P., Pen., Cor.

McDermott, C. R.—P., Rel., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Cor. D., Civ. G.

MADDEN, P. J.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G., Cor. D., Rel.

MURPHY, J. A.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Cor. D., Civ. G., Rel.

NICKEL, G. B.—P., Eng., Pen., Law, Cor.

D., Rel., Arith., B-K.

PETERS, S.—P., Eng., Pen., Hist., Geog., Ger. D., Arith., B-K. RANKIN, C. R.—P., Pen., Cor.

RUTLEDGE, F. I.—P., Eng., Arith., B-K., Pen., Law, Cor. D., Rel., Civ. G.

Schlernitzauer, P. A.—P., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G., Cor., Short-H., Typ-W. D., Eng., Arith., Rel.

SCHULTZ, H. J.—P., Pen., Law, Cor., Rel.

D., Eng., Arith., B-K., Civ. G.
SPENGLER, A. J.—P., Eng., B-K., Pen., Law, Civ. G., Cor.,
Typ-W. D., Rel.

WANDRISCO, G. J.-P., Arith., B-K. D., Eng., Rel., Civ. G.

DIVISION D.

Burg, J. A.—P., Rel., B-K., Pen.

SCHERER, A. P.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen., Civ. G.

STEHLE, J. F.-P., Rel., Pen., Eng. D., Arith., B-K.

TEEMER, W. J.-P., Rel., Arith., B-K., Pen.

Woistman, J. H.-P., B-K., Pen., Typ-W.

Freshman.

ARETZ, A. A.-P., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Fr.

ABENS, F. H.—P., Grk., Span., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

Briggs, B. J.—P., Hist., Eng., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg. D., Ch. Hist.

CALNAN, T. A.—P., Lat., Grk., Ger., Fr., Geom., Trig. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Chem.

Cox, J. P.—P., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg., Grk. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

CARR, J. G.-P., Hist., Eng. D., Ch. Hist.

Dooley, P. J.—P., Grk., Ger., Fr., Lat. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger.

FEHRENBACH, C. F.—P., Ger., Fr., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Geom., Trig., Chem.

HOWARD, F. M.-P., Ger., Fr., Geom., Chem., Alg.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Trig.

JOHNS, J. B.—P., Geom., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Ger., Fr., Trig., Chem.

KEATING, J. B.—P., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

MISKLOW, P. G.—P., Hist., Lat., Ger., Geom., Trig., Chem., Alg. D., Ch. Hist., Eng., Grk.

REOHBIG, F.—P., Lat., Geom. D., Ch. Hist., Grk., Ger., Alg. Tull, P. A.—P., Hist., Eng., Ger., Fr., Trig., Alg.

D., Ch. Hist.

WINGENDORF, P., Fr., Geom., Chem., Alg.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Span., Trig.

ZINDLER, L. J.-P., Hist., Lat., Grk., Ger., Fr.

D., Ch. Hist., Eng.

Sophomore.

Dekowski, J. J.-P., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Alg., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Pol., Geom.

JACKSON, E. F.—P. Span., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng.

JAWORSKI, J. L.—P., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist., Pol.

MORALES, E. M.—P., Fr., Alg., Geom., Trig., Chem.

D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Span.

MURPHY, D. P.-P., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr. D., Ch. Hist.

McCambridge, C. L.—P., Lat., Grk., Fr., Geom., Trig. D., Ch. Hist., Hist., Eng., Ger., Chem.

McGuigan, E. N.—P., Hist., Eng., Lat., Grk., Fr., Alg., Trig., Chem. D., Ch. Hist.

SIERAKOWSKI, C. A.—P., Hist., Eng., Grk., Geom. D., Ch. Hist., Pol.

Junior.

BEJENKOWSKI, A. C.—P., Phil., Lat., Grk., Phy. D., Script., Eng., Pol., Hist.

GWYER, C. F.-P., Script., Phil., Lat., Grk., Eng., Fr., Phy., Mech., Hist.

HAYES, R. L.—D., Script., Phil., Lat., Grk., Eng., Fr., Ger., Phy, Mech., Alg., Hist.

KEANE, C. M.-P., Phy., Mech.

D., Script., Phil., Lat., Grk., Eng., Alg., Hist.

KILGALLEN, J. M.—P., Script., Phil., Lat., Grk., Eng., Phy. Mech., Hist.

KOLIPINSKI, S. J.-P., Mech., Alg., Lat.

D., Script., Phil., Grk., Eng., Fr., Pol., Phy., Hist.

MERZ, W. F.—P., Script., Phil., Lat., Grk., Eng., Phy. D., Hist.

NEILAN, T. A.—P., Grk., Ger., Mech., Alg.

D., Script., Phil., Lat., Eng., Fr., Phy., Hist.

O'SHEA, T. F.—P., Phil., Mech.

D., Script., Lat., Grk., Eng., Phy., Alg., Hist.

POBLESCHEK, J. A.—P., Mech.

D., Script., Phil., Lat., Grk., Fr., Ger., Phy., Alg., Hist.

Schwab, F. A.—P., Script., Phil., Eng., Grk., Fr., Mech. D., Lat., Ger., Phy., Hist.

SIMON, S. C .- P., Phil, Mech., Alg., Grk.

D., Script., Lat., Eng., Fr., Ger., Phy., Hist.

SZUMIERSKI, F. S.—P., Phil., Phy., Mech., Fr.

D., Script., Lat., Grk., Eng., Pol., Alg., Hist.

N. B.—The names of this year's graduates, as well as of those who were absent from the examinations or failed to pass, are not given in the above list.











